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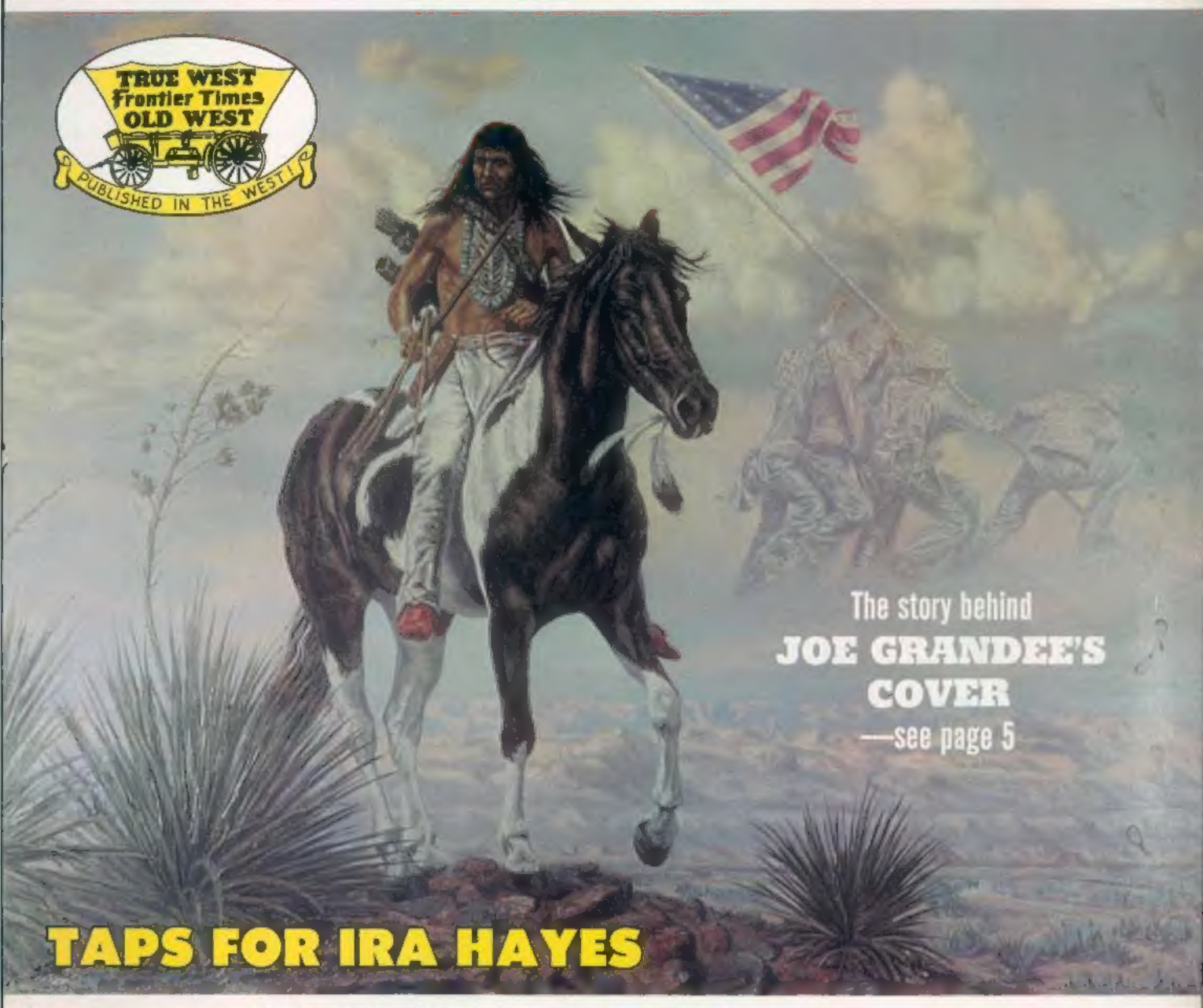

The story behind
JOE GRANDEE'S COVER
—see page 5

TAPS FOR IRA HAYES

CLEAN-UP OF LARAMIE IN '68

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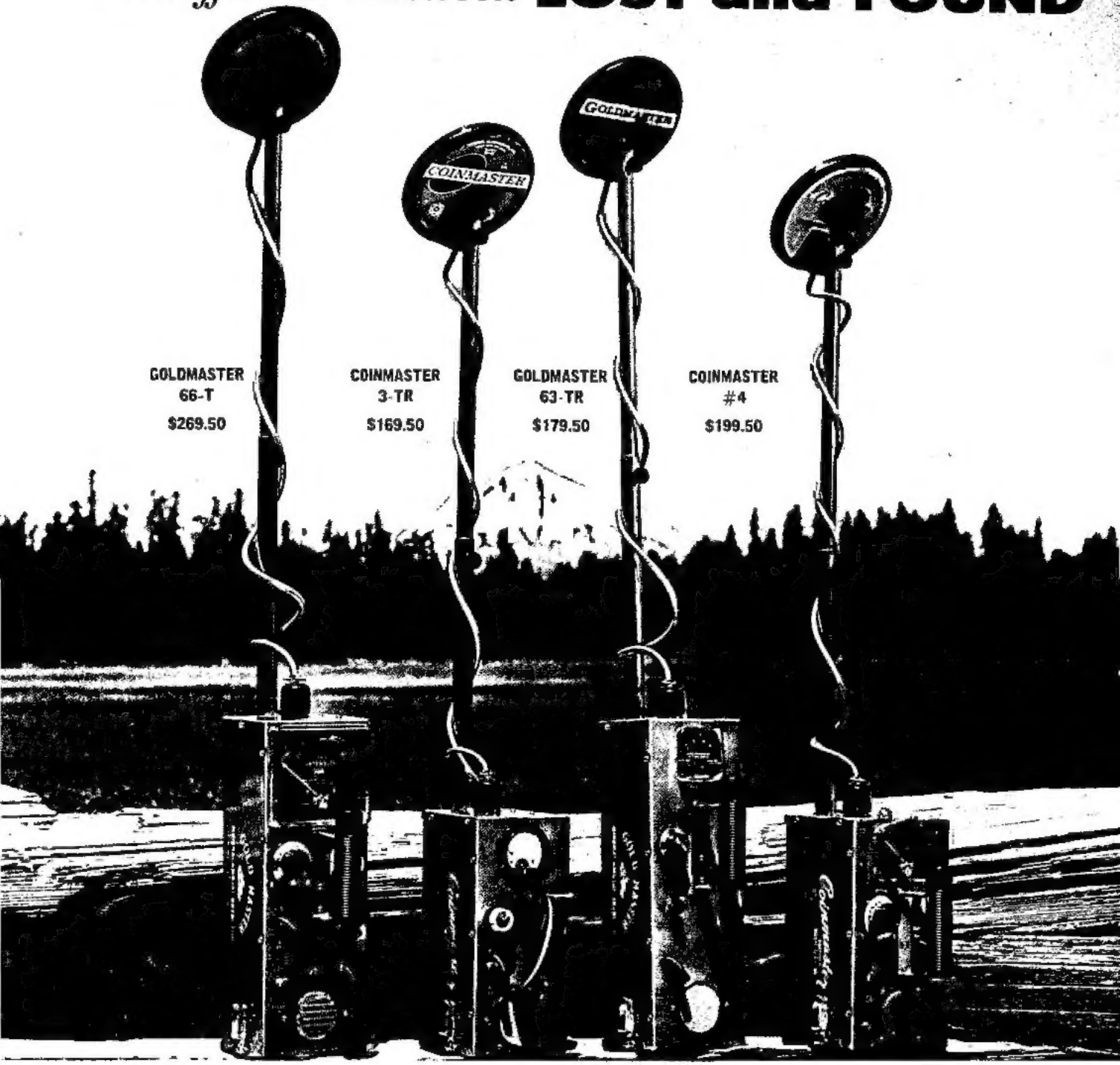

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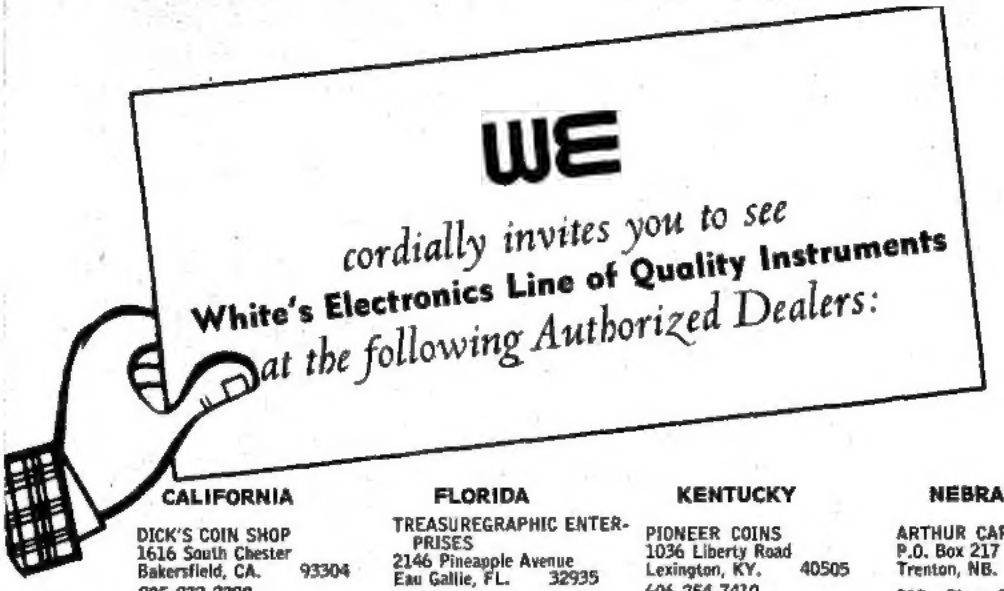

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

January-February, 1971
Volume 18, No. 3
Whole No. 103

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

PAT WAGNER	JOE AUSTELL SMALL	ROBERT SMALL
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

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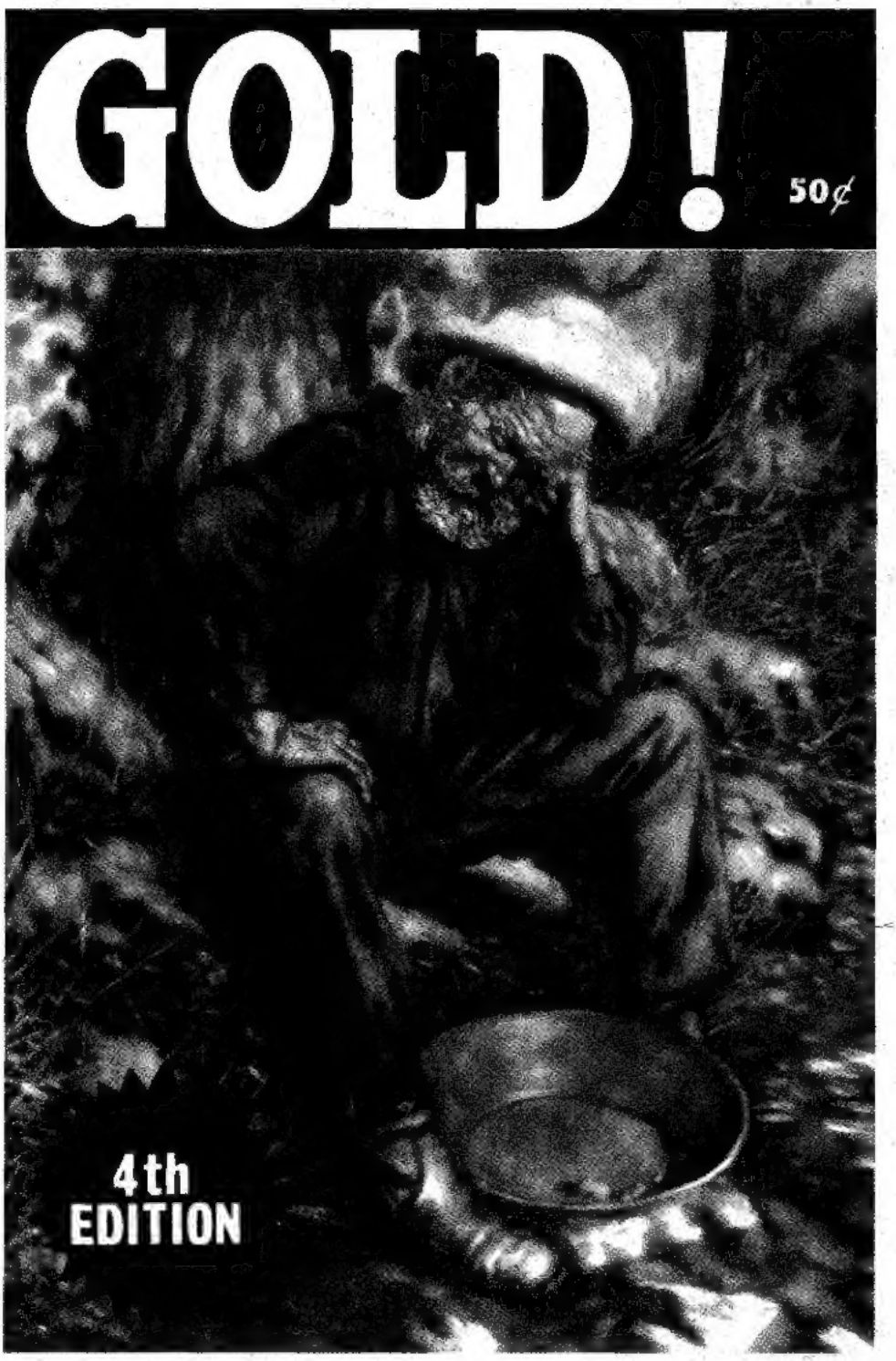

In This Issue

PIECES OF EIGHT
THE MEZCLA MAN
ROUGH, WILD AND WICKED!
SILVER MOUNTAIN
THE LOST BADGER MINE
SUNKEN SILVER STAMPEDE!
THE TOWN THAT COPPER KILLED
THE LOST CRAZY WOMAN MINE
THE FORGOTTEN MEN
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THE DAY I DIED
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OREGON'S LOST BLUE BUCKET MINE
OLD HEN MOSS AND FATE'S CROOKED SMILE
THE LEGEND OF FRACTION JACK
THE SUGAR SILVER CAVE
A DEVIL OF A LOOKING MINER
TREASURE BOOK ROUNDUP
TREASURE FEVER
CORONADO'S LOST CHILDREN
IS THE TREASURE REALLY THERE?

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Truly Western

Sage of Pikes Peak

I'm sorry to tell you that Bill Crosby died recently. He was ninety-six. Fortunately many of his recollections were put on tape during the last several years and are preserved in the Penrose Library.

Mr. Crosby thoroughly enjoyed collaborating on the articles for Western Publications. After they were published, he had the additional fun of mailing copies to friends and relatives, then sitting back to hear by letter and telephone that they had read and enjoyed them. Thank you very much for the challenge and enjoyment you provided him during the latter part of his life.—Hank Givens, P. O. Box 1779, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901

Editor's Note: Some of Mr. Crosby's stories we've published are "Appointment on Red Mountain" (Frontier Times), "Death on Pikes Peak" (True West), "Miramount— Francolon's Castle of Mystery" (True West), "Petrified Indian" (Frontier Times), "Kidnapped, Tarred and Feathered" (Old West), and "Mountain's Strange Music" (True West). His last story appears in "Wild Old Days" in this issue. We had a lively correspondence about it—how the beer bottle episode was possible, etc. We will miss him very much.

Old West Pen Pals

As a result of the several pictures and small articles of mine you've printed, I have accumulated the most remarkable collection of pen pals.

Here is a small example: A man working on a seaport waterfront dock read in "Frontier Post" about the hobo jungles and the gypsy camp on the bank of the Snake River. He said he had grown up in that town. Of all the strange hobbies for a muscular, rugged dockwolloper, he made dolls. He sent me one as a gift. It looked as though it had been scraped off a bar stool on the wrong side of the tracks. It was so different, money couldn't buy it.

A Middle Western man wrote inquiring whether or not I had any old pocket knives for sale.

A letter came from a family of fifteen children who were located near the Canadian border. It was interesting to read about their experiences of riding in blizzards looking for strays and feeding the cattle in forty-below-zero weather.

A letter came from a lady who wished to know whether I knew her grandfather. He was an early day freighter and drove a route between Salt Lake City and Butte, Montana. "He drove sixteen head of mules strung out!"

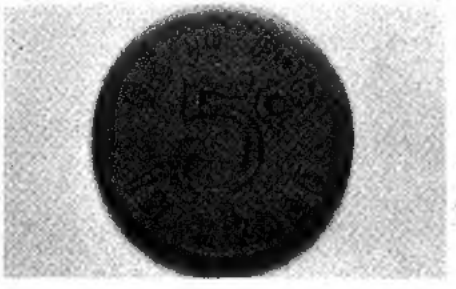
A man wrote he had beat his way across the continent several times during the depression days. Furthermore, he admired a kid who would take time out to watch Tom Mix and his cowboys parade up Market Street in San Francisco. The foreman in the Model T garage who fired me for walking away from the job to watch the parade didn't have any appreciation of the real Tom Mix.

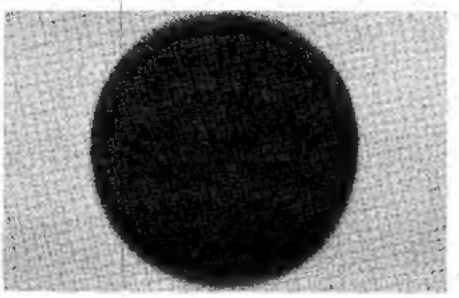
A lady wrote that she was living in San Francisco in 1923 and well remembered the day Tom Mix and his cowboys were on parade on Market Street. Furthermore, she said that she had driven a Model T Ford in reverse for 100 miles, and did I know anybody who could beat her record?

A lady wrote to me about Sharkey, the bucking bull, pictured in TRUE WEST. She was a trick rider at that time and had seen Sharkey. It brought back memories of the days when she was a young trick rider in front of rodeo grandstands in many parts of the United States and Canada. She was eighty-two years old, lived in a trailer house, had two dogs, three cats and a parrot. Still drove a car, enjoyed every minute of life and had cut the picture out of the magazine and put it in her album of the past.—S. H. Berry, Box 1192, Boise, Idaho 83701

Pool Hall Souvenirs

In your June 1969 issue of TRUE WEST you had an article about "Old Molson" in the "Wild Old Days" category which mentioned Molson's several pool halls. I have 136 old pool hall hinkies (money good for trade only) from Bergstrom's Smoke House and Pool Rook, Molson, Washington which were given to me by my grandmother. They belonged to my grandfather, Charles Harrison Mount, who homesteaded above Oenas Lake near Tim Bernard's old ranch around 1906 a short distance southwest of Tonasket, Washington. He was quite a hand at cards





so I suppose he probably got them at Molson.

I'm enclosing one of these coins. They are 5¢ and 12½¢ denominations. You may keep it if you prefer, maybe you have a relic collection. If so, add this coin to it.

I haven't missed an edition of TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES or OLD WEST in several years. I enjoy them very much—they are real interesting. I have a few old relics myself and enjoy the back country very much.—Charles R. Workman, 11th Avenue, Lewiston, Idaho 83501

Hermits

Purchased a back issue of True West a few days ago and while reading the stories in it, I ran across the article entitled "A Hermit With No Reason" by B. J. Rupert as told to R. S. Chambers.

Looking at the photos of this hermit and other photos associated with the story brings back to mind another hermit story who lived in my home community of Kanawha Head, West Virginia several years ago by the name of Jack Franklin —or anyway that's what he called himself. He claimed to be a relative of the Hatfields and McCoys but whether this was true no one knows. He was once said to have told a neighbor of mine that when he knew that he was dying he would tell him who he really was. He was later placed in the Weston, West Virginia asylum.

I can remember the first time I saw him I wasn't more than six at the time and his appearance scared me about out of my wits as he had a long ragged beard, carried two knives, and was somewhat past being dirty. He came to the house to see my dad and was invited in, since we had finished dinner or noonday meal an hour or so before.

Dad told him to have a seat at the table and help himself to anything he wanted and if he couldn't find it, just holler. After he finished eating he came into the room where we were sitting, thanked my mother for the food, talked an hour or so with Dad and left. That was the only time I can recall being that close to him. As it turned out, someone had told him that one of his dogs was at our place but it wasn't.

Hearsay has it that he ate and slept with his dogs and even ate a couple of them. Two or more times he was arrested for not paying taxes on his dogs and for not having them vaccinated against rabies. Once after he had been arrested he slept under some pine trees and his toes froze so he was returned to a hospital, where his toes were ampu-

(Continued on page 77)

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Like the painting, the medallion depicts the dream of Ira Hayes—that of living in the warrior days of his ancestors. The raising of the flag on Iwo Jima can be seen in the distance. It was presented to the Navajo Code Talkers, whose contribution during World War II was an unbreakable code, their own complex native language.

Photos from The West Still Lives by Joy Schultz, Copyright 1970

JOE GRANDEE'S COVER

"Ira Hayes—the Dream and the Reality"

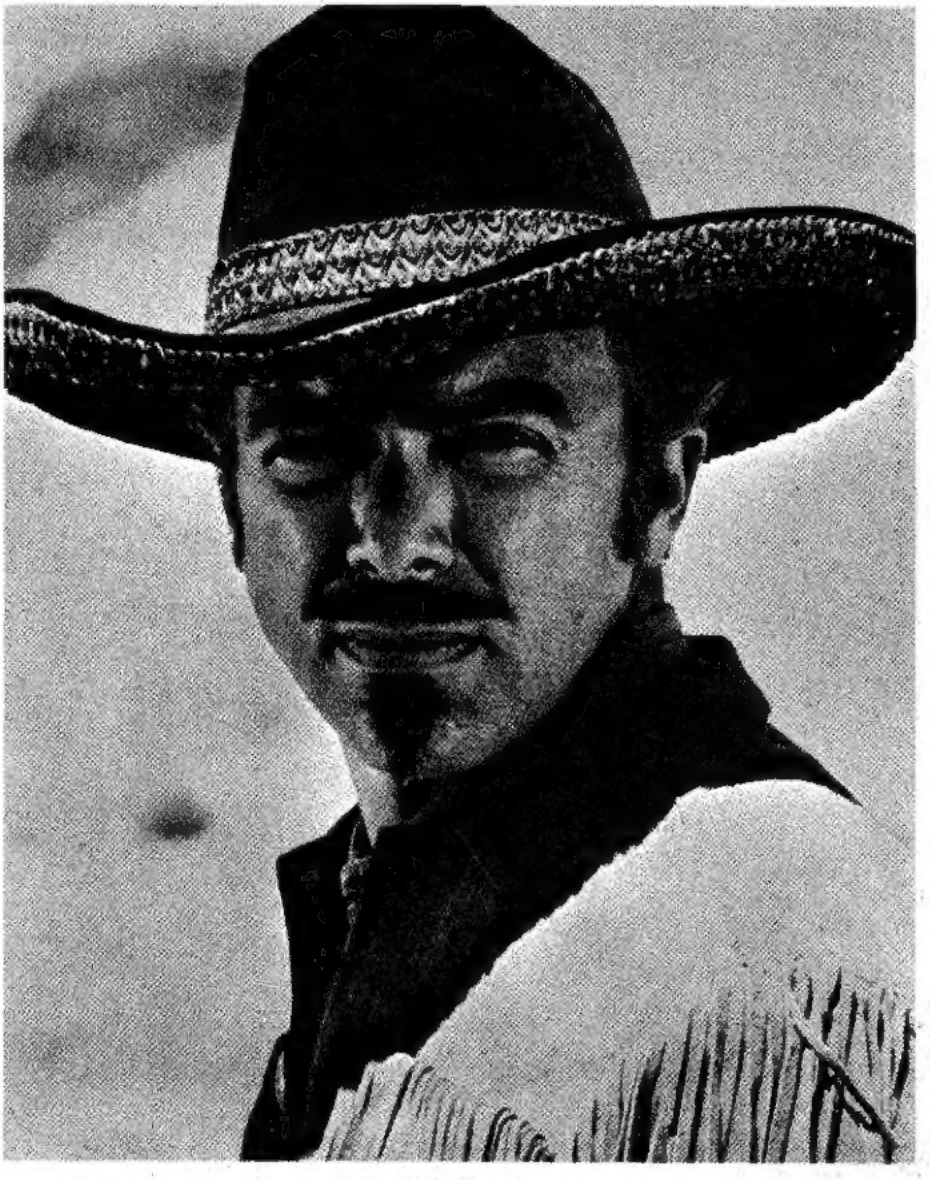
IN 1964 Arthur Stanton, a Marine Corps veteran who lost both feet on Iwo Jima, read an article in the Dallas (Texas) *Times Herald* about Joe Grandee, his work and his collection. Stanton was impressed, especially by Joe's portrayal of Indians, and his thoughts turned to Ira Hayes, the young Pima who had been his friend and who would have been so proud to stand before this skilled painter of warriors.

"Stanton called me one day," said Grandee, "and told me that Hayes had once confided to him that he had always dreamed of being an Indian warrior of the old tradition. The closest he got was serving as a Marine. Stanton wanted me to paint a picture of his friend, but instead of painting him as he was, he wanted Hayes depicted along the boy's image of himself.

Grandee was touched by the story. "I told Stanton I would do the painting and would donate it to the Marine Corps."

Thus began a chain of events which led to the creation of an heroic 48" x 60" work, its donation to Marine Corps Commandant Wallace Green, its selection as Corps' tribute to Indians, and its eventual place of honor in the Marine Corps Museum at Quantico, Virginia.

Grandee portrayed Hayes as an Indian brave dressed in his ancestral costume astride a black and white paint horse, with the flag-raising at Iwo Jima shadowy in the background. He entitled it, "Ira Hayes—the Dream and the Reality."



Joe Ruiz Grandee

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Taps for Ira

By MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

The raising of the U.S. flag atop Mt. Suribachi as photographed by Rosenthal, a photo which aroused the nation. The first man on the left is identified officially as Ira Hayes.

Marine Corps Photo

PIMA INDIAN Ira Hamilton Hayes, blowing a mournful tune on a harmonica, sat on his bunk aboard a personnel transport. Overhead through the muggy night sky huge projectiles of death thundered from the fleet. The crash of them landing on Iwo Jima reverberated across the sea.

Hayes was one of the few who were not disturbed by the uproar. In his earliest memory remained the great lightning and thunder storms over the barren southern Arizona deserts, his native land, inhabited by the Pimas for more than two thousand years. Those awesome storms, when lightning cracked through the sky and thunder deafened the ears, were sometimes followed by rain. The parched desert where his family tried to eke out a living, just enough food to keep alive, needed that rain. The Thunder Gods were welcomed as divine beings and were not feared.

An untried replacement recruit from Kentucky walked over to Hayes, wan-faced and worried. "Ira, can't you play something a little more lively?" he asked.

Frank R. Sousley, nineteen, was about to enter his first battle. He was in a blue funk. The usual rough Marine way to jar such a victim out of it was used by Hayes, already a veteran.

"Frank, you and me is going to get it this trip," he joked. "This Island X [training for the jump onto Iwo Jima had been called 'Island X'] is going to be another Tarawa. I've been told Bougainville was worse—and I was there." He then played taps on the harmonica.

Hayes, the tough Indian, was later accused of making a macabre joke to a

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Hayes

Marine Corps Photo

Pvt. Ira Hamilton Hayes

To the young Pima hero—a Marine in moccasins—the road was long and blurred between Iwo Jima and Arlington Cemetery

comrade in arms. This was far from the truth. He actually believed that few of them would survive the landing. His company hit the beach with 250 men. Six weeks later only 27 of them remained alive to be withdrawn.

It was indeed taps for Sousley, who covered himself with undying glory during the beach landing on the largest "rock" in the Bonin Islands. It was also a form of taps for Hayes—a slower form which turned into what has been considered a national disgrace.

FOR SEVENTY-TWO days Iwo Jima, seven hundred miles from Tokyo, had been bombed heavily from the air. For three days in February 1945, the largest task force ever assembled in the Pacific tried softening up the five-mile-long island.

The Marines were scheduled to hit the beach at 0830 the morning of the 19th. Offshore aboard personnel transports, the Fifth Division Marines were ready to attack over the black sand of what was better known as Sulphur Island. For long hours the night before they had sat around talking and going over battle gear a final time, equipment they always kept in first class condition. Most were veterans of South Pacific campaigns. They knew by experience that all signs pointed to this landing's being a bad one.

A veteran of Vella Lavella and Bougainville, PFC Hayes stood five feet, six inches tall and chubbily built like most of his tribesmen. But for certain he had already proved himself a fighting man worthy of the Marine Corps.

Early the next morning big guns of the fleet, which included 6 battleships, 19 crusiers, 44 destroyers and 38 destroyer-escorts, opened fire in heavier crescendo than before. It was directed at the landing beaches marked by frogmen, underwater demolition teams of the Navy.

The devastating fire was lifted inland at 0825, and assault boats behind the rain of steel carried the Marines ashore. On the first day Mt. Suribachi at the southern tip was cut off by the invading forces.

On February 23 Colonel Henry B. Liversedge, commander of the 28th Regiment, Fifth Marine Division, led his 2nd Battalion onto Suribachi. The 550-foot-high volcano peak was captured despite heavily manned and stubbornly defended artillery and machine gun emplacements.

Hayes went ashore in the assault waves, fought across the beaches and inland. In the forefront of the assault he was pulled out for a special detail after Suribachi was captured. With several other Marines he was sent up toward the peak, stringing communications wire to Colonel Liversedge's command post. All of these men were veterans who would not panic under fire.

Japanese snipers were constantly shooting up small patrols—two or three isolated Marines on the bloody slopes—and three times Hayes and two other wire stringers were pinned down by sniper and machine gun fire. Trained and experienced, they dropped behind outcropping volcanic rock, sized up the situation, and then advanced to attack. Within minutes they wiped out the dug-in enemy with rifle fire or accurately thrown hand grenades.

The wire-stringing squad was reinforced, making nine men in all. After one sniper engagement they started on up the mountainside. A pocket of die-hard Japanese killed three of them.

But that same morning a small flag was raised on a twenty-foot piece of pipe. It was done by a forty-man patrol led by Lieutenant Harold G. Schrier who had reached the crest of the crater.

Among these men were Sgt. Ernest I. Thomas, Jr., Sgt. Henry O. Hansen, Cpl. Charles W. Lindberg, PFC James R. Michels, and Charlo, a Crow Indian. A picture of this first flag-raising on Suribachi was made by combat photographer Sgt. Louis R. Lowrey, for *Leatherneck* magazine.

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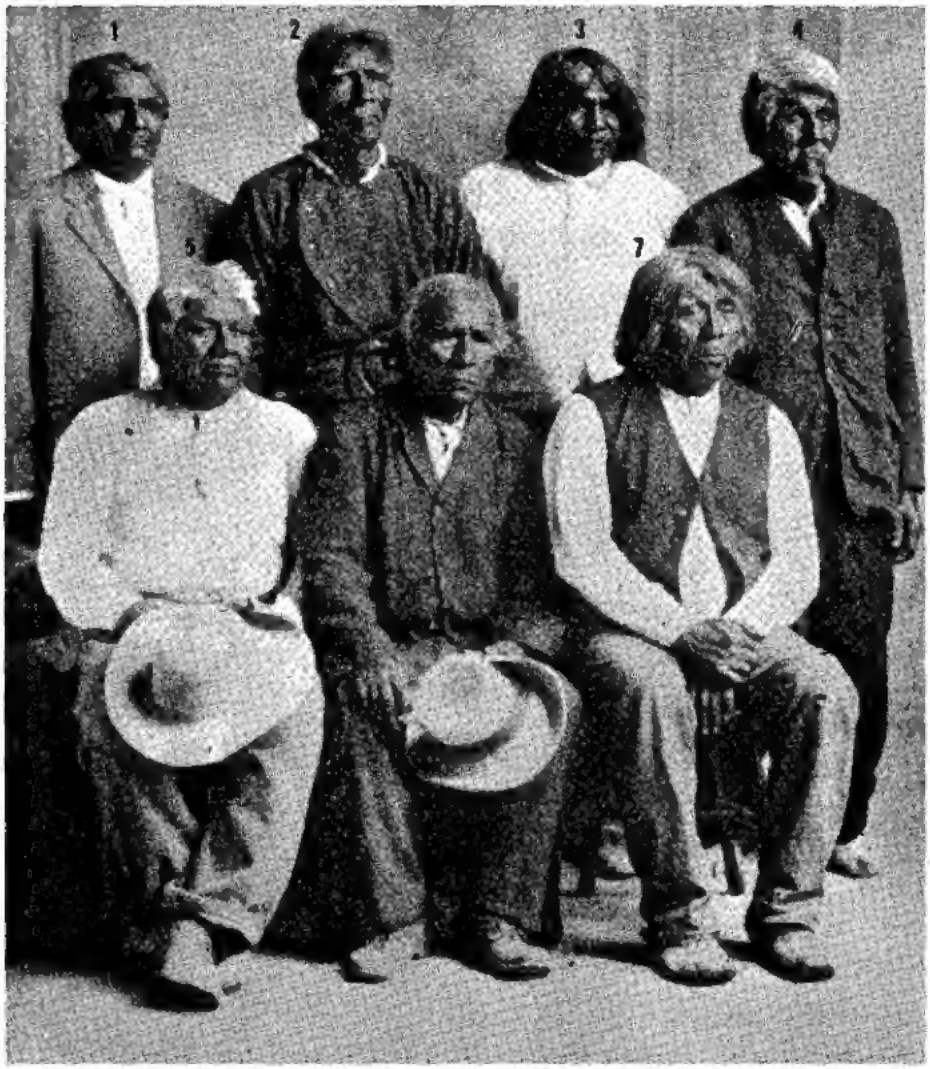
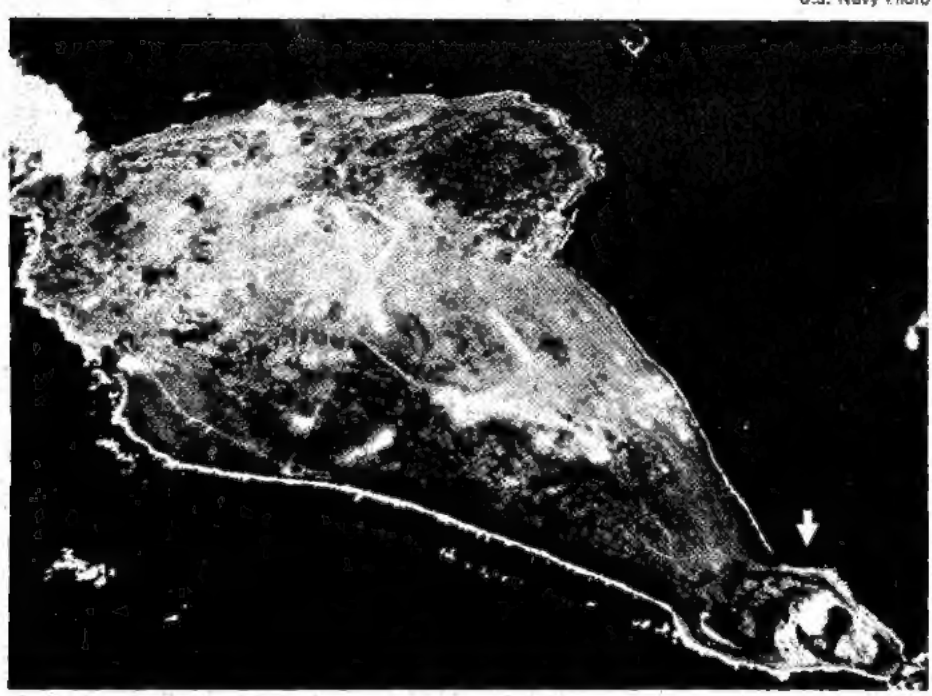


Pima Indian veterans of Company B, 1st Arizona Volunteer Infantry, 1865-66. These were Hayes' ancestors. 1. Cheroquis. 2. Mon Ush. 3. Machie Gulack. 4. Moll Daker. 5. Chaequetz Am. 6. Hamaware Quineal. 7. Oh Wan.

Below, Iwo Jima. The southern tip (arrow) is Mt. Suribachi, 550 feet high, where Old Glory was raised.

U.S. Navy Photo



Meanwhile, Al Rosenthal, an Associated Press photographer, was coming ashore from the fleet. Hearing that the flag was to be raised on the highest point of the island he hurried up Suribachi. On his arrival the small flag was being lowered to be preserved as a Marine Corps historical item. A larger flag which had been brought ashore from an LST was to be hoisted in its place. It was 56" by 96," large enough to be seen from the ships standing offshore.

Rosenthal, an intrepid photographer and a talented one, shot a picture of the second flag-raising on Suribachi. His negatives were developed on Guam and sent to the United States.

Almost immediately this picture became world famous, and in America it was considered in the same category as the famous painting "The Spirit of '76." Subsequently a commemorative postage stamp of the photograph was issued and Rosenthal received the Pulitzer Prize.

When the second flag-raising occurred, Lieut. Schrier and his platoon were busily engaged digging out Japs from within the crater with hand grenades and flame throwers. The Marine officer present on the scene picked the nearest six men that he could find to raise the big flag on the iron pipe pole. Those six men were PFC Hayes who had almost completed laying communications wire despite sniper fire; his buddy Sousley; Sgt. Michael Strank of Jamestown, Pennsylvania; Pharmacist Mate 2C John H. Bradley of Antigo, Wisconsin; PFC Rene A. Gagnon of Manchester, New Hampshire; and Cpl. Harlon H. Block of Weslaco, Texas.

The flag raising was to spell doom for most of them. A few days later Block, Sousley and Strank were killed in action —but none died as tragically and unnecessarily as Hayes.

THE SIMPLE MAN who rode to fame overnight, the son of Joe and Nancy Hayes, was born January 12, 1923 at Bapchule on the Pima (Gila) Indian Reservation. From this hardscrabble, poverty-stricken land he enlisted in the Marine Corps in Phoenix, Arizona in 1942. His people had aided the United States in all wars after 1846. The tribe made no raids against white settlers in Arizona even before territorial times.

In 1865 one of Hayes' great uncles and several other relatives, all prominent Pimas, enlisted in Company B, Arizona Volunteer Infantry (mounted) commanded by Captain J. D. Walker. Company B of the Volunteers were fighters to the last ditch. They were few, and inadquately armed and provisioned by the United States government, but it was they who stopped the raids of the murderous Apaches in southern Arizona until the military could take over again following the close of the Civil War.

Behind Hayes was a glorious tradition of fighting men. Their deeds of valor were cut on the tribal calendar sticks. Details of military actions they engaged in were retold at the annual recounting

(Continued on page 49)

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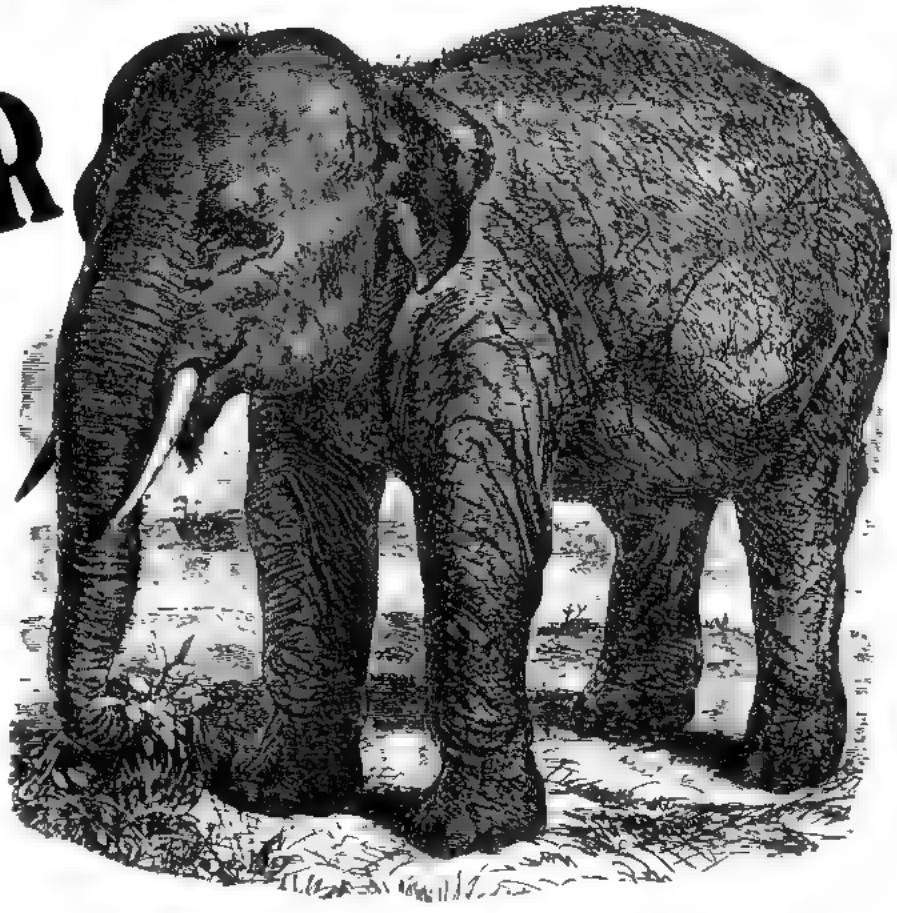
LANGWIDGE & GRAMMER

—the way we used to say it — or — I've seen the ELEPHANT!

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT



HOW BETTER could the old-timer wind up a reminiscence of the days when he and the West were young than with the conclusion, "Yep. That's the way it use to was."

Some of the picturesque words and phrases of the early West still have limited circulation but many have gone the way of free grass, the once fashionable rubber-tired buggy and the elegant leg-o'-mutton sleeve that took two full yards of fabric.

If a camping party today should be faced with the problem of building a fire outdoors shortly after a rain or even in one, and somebody's great granddad should say, "What we ought to have is a little John D," it is fairly safe to say that everyone under fifty would think that the old man's mind was wandering. Maybe it would be, too, back sixty years or more when any kid would have known that John D. was short for John D. Rockefeller of Standard Oil, and understood his relation to kerosene. At that time, kerosene, more commonly called coal oil, was standard in starting fires either in stoves or out of doors whenever dry kindling was not available. Carelessness in its use could, and occasionally did, result in an explosion causing a painful, even fatal, accident. But that was seldom. Most people, even children of ten or twelve, were aware of the danger and had learned to use kerosene safely.

"Dumpling Dust," has been around for a long time too. Early trappers and prospectors traveled long distances over rough trails with all of their equipment lashed to the back of a pack horse, mule or donkey. Naturally they did not load the pack animals with non-essentials. Dishes and cooking utensils consisted of a tin cup and plate, knife and long-handled iron spoon, an iron cooking pot with lid, a fry pan, coffee pot, and a pail for water. Flour, usually the self-rising variety containing salt and a leavening agent, was a luxury and had to be made to go as far as possible.

In no way would it stretch farther than used as dumplings. So when venison or wild fowl boiled in the pot, the sack of flour was set upright on whatever there was to set it on, with the top opened and rolled back to form a rim. Then a small amount of water was poured in, making little puffs of dry flour rise up as dust rises in the road with the first big spatters of rain. The water was stirred around in the flour with the iron spoon until dough was formed; this was spread over the boiling meat and covered with the lid. In fifteen minutes—time usually guessed at—a satisfying meal of meat and dumplings was ready. And what could have been a more appropriate name for flour than "dumpling dust"?

Whether at the table or on the trail, a man having consumed an enormous meal often bragged about the amount he had "gotten outside of."

AFTER DUTCH OVENS and small stoves became fairly common, dumplings and flapjacks were alternated with "stirup." This was a bread made with flour, bacon grease and water, "stirred up" together with little regard as to measurements and baked either in a stove oven or in a Dutch oven nestled in campfire coals. Fresh and warm it was fair eating, especially if one was hungry; cold, it was awful. (My father made it. I know from experience.)

When milk, either canned or fresh, became available, a delicacy was "lumpy dick." This was made by stirring dry flour into boiling milk. It formed a sort of lumpy pudding and was eaten with sweetened milk and a sprinkling of cinnamon or nutmeg.

"Larrup" was a word first used to imply eating in a hasty and somewhat selfish manner, such as "He larruped up all the syrup." Later syrup was called larrup and anything tasting a little better than average was "larruping good." On a hot summer day a fizz-pop was larruping good and simple to make too: Fresh water from well or spring, a little vinegar, a spoonful of sugar and just before raising to the lips, a bit of soda was stirred in. It was downed while

(Continued on page 44)

Reminiscences of a "JACK

By J. REX TIMS

Photos Courtesy Author

"GALLUS FET IT, Tom," John Tims said to his son, "there goes old man Spencer beating his woman again. When's he ever gonna stop? The way she's screaming he must be dragging her out on that old footbridge over the deep pond."

Old man Spencer had a habit of forcing his wife out on the bridge; then he'd drop down on his knees, grab her hair, get her off balance, and in she'd go. Then he'd push her head down, holding her under.

Pulling her up by the hair, he'd say, "Ut, ye gonna mind me?" Down she'd go again. Old man Spencer would keep it up until she would give in. He'd drag her through the water to the bank, heave her out, then make her get up and go do what he had wanted her to do in the first place.

"Gallus fet the old bloke, he'll soon have her in that black box in the buggy shed if she don't learn to mind him. Tom, make haste, jump on a horse and see about getting the mail. When you get to old Spencer's place, you might stop and see if you can hold him off until his temper slithers down a mite."

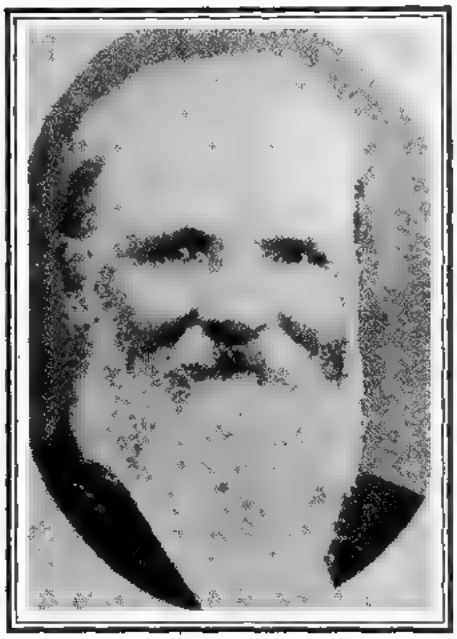
John had to stop and slap his thigh and laugh when Tom said, "I'm not going to let Spencer and his wife do to me what old man Mansfield and his wife done."

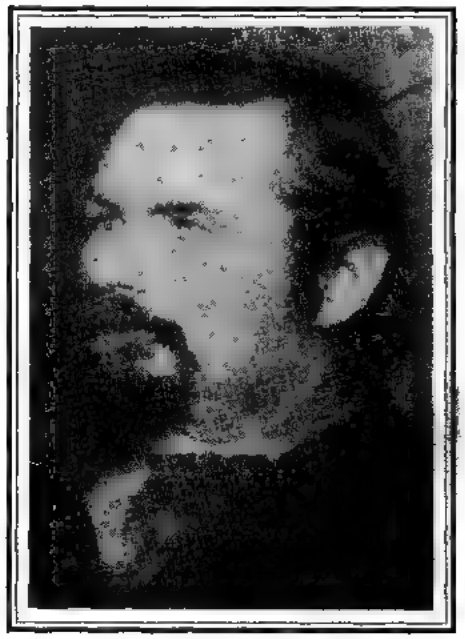
About eight months before, Tom had jumped on a horse bareback and headed the mile and a quarter to Mansfield's homestead to get the mail. Mansfield had a two-room log house with a dirt roof and floor and ran the post office in the kitchen. Tom could hear Sister Mansfield screaming like she was being murdered inch by inch. Tom pulled his horse to a skidding stop and rushed through the kitchen door expecting to stop the fight. But before he could turn around, Mrs. Mansfield had turned on him and was hitting him with every pot and pan she could lay her hands on. Tom tore out of that kitchen badly bruised and glad to get his horse on a dead run—down over the ridge—and out of old Mansfield's sight.

Today, Tom didn't stop to get off his horse to open Spencer's gate. He raised the wire loop, dropped the barbed wire gate, and rode over to the pond where Grandad Spencer was dragging Grandma out.

When she lay on the bank, old Spencer raised up and said, "Ut Tom, the daft old woman fell off yon bridge. Hi nigh missed from yon hay patch getting 'ere." (Tom was sparking Spencer's daughter, Sarah, by Spencer's first wife and was glad everything would be O. K.)

John Tims' homestead in Utah's Malad River Valley in 1943. John built the smaller log cabin (center) in 1867. The larger house was erected at the stream-fed pond ten years later.





Photos Courtesy Nancy Tims Archibald

The author's grandparents (from left), John Gardner Tims and Charlotte Marshall Tims, Mormon pioneers who survived an arduous trip in 1854 from England to Salt Lake City; and the author's father, Thomas Marshall Tims, born on the Utah desert in 1855.

MORMON"

A tale of one thing and another, nothing much in particular, but a whole lot in general and purely old times...

ABOUT twenty-eight years before these events took place (December 22, 1852), John Gardner Tims, born August 11, 1825, at Horton, Oxford, England, and Charlotte Marshall, born November 10, 1835, had been married.

Late in 1853 Mormon missionaries convinced John and Charlotte that the Promised Land was the place the Lord had chosen for Brigham Young to lead his followers; and all converts were expected to join their brothers and sisters of the faith in building up the newly found desert home in America.

John and Charlotte Tims were notified January 3, 1854 that their ticket would be number 3GA. They were to sail with a company of immigrants, the 72nd company of 477 converts, from Liverpool, England on February 22, 1854, on the ship *Windermere* with Captain Fairfield, bound for New Orleans. Elder Daniel Garn was in charge of the immigrant company.

During the first five weeks of the voyage, winds rose almost to hurricane force. At times the small ship would be submerged under giant waves, and the strain on its timbers was terrific. Several times during the first few weeks, they thought the ship was going down, and prayed for the Lord to save the ship and those aboard, but it seemed the Lord wasn't paying attention to their prayers. The crew had to man the bilge pumps twenty-four hours a day and couldn't gain on the water leaking through the new seams opening up. Men caulked the seams as fast as they'd open and recaulked the seams which wouldn't hold. Finally the wind calmed down and started blowing in the ship's favor.

Fifteen days out of Liverpool, smallpox broke out on board and spread to thirty-seven passengers and two of the crew as the ship neared the tropics. But at the height of the crisis, the malady was suddenly checked.

Six marriages were solemnized on board and six births and ten deaths occurred. The *Windermere* arrived at New Orleans April 23. The next morning eleven immigrants who were suffering with smallpox were sent to Luzenburg Hospital by order of port health officers. Elder Long and five others were elected to stay in New Orleans to attend to the sick until they were sufficiently recovered to travel with a later party. The rest of the company continued the journey from New Orleans on April 27 on board a steamboat and arrived in St. Louis a few days later. From there they

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went on to Kansas City. This company left Kansas City on July 15, 1854 with Levi Richards as captain of the train. Levi Richards was one of the scouts and leaders Brigham Young had chosen to lead parties of Mormons across the plains to the Great Salt Lake Valley to join those of the flock who had been arriving since 1847.

After buying a horse and a small spring wagon, John Tims barely had enough money left to buy food for the trip and their English duds wouldn't stand much of the snagging buck-brush, sagebrush and scrub-brush. Charlotte patched so much it didn't matter about color or kind as long as the mending piece would hold and cover the hole.

Brigham Young changed some of the route in 1854 to keep north of Fort Laramie as cholera and malaria were being brought in there by traffic coming from the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. The 1854 route was changed to swing farther north to cross the North Platte around Casper, Wyoming.

Traveling through Nebraska, the Richards train was hampered with mud and more mud. It rained nearly all the way along the Platte River. The poor old horse John Tims bought was a little too aged to stand up through all the heavy mud. As the train pulled up out of the bottom land the old horse had to stop often to get his wind. John said the horse was trembling so hard he thought they would never make it. When they reached the high ground, the poor horse stopped to rest. He stood for about five minutes, dropped over on one shaft and broke it, made a little struggle and was dead.

The couple's supplies were very scant and now their horse was dead—it almost was more than they could stand. Charlotte began to cry. She could finally see what her mother had been talking about when Mrs. Marshall had tried to persuade the young couple to stay in England. John walked to the back of the wagon where Charlotte was sitting on the prairie grass sobbing. He didn't know what they were going to do, stranded on the prairie with their horse dead and no possible way of getting another. Both knelt, and John prayed for guidance.

A short time after the prayer, Levi Richards came back to John and said, "Brother and Sister Tims, we will lay over a day or two and let the women and stock rest. The men can get some badly needed repair work done. Then some of the brothers can pitch in and help and we'll cut your wagon down and make a cart with the front running gears."

John Tims was a carpenter and had a few tools, so on the morning of the third day, John was ready to leave. He pulled and Charlotte pushed. They had to leave most of their supplies, and all the household goods, as they couldn't pull very many pounds in addition to the weight of the cart. Even before their horse had died they were low on rations and now they had to fill in with whatever they could find. John and his wife plodded along with the train, but every weary mile seemed to get longer.

THE IMMIGRANTS, by taking the northern route, lost not a single life from the dreadful plague. When the Mormons started to cross the Wyoming sagebrush country, however, they picked up mountain fever and tick fever. Several people died and those who got well had a hard fight of it; they were a long time getting their strength back. When a wood tick crawled on a person and buried its head in the flesh and stayed there long enough to inject the infection into the blood, the victim would more than likely come down with a high fever and be lucky if he lived to brag about beating the tick and his potent bite. Early-day Mormons who watched over people with fever called it the "death watch."

In 1854 the route went through Casper where the party forded the North Platte River between the mouth of the Laramie Fork and the last crossing. John and Charlotte were struggling with

Albert and Nancy Tims Archibald's homestead (top) in Pocatello Valley, Idaho, site of Chief Pocatello's many hiding places. John Tims' blacksmith shop built in 1869 (middle) and his original log cabin raised in 1867 (bottom) about four miles north of the homestead and later moved nearer the pond. The cabin boasted no windows—only peepholes large enough to accommodate rifle barrels—and when constructed had a dirt roof and floor. After the larger house was built, this cabin served as a storehouse for salted pork. Blacksmith shop and log cabin were photographed in 1943.

Top Photo Courtesy Nancy Tims Archibald

bodies wasted from lack of food and that "gallus feted cart." They passed Independence Rock and had to ford the Sweetwater several times. The disastrous trek across the prairie was difficult, and Levi Richards called the brothers and sisters together every night to give everyone an opportunity to talk about what had happened that day, and some would give their ideas of how to go about making things more pleasant. Hymns were sung at intervals, and the fiddlers would play a few square dance tunes. Charlotte said that those get-togethers, the hymns, and the talk of the brothers and sisters of the faith, raised her feet two inches every step the next day instead of dragging.

The party rested two days at South Pass—if you could call it rest, with all the repairing and mending of clothes, half-soleing and building up the heels of the shoes. Levi Richards had all the food collected in one place and then he distributed it evenly between the members. Before dividing up, all John Tims had was a little salt and flour.

While they were stopped, a hunting party brought in several deer. Eating meat after going without so long, John felt for awhile like he was carrying his insides full of lead. They pushed on across the Green River to Fort Bridger. After stopping overnight they traveled on to Echo Canyon. There they were met by relief wagons set out from Salt Lake City by Brigham Young. The food supply would carry the company to the end of the journey, the Great Salt Lake Valley.

The trip from there wasn't as hard as Brigham Young's original company had experienced—they had had to raise their wagons up over a cliff with ropes and down the same way on the other side. Levi Richards' train, when hitting the Weber River, turned upriver a few miles, crossed over and swung around the mountains through Parley's Canyon and on to Bee Hive City. They arrived in Salt Lake City the last of October 1854.

AFTER ENOUGH time to locate a place to live, John joined the other brothers building churches, houses for Brigham, and a theater. John rebuilt his cart and had a wagon again by early spring. Brigham Young sent a company to Tooele, west of Salt Lake City, to join a company sent there the year before. Brigham had to be a mastermind to get enough food and grain coming into the Bishop's storehouses to help feed the Mormons arriving every year in greater numbers.

John Tims soon acquired a team of oxen and with his makeshift wagon partly loaded with seed grains, seed potatoes, vegetable seeds, a hand plow and harrow parts (the rest or the harrow would have to be built at Tooele), John and Charlotte arrived at their plot of ground in Tooele early in April, 1855 again short of food. John was "gallus fetin" all over the place. He had to get the wheat planted as fast as he could get a few acres plowed, and then clear off the sagebrush which had to be pulled by hand after the ground was plowed so as to break the roots loose.

Courtesy Western History Collections
University of Oklahoma Library

Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones.

He and Charlotte hauled the brush to the makeshift tent for fuel.

John plowed and cleared between eight and ten acres and planted wheat by broadcasting the seeds by hand and then running the harrow over to bury it. When the vegetable garden was planted, John plowed and cleared more ground, getting it ready for planting wheat in the fall. The couple's food supply became totally exhausted late in June. For several days they ate nothing until one of the settlers saw an Indian gathering some tall weeds. After that the settlers lived on pig-weed and sego roots.

One woman who had enough flour to last her until the harvest asked John to build her some chairs. While he was working on the chairs, she gave him three biscuits and John could feel the strength of those three biscuits. For three days' work, John received for his pay one loaf of bread. Charlotte doled out a half-slice a day each, along with the pig-weeds. They lived like this until the grain was harvested the last of August.

But a big day came for John and Charlotte Tims on August 20, 1855. A son was born and was named and blessed in the Mormon Church as Thomas Marshall Tims. That baby, born on the desert of Utah Territory, was my father. Grandma Tims told me, when I was a little shaver, about the pig-weed diet she and Grandpa had to live on.

THE INDIANS who lived nearby were friendly at that time to the Mormons. They showed my grandfather some of the trinkets and jewelry they made from gold and silver mined from one of the canyons. They showed him where they mined lead to make bullets for the few guns they had acquired from trappers. After seeing the gold, Grandfather Tims wanted to quit farming and go mining for gold, but Brigham Young put his foot down on the idea. Iron was the only metal anyone could mine. Iron was needed to repair wagon and buggy wheels. Nearly all the wagons arriving from their unforgettable treks across the plains and mountains were in bad need of wheel repair.

New spokes and rims as well as all farming machinery had to be built in Salt Lake City as very little farm equipment was brought from the East. Plowshares were very important in cutting through the roots of sagebrush. Also the mining of iron wouldn't bring in a lot of prospectors, gamblers, and loose women which gold and silver would. Brigham Young wanted this desert land they had journeyed so far to find kept free of Gentiles who would hinder the Mormon's freedom of religion. After being persecuted in Illinois and Missouri, Brigham Young wanted this new-found desert land free of torture.

Farming around Tooele wasn't as good as that reported from the northern part of the territory. Brigham Young sent word to settlers on poor farm land to gather in Salt Lake City after the harvest in 1859 and they would be sent to a better settlement, as the Mormon farmers had to support their families as well as tithe ten percent to the church. Tithing was very important as nearly every pioneer sent out to farm had to have seed grain, vegetable seeds, farm implements and lucerne (alfalfa) seed. All this was furnished from the Bishop's storehouses.

Brigham Young wanted a settlement started in Cache Valley. John and Charlotte Tims and three babies made the trip from Tooele in the spring of 1860 to what later was known as Wellsville in Cache Valley, Utah Territory. Log houses were built close together as a fort against Indian attacks. The houses had dirt roofs and dirt floors, and a corral was built big enough to hold all the stock in case of an attack.

At night each man stood a two-hour watch. The day watch was taken over by the women while the men worked the plots of ground that had to be cleared of sagebrush. Grandpa Tims farmed in Wellsville until the harvest of 1866. During the summer of that year he and several of the Wellsville pioneers had crossed over a hogback in the Wasatch Range and on up the Malad River Valley about sixteen miles to stake claims on land where springs of clear cold water flowed from the ground. For several miles along the Wasatch the water spread out, flowing toward the Malad River and creating large meadows where

(Continued on page 56)

QUEEN OF THE

Courtesy the University of Arizona Library

They called John Chisum's niece the "lady with the open heart and the open door"

By RUTH KNORR
Photos Courtesy Author

GREAT EXCITEMENT prevailed in the James Chisum household at Denton, Texas, one fall day in 1877. Word had been received from James' brother, John, who was successfully ranching out west in the (then) Territory of New Mexico, of an opportunity there for James in the newly-formed Jingle-bob Land and Livestock Company, with the added inducement of acquiring land for himself. Still grieving because of the death of his wife some two years before, James was attracted by the thought of starting a new home in a practically virgin land.

In the latter part of November, James, his daughter Sallie, and his two sons Walter and Will, headed west. Their little caravan was made up of three covered wagons, a sturdy horse-drawn hack, saddle horses, and about fifty head of other types of livestock to be trailed along the way by extra cowhands.

Possibly because James did not realize that conditions in arid New Mexico were not as conducive to growing things as in his part of Texas, or perhaps because he was determined to make the desert "bloom like a rose," he optimistically filled every available space in the wagons and hack with shrubs, flowers, and rosebushes. One writer tells that

Above, Sallie Chisum Robert, Pecos Valley pioneer and niece of John Chisum. Below, Mrs. Sallie Robert's home on the banks of Eagle Draw, at Miller, New Mexico. An adobe building, it was washed away in the Eagle Draw flood of 1894.

Courtesy W. L. Robert

Below, a common scene in Artesia was an ox-drawn freighter outfit like the one here in front of the Joyce-Pruit Co. store.

JINGLE-BOB

tin pails, bureau drawers, and even Miss Sallie's voluminous skirts protected the tender plants from icy winds. James must have had a green thumb indeed, because he managed to save most of his plants in spite of the odds, and later shared them with neighbors.

Many years afterward, Miss Sallie was reminiscing to a group of friends about her journey to the "Promised Land," as she called it. She confessed that her heart had been heavy as she left her old friends, and her mother's grave, to take up life in a strange land with different ways and among people whom she did not know. Many tears were shed silently, and prayers spoken that she, her father, and her brothers would be happy in their New Mexico home.

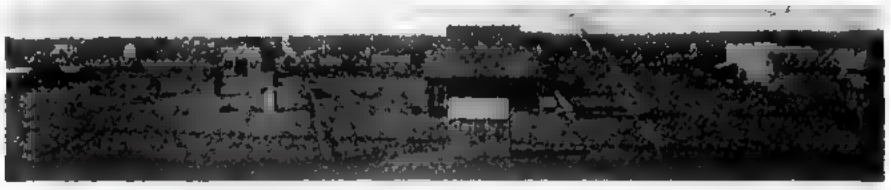
THEIR JOURNEY was long and tedious. They crossed the barren Staked Plains of west Texas where buffalo, antelope, and other types of game abounded. At Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos River they were met by six of John Chisum's cowboys because marauding Indians often attacked in that area, but none was seen. They continued up the east side of the river to Pope's Butterfield Stage Crossing, and were much relieved to accomplish the feat of fording the river there without the loss of a single head of livestock.

They continued through the dangerous Black River area, but still no Indians appeared. Following the Pecos north, they arrived late in December at the Gilbert Ranch (established 1872) on the banks of the Penasco. The Gilberts were most hospitable, and Miss Sallie was invited to stay inside the ranchhouse where

Artesia, New Mexico around 1908. A freighter with a load for the mountains stands in front of Brainard Bros. Hardware store.

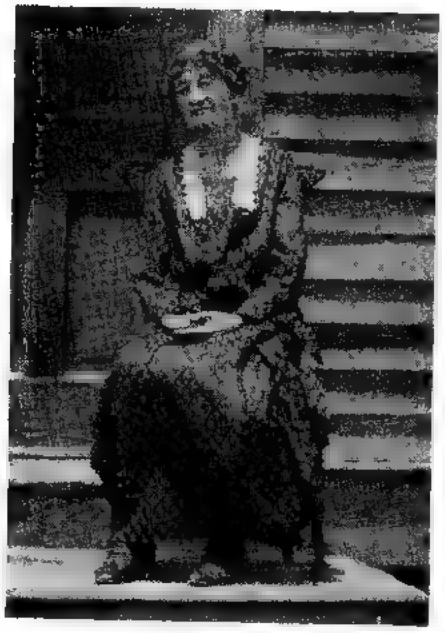
Courtesy W. L. Robert

Above, Chisum Spring, also known as Henderson Spring and Blake Spring, was the beginning of present-day Artesia, New Mexico. Below, Artesia as it appeared in January 1904. An early saloon can be seen about center of the photograph. This was taken prior to the time local option voted saloons out. There was none in town for many years.



Courtesy Western History Collections
University of Oklahoma Library

John Chisum built himself an empire.



Courtesy Otero Collection· Zimmerman Library
University of New Mexico

The grave of James Chisum at Woodbine Cemetery, Artesia, New Mexico.

she slept in a bed for the first time in several weeks. A warm friendship developed which grew stronger as the years passed.

At his ranchhouse, John Chisum was keeping a lookout for the caravan as the time for its arrival approached. John had gone west from Hardeman County, Tennessee, to Paris, Texas, about 1857 where he established headquarters and began to deal in cattle. From there he went to Denton, Texas, where he soon became a cattle dealer on a larger scale. When immigrants began to come into the "black land belt" so rapidly that the open range was threatened, Chisum headed west to Fort Concho.

In 1866 he is believed to have sent a scout (possibly his brother Pitser) up the Pecos to the vicinity of Fort Sumner, either with or following Goodnight. It is certain that from some source he received sufficiently favorable reports to encourage him to seek a large contract from the government to furnish beef for the Navaho Indians. In 1867, having obtained the contract, he drove his herds west from Texas and established headquarters at Bosque Grande, on the Pecos a few miles south of Fort Sumner. In 1874 he moved his headquarters to South Spring River.

John Chisum's first house at the headquarters of South Spring River stood on the Hudson ranch which he had purchased in 1872. It was known as the "Square House." Isolated as it was by many miles from neighbors, it had been built to serve as a fort in time of trouble. It was square, with an inner court off which opened an office, a kitchen where meals were served, three bedrooms, a cowboy bunkroom, a provision room, and a storeroom. There were few, in any, outside windows. A parapet with holes in it, which could be used for protection, extended around the top. A horse corral ran along one side, through which entrance was made into the house.

REFRESHED by the night's rest at the Gilbert ranch, with Miss Sallie on the front seat of the hack beside her father, the caravan started early on that last day of their journey. It was a sunny, crisp morning, and with the blue-veiled Guadalupes disappearing in the distance they soon sighted Sierra Blanca Peak and El Capitan, mountains which were to be on Miss Sallie's horizon for practically the rest of her life. They traveled through sand and mesquite brush, and joggled over saltgrass bumps, often scaring up antelope, quail and jackrabbits.

It was at the rather austere and bleak Square House that the caravan arrived at 11 p.m. on Christmas Eve, 1877. After being warmly greeted by John Chisum, the weary travelers tumbled into bed without any supper, as they were too tired to eat.

They were initiated very soon into the hazards of life on the frontier. When they awoke the next morning they found that all their livestock was gone. During the night, Indians had stealthily lifted the corral gate from its hinges and driven the animals away.

There was little to cheer the homesick Miss Sallie on that Christmas Day. Surroundings were strange and primitive compared to those to which she was accustomed. Long afterward she described her feelings, saying, "I was so bone tired that all I wanted to do was to fall down on the ground and howl; I didn't shed a tear, though, for those pesky cowboys were watching my every move."

Her Uncle John did his best to brighten her spirits by promising that by the next Christmas there would be a new house and a big party to celebrate. But although building was commenced the next year, it was not until Christmas 1880 that the big new house was completed.

It was not difficult to find tasks around the ranch to keep the young brothers busy, but John soon realized his niece's loneliness and decided something must be done. In the sparsely settled surrounding area, schools were nonexistent. But John had heard of one up the Pecos at Anton Chico. It had been started by a Miss Annin whose father was an early missionary at nearby Las Vegas. There this attractive and vivacious young lady of twenty was sent, not

(Continued on page 64)

Above, left, the Widow McSween came the closest to dethroning the "Queen of the Jingle-Bob." Below is John Chisum's "Long House," his headquarters at South Spring River, built in 1880.

Tom Sullivan and the frontier were young together—but the man lasted 113 years, the frontier barely its three-score and ten

By O. W. NOLEN
Photo Courtesy Author

LOTS OF EXCITEMENT; LOTS OF TOIL

IN THE FALL of 1929 I went to Pearsall, in Frio County, Texas, to see Tom Sullivan. He was a Negro, a most remarkable man, 105 years old, with snow white hair but physically active and mentally alert. His wife, Aunt Jane, was eighty and said that Tom was an old man when she married him. Sitting on the front porch of his little cottage he drew on his remarkable memory in telling of his early history.

"My mother was named Henrietta Washington. She belonged to George Washington. Just before he died, when she was nine and a half years old, he set her free and told Miss Sally, his step-daughter, to be my mother's guardian.

"When my mother was grown she married a colored man by the name of Sullivan, and myself and three other children were born while she was under Miss Sally's charge. Miss Sally married a man who wanted to get her money. He told a man to kill her by driving over a stump when she was riding in a buggy, but the fall only broke her thigh.

"While she was laid up some men came and got my father and mother and me and my two brothers and carried us off. They drove around in two or three states and finally went to Mississippi and hid us out for two years. I was five and a half years old when we were stolen.

"Finally all of us but my father were sold to a man named Aaron Redus, and my father was sold to Mr. Redus' son-in-law. When Mr. Redus died we became the property of his son and I belonged to him until I was set free by emancipation.

"Mr. Bill Redus moved to Texas in 1849 and brought me along with him, and he settled on Hondo Creek in Medina County. My first experience with the Indians was when some of them made a raid through that part of the country and a bunch of us followed them. We came upon some men cutting hay, and they said they bet we were looking for Indians. We told them we were.

"One of the men said: 'I think I shot one. I shot at him and he fell forward and grabbed his horse around the neck, and you'd better watch out for him.'

"We rode on, following the Indians'

(Continued on page 72)

At left is Tom Sullivan at age 105, at his home in Pearsall, Texas.

I WITNESSED THE OK CORRAL FIGHT

—excerpts from the unpublished diary of Honest John Montgomery

By WAYNE MONTGOMERY

Photos Courtesy Author

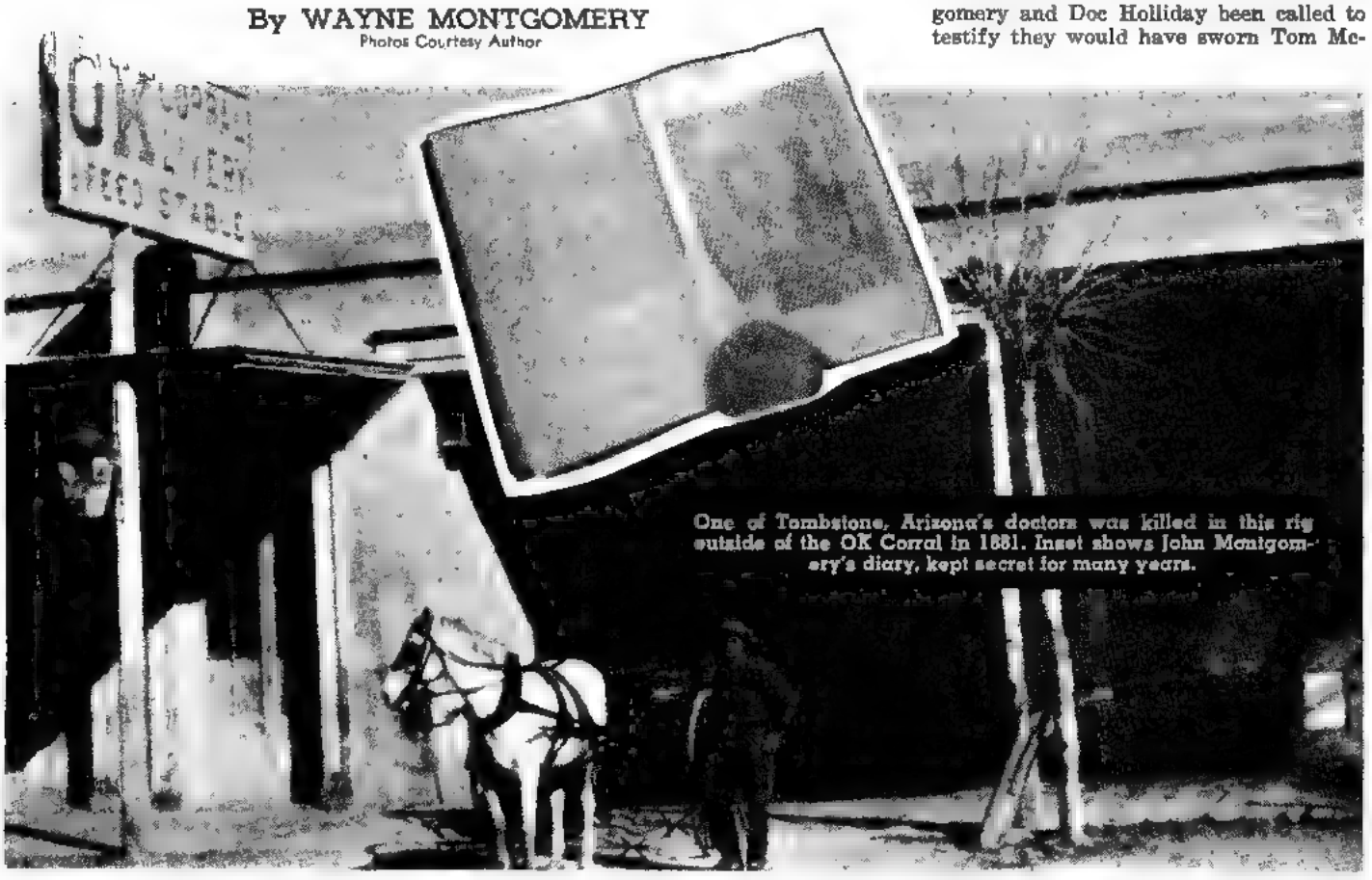
ABOUT 1:30 p.m. on October 26, 1881 in Tombstone, Arizona shots were heard from the OK Corral area. Morbid curiosity seekers ran to the scene from all directions. They found three dead or dying men lying in the blood-spattered entrance to the OK Corral livery stable.

Dozens of these people claimed to have witnessed the fight, but very few of them saw any of the action; the fight lasted only seconds. Several people saw the ending; only one man witnessed the whole fight—the man who owned and operated the OK Corral livery stable where the fight occurred. The OK Corral was only a trade name. There was no corral connected to the stable at all. Two buildings formed the entrance to the stable, which was about fifteen feet in width.

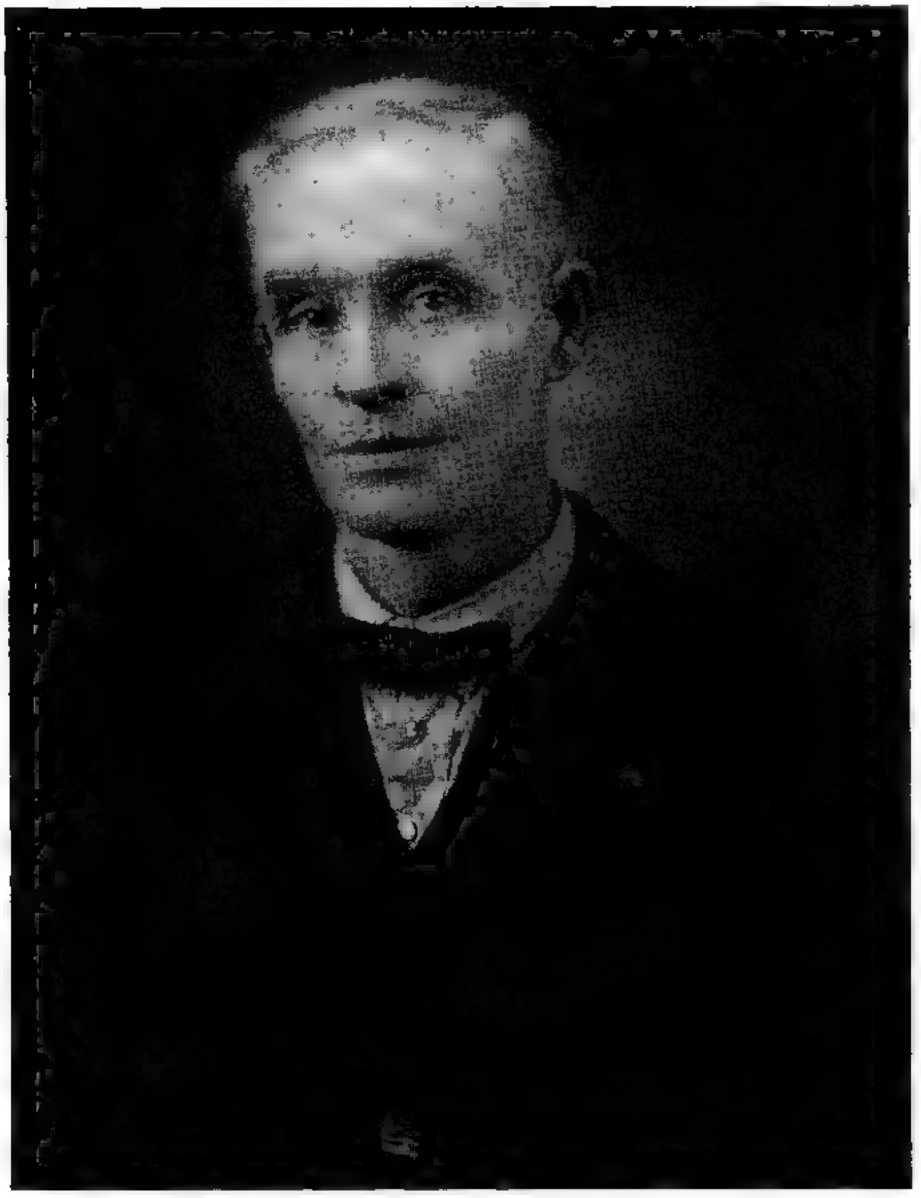
This man was "Honest John" Montgomery. He lived in Tombstone for twenty years, served on the board of supervisors for fourteen years, and was my grandfather.

John Montgomery kept many diaries, many of which are in my family's possession. But the one in which he gave his account of the fight remained in the hands of his daughter who died in 1964 at the age of ninety-four. She refused access to this diary to anyone, but when her estate was settled in 1969 her son lent the diary to me with the stipulation it be returned to only him after I was through with it.

Because John Montgomery was not called to testify he refused to make a public statement. He wrote that he saw John Behan pick up the revolver used by Tom McLaury and put it in his pocket. Behan denied this. Had John Montgomery and Doc Holliday been called to testify they would have sworn Tom Mc-



One of Tombstone, Arizona's doctors was killed in this rig outside of the OK Corral in 1881. Inset shows John Montgomery's diary, kept secret for many years.

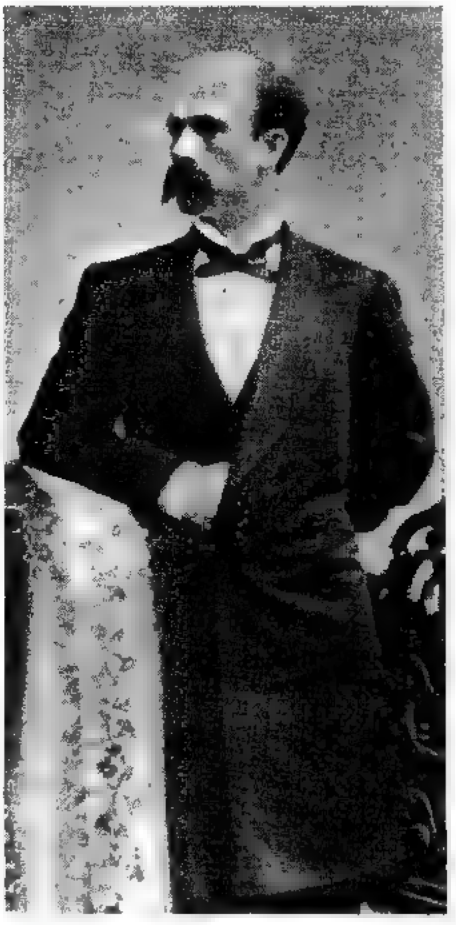


Above, John Montgomery about 1905.

John H. Behan, first sheriff of Cochise County, in 1881.

Courtesy Arizona Department of Library & Archives

John P. Clum, first editor of the Tombstone *Epitaph*, in 1880.



Laury was armed, and that Behan took his revolver to make it look bad for the Earps and Doc.

Only diary entries which have no bearing on this story have been deleted.—Wayne Montgomery.

November 1, 1881.

"I HAVE purposely delayed writing of the great fight which I witnessed in full on October 26, 1881 which happened at the entrance to my establishment at the OK Corral livery stable. Between the Earp brothers, Doc Holliday, Ike and Billy Clanton, Billy Claiborne, Tom and Frank McLaury. Ike and Billy Claiborne ran out when the shooting started proving what they have been suspected of by many, that they are cowards.

"I have gone over every second of the fight, in my mind, time and time again, I want my construction of this event to be as accurate as possible. Some day I plan to write of my adventures in book form, and in the event my memory fails me in later years I can refer to my diary, which I keep in a ledger in order to have enough space to write as I wish.

November 3, 1881.

"Since my coming to Tombstone in July 1879, the county of Cochise has been ruled by what amounts to a reign of terror. Outlaws, commonly referred to as cowboys, not all cowboys are outlaws but all outlaws are cowboys, by the way they herd stolen cattle over the desert. They ride the trails robbing and killing travelers, robbing stagecoaches, and if arrested go free, people refuse to appear against them out of fear of retaliation.

November 4, 1881.

"The Earp brothers, Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan came here about a year ago to clean up the town of Tombstone. I don't believe any three lawmen ever faced a situation such as the Earps have faced here. And I may say they have accomplished the almost impossible. They haven't killed anyone of note, until the fight of the 26th of October. But they

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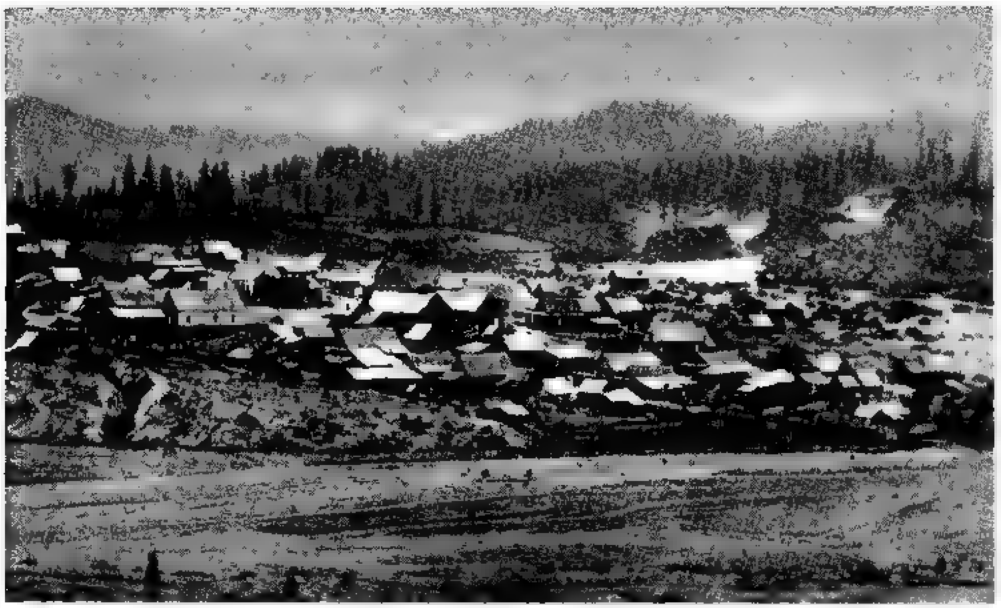


Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

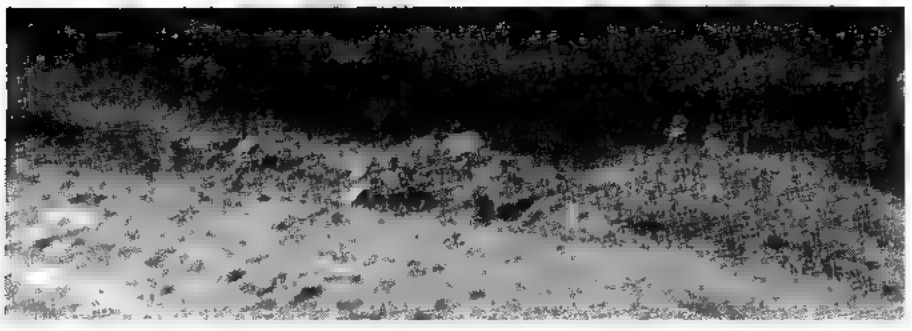
Above, Placerville, Idaho. No date given. Below, if the author's hunch is correct, the lost Wilson ledge may be near the top of one of the mountains in the distance. This is land belonging to the Boise National Forest, slightly north of the old ghost town of Quartzburg, Idaho.

The Devil's treasurer became $10,000 richer one day, thanks to some vigilantes

By BERT E. BADGEROW

Photos Courtesy Author

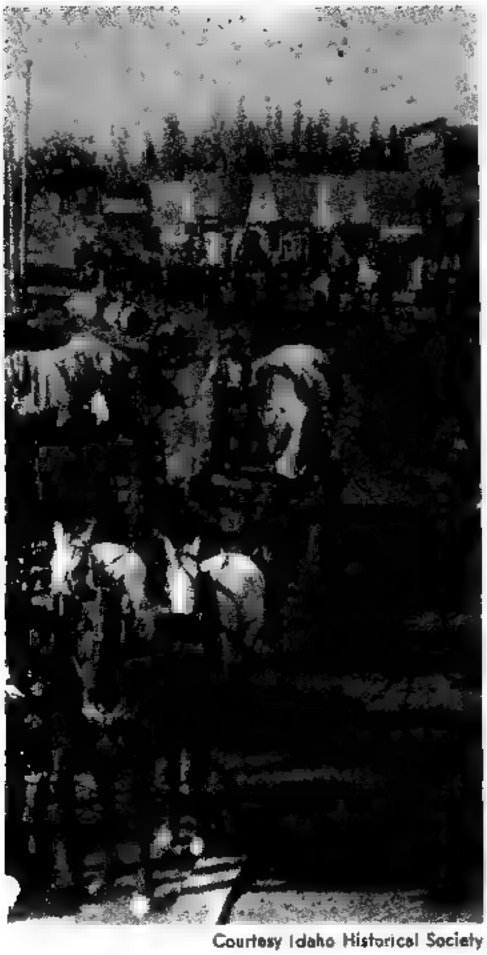
THE LOST WILSON MINE



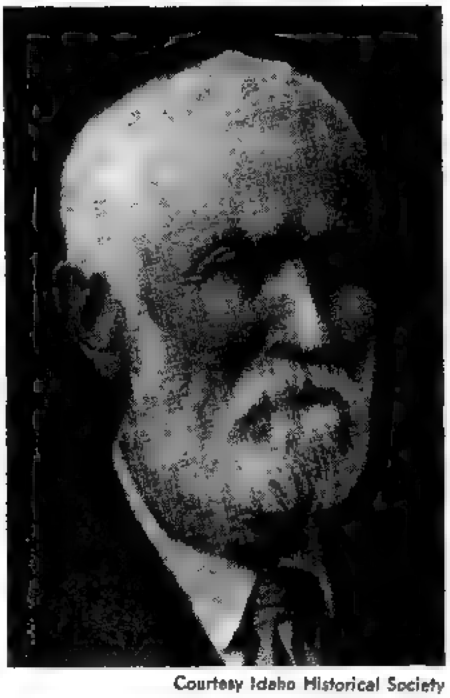
ON THE SUBJECT of lort mines I am inclined to agree with the theory that all of these tales follow a similar format. However it is also true that most every rule has its exceptions. The Lost Wilson Mine most certainly is an exception.

Few people are still alive who knew of its existence, and none of these is talking. In fact, the effort for over 100 years to suppress information about the mine and its discoverer would seem to be almost a conspiracy. In addition, the legend of the Lost Cleveland Mine seems to have become confused with the Wilson diggings, since in the 1940s at least two old-timers assured me the Lost Cleveland was somewhere in Idaho's Boise Basin. Several accounts of the Lost Cleveland have appeared in print with its location described as the Salmon River country of Idaho. This appears to have been a much lesser discovery than the find by George Wilson in 1863, the secret of which has been locked in the graves of three murdered men who lie in the pioneer cemetery at Placerville, Idaho.

We became part-time residents of Placerville in 1953, having purchased one of the old homes as a headquarters for pursuing the hobby of researching early Idaho mining camp history. It has been estimated that 25,000 people were prospecting the streams and gulches in the Boise Basin in 1863. Placerville was one of the larger mining camps, and the story of the discovery of placer gold the year before is described in detail in Idaho history books.



Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



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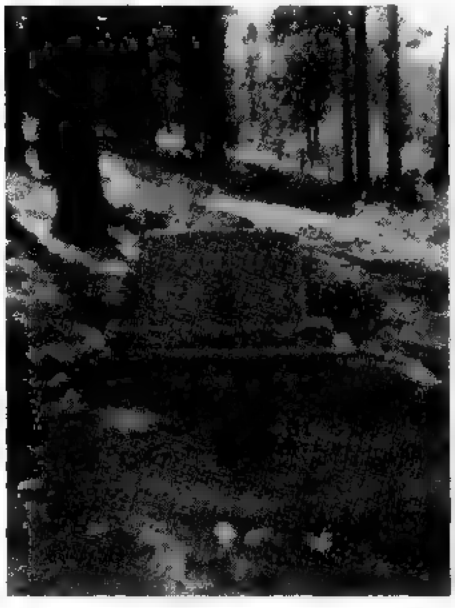

Above, Moses Splawn, an early Boise Basin pioneer. At left, supply wagons leaving Centerville in an effort to aid victims of fire in Placerville. At right, above, the mystery grave in the pioneer cemetery located in Placerville, Idaho. Bordered by four pine trees, the inscription reads, "The Fiddlers Murdered on Ophir Creek." Below is the grave of Henry Ashcroft, friend of George Wilson, one of the murdered men.

During the summer of 1862 a party of twelve men under the leadership of George Grimes left the Willamette Valley in Oregon to backtrack over the old Oregon trail in an effort to locate the legendary Lost Blue Bucket Mine. Moses Splawn was one of two members of the party who documented the expedition. His story reads something like this: After weeks of fruitless searching for the Blue Bucket the party was about to give up and return to Oregon, when a friendly Indian told them of a stream that was full of the white man's yellow iron. After some persuasion, Grimes con-

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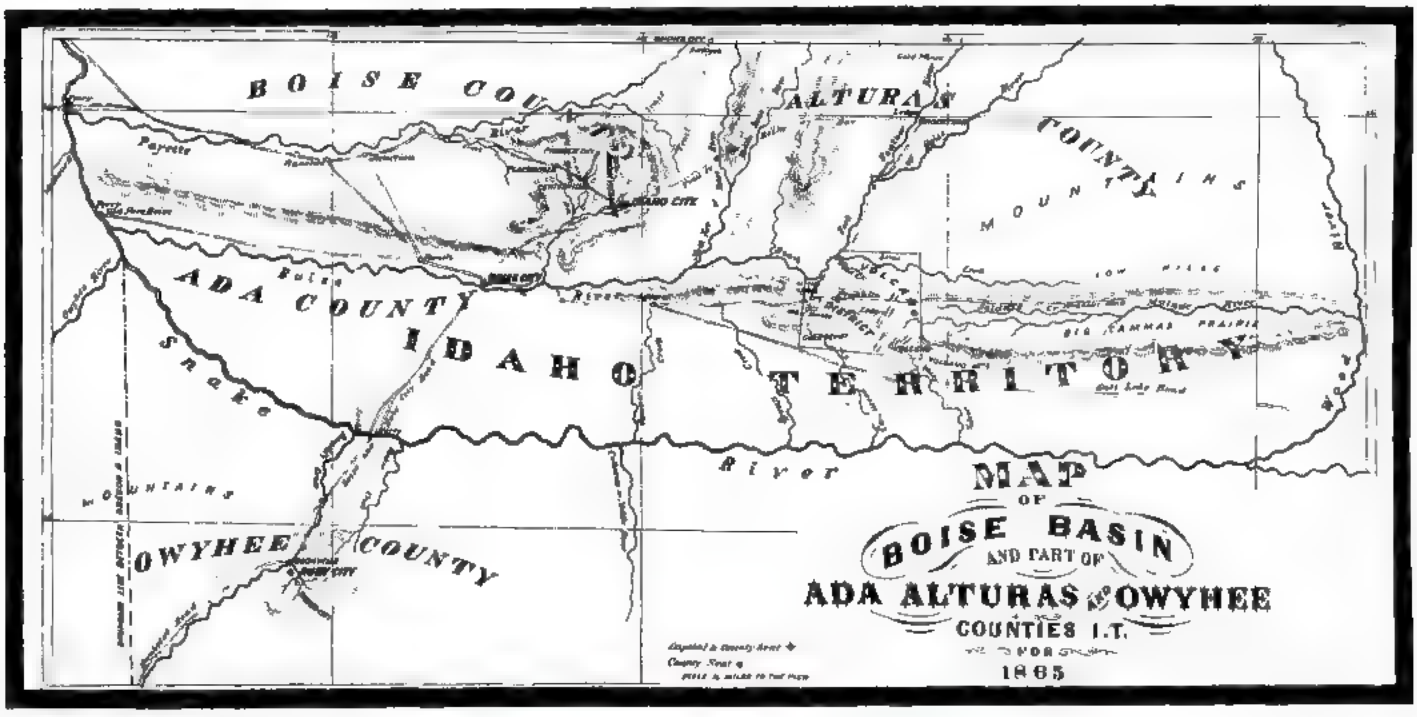
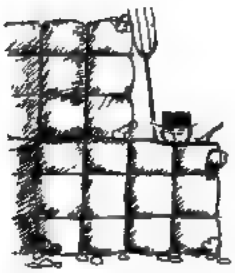
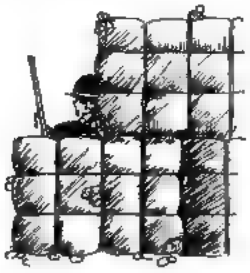


The little town was a tempting prize but the raiders were short on nerve and the Home Guard was long on cotton bale breastworks!

Looking north on Commercial Street about 1880. Cotton bale barricades were thrown up at each end of the block by townsmen. The barricade facing the renegades lay about where the pool of water is standing. The building flying the flag is the U.S. Custom House. The J. W. Riddle store on the far corner was the location of the second barricade.



AFFAIR AT EAGLE PASS



By BEN E. PINGENOT

Photos Courtesy Author

THE SUMMER of 1864, like most summers in Eagle Pass, Texas, was hot. By mid-June, well in advance of the canicula or dog days, temperatures in the river town had begun to soar. Texas borderers knew that the early advent of such hot weather was a harbinger of worse to come. To escape the baking sun villagers either lolled beneath shady store awnings or within the cool sanctuary of a few adobe buildings. Some sought relief by yielding to the inducements proffered by the several local saloons. An aura of lethargy seemed to pervade the village, although the daily arrival of wagons loaded with cotton bespoke of at least one activity which had to be carried on despite the heat.

Cotton was the lifeblood of the Confederacy, and the Cotton Road its lifeline. After the occupation of Brownsville by Federal troops in the fall of 1863, the terminus of the Cotton Road had shifted to Eagle Pass, a small Rio Grande town which lay opposite the Mexican port of Piedras Negras. Throughout the winter and spring of '64, long wagon-trains had traversed the hazardous trail with their vital cargo. From time to time bales of cotton seemed to virtually fill the wide river-bottom west of the town.

Lorenzo Castro, son of the empresario and colonizer Henri Castro, had received the Confederate appointment of Collector of Customs at Eagle Pass, and was charged with the overall responsibility of the port. Castro's deputy was Jesse Sumpter, a First Infantry veteran who had been with the troops that founded nearby Fort Duncan. Sumpter was an experienced frontiersman, having tended bar, ranched, chased mustangs, and served as a deputy sheriff.

The Fort Duncan military cantonment lay just south of town across an arroyo. Now called Rio Grande Station, its Confederate garrison consisted of a skeleton force of thirty-four officers and men. Its commandant, Captain James S. Ware, sat at his desk in the adjutant's office cursing the heat and the circumstances which had left him in charge of this undermanned outpost. Three months before, a Federal force of 200 men had attacked the downriver town of Laredo. As a result of that action, Colonel George S. Giddings had been ordered to move his headquarters from Eagle Pass to Los Ojuelos, which was forty miles from Laredo on the Corpus Christi road. This shift had left Ware in command with only a handful of troops to guard the port at Eagle Pass and the valuable trade lines targeting on it.

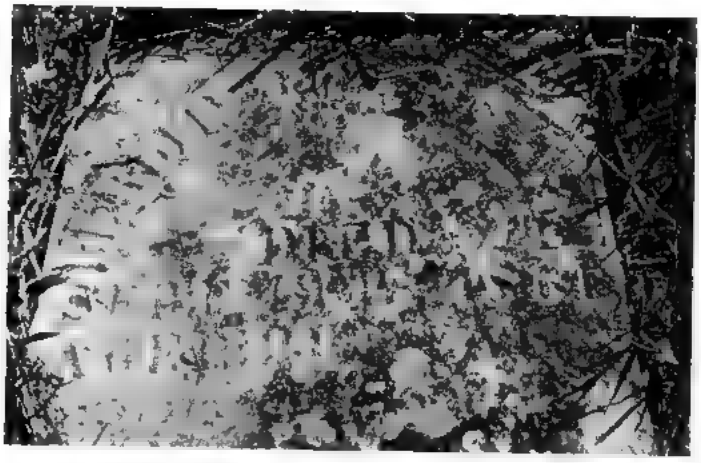
Compounding his problems were the two hundred or so American refugees congregating in Piedras Negras. Many were deserters from the Confederate army, or renegades and skulkers who had fled to Mexico to avoid military service. Others were Union sympathizers who had left their homes rather than face induction into the Confederate army. Added to their numbers were a sprinkling of outlaws, thieves, and murderers, dregs of society who for various reasons had sought sanctuary across the international boundary.

Ware, along with the civilian officials, knew that the presence of so many Americans in Piedras Negras posed a threat to Eagle Pass and Rio Grande Station. Only last fall, he recalled, Lorenzo Castro had written the Confederate agent in Monterrey that deserters were constantly arriving in Piedras Negras. Castro had said that once the renegades felt themselves strong enough they would attack the garrison at Eagle Pass.

(Continued on page 52)

Above, left (from left to right), Judge James P. Burks, school teacher Daniel Foley, and Jessie Sumpter, about 1885. Below, a view of Fort Duncan from the Mexican side of the Rio Grande back around 1856.

Above is the building which housed the general store, post office, and bar in Indian Gulch, California. Below is an old gravestone reading, "Ferdinand—(last name illegible), Died September 19, 1861, Aged 28."



Below, Main Street in Indian Gulch. The general store is the last building visible down the road. At right, an abandoned ranch. Inset shows a type of barbed wire that collectors will recognize.

By MACK SHERRILL

Photos Courtesy Author

PLAYING OUT THEIR INDIAN

Four people are still there—and for

IN THIS DECADE when there is growing alarm about the problems of overpopulation and the pollution of our environment, what was once a California gold-rush town, tucked away in the Sierra foothills, suffers from none of these. On the April day I found it, the air was fresh and the sun shone brightly on the rolling hills studded with oaks. Tall, green grass rippled in the wind; a flock of woolly sheep with frisky lambs were grazing nearby.

This is the scenic beauty of Indian Gulch, located near the southern end of the famous Mother Lode Country, but not many people are left there to enjoy it. With the death of Frank Solari, eighty-eight, on April 19, 1970—a cattle rancher who was born in Indian Gulch and remained there all his life—only four residents remain. Those four are Frank's two sisters, Angie Solari and

Louise Funderburk; a nephew, Buster Funderburk; and Herb Houghton. Although Herb's grandfather and father lived in Indian Gulch, Herb lived and worked most of his life in Berkeley. Now he is retired due to poor health and has returned to his birthplace where he shares living quarters with Buster in one end of the old general store. Angie and Louise still live in the old Solari ranch house.

"In its heyday the town probably had a population of between 500 and 800 residents," Herb told me, "and my grandfather was one of the pioneer settlers."

Herb pointed to the east and said, "My grandfather had a mining claim on the other side of that hill and my father, who was fourteen years old at the time, was helping him work it. One morning my father went out alone and as he approached he discovered some claim-jumpers working on it. There was gunplay and my father killed one of the men. He was brought to trial in Mariposa County court and acquitted."

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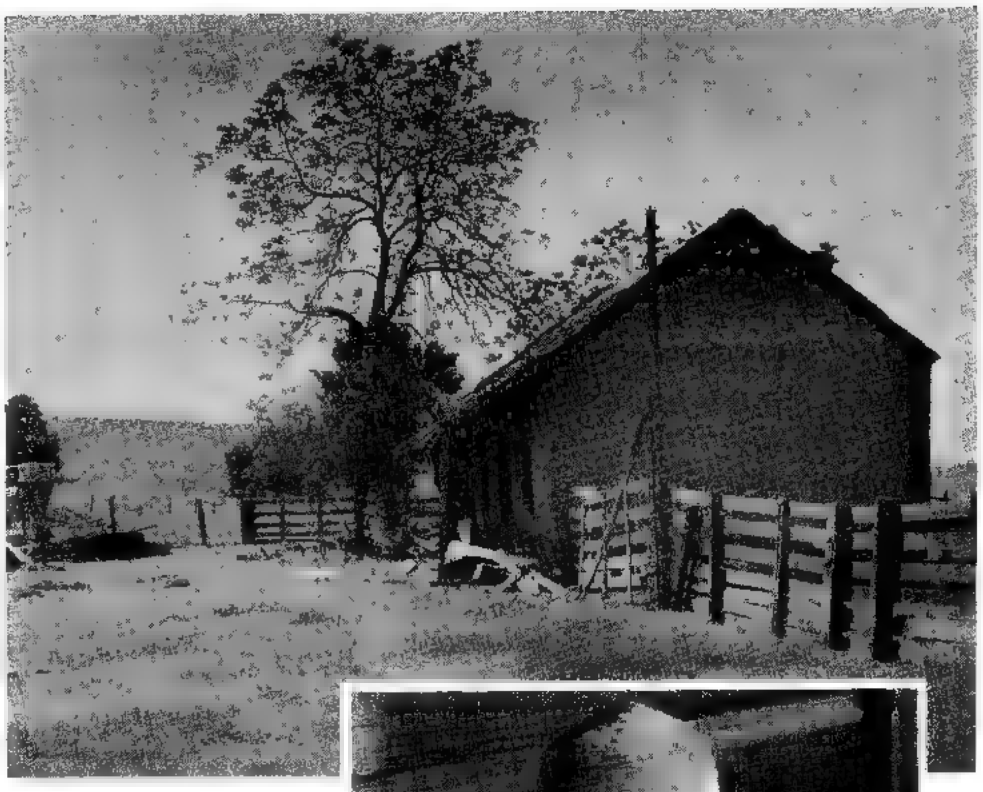
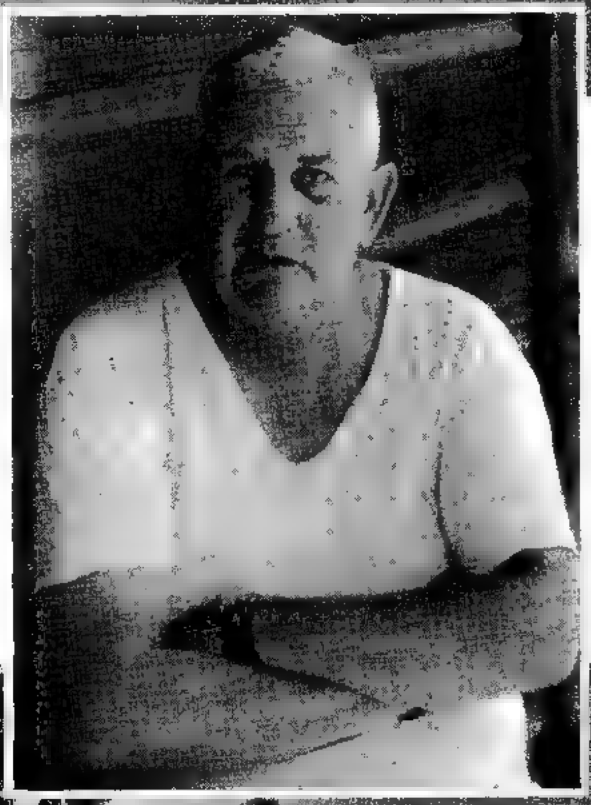
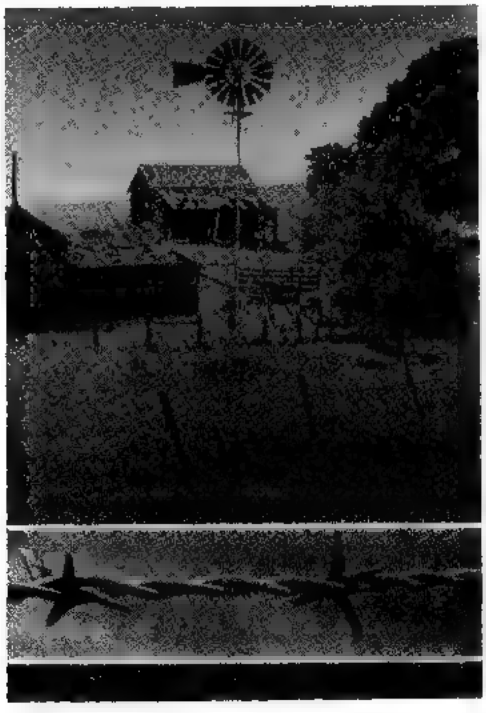




Above, this building housed the blacksmith shop. The street which passed in front of it barely shows a trace. At right is Herb Houghton, one of the four remaining residents in Indian Gulch. Below is the old church.

HANDS AT
GULCH
them that's enough



Hanged by vigilantes in Laramie City, Wyoming in 1868. From left to right, Asa Moore, Con Wager (Weiger), and Big Ed (Bernard).

By CHARLES D. GREENFIELD

Photos Courtesy Author

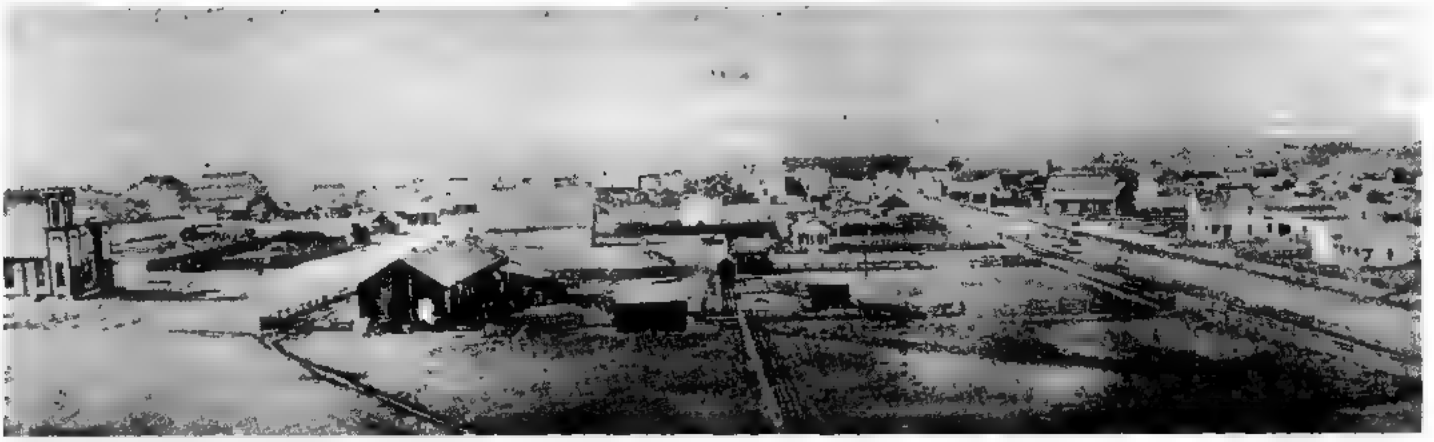
MORE YEARS AGO than I care to remember, William Carr, an old-timer whose adult life was spent as a peace officer, gave me an eye-witness account of how a vigilante blood-bath brought law and order to Laramie City, Wyoming in 1868.

Laramie City was really booming then. The Union Pacific was building its railroad across Wyoming and Laramie was the center of its operations. Hundreds of disappointed gold seekers drifted to Laramie to become railroad graders and tie cutters. And with them came, from all parts of the Northwest, dance hall girls, thieves, robbers and crooked gamblers. Railroad workers, lacking other diversions, were ripe for the plucking. It was not long before criminals and near-criminals dominated the community. The first elected city officials resigned shortly after taking office in May 1868 because the rough element made it impossible to establish a strong and efficient city government.

According to "History of Albany County to 1880," in Volume 21 of the *Annals of Wyoming*, "The wild element ruled without interference, when a vigilante committee, composed of about twenty members, organized in an attempt to bring some order out of chaos and make

Official records in Wyoming "verify some of the story told by William Carr, although he probably exaggerated somewhat as to the number of men killed and the length of time the violence continued." For the sake of the community, let's hope so!

CLEAN-UP OF LAR



All Photos Courtesy Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department

Laramie about 1870.

the town safe for honest people. Their one action, the hanging of a young man known as 'The Kid,' quickly organized the lawless element who boasted of their strength and the vengeance they would inflict upon those who complained. The crime wave, however, grew to such proportions that a second vigilante committee numbering several hundred was formed."

In 1905 I was a cub reporter and William Carr was spending his declining years in "pauperized obscurity," as he expressed it, as city jailer in Helena, Montana. Carr was reserved and distant with strangers, but as a cub reporter who had to check with the police every midnight, I had become well acquainted with him.

One midnight when I was at the city jail, two vagrants were brought in. After they were booked and locked up, Carr remarked, "It ain't like it used to be. In the old days we didn't have them kind of scum to deal with. Times has quieted down. Now you take Miles. I served there seven years during the early eighties when the Texas trail herds was coming through. Them southern punchers painted the town red after being on the road for months and it kept us pretty lively. But the worst was Laramie City.

"It was in the spring of '68 I hit Cheyenne with some pretty good letters in my pocket, and I caught on with the sheriff there. I had been around only a few days when a prizefighter was killed at Laramie and the sheriff sent me up to investigate. Then I got orders to remain. The railroad was building through Laramie and it was the worst hell I ever seen. Criminals come there from all over the world. The Montana vigilantes drove out some bad men who fled to Laramie. All the gunfighters and sure-thing gamblers, horse thieves and such came like buzzards to a waterhole in the spring time.

Below, the Laramie train depot.

AMIE in '68

"I SOON FOUND I couldn't run things alone. They was too many for me. When I was havin' a dispute at one end of town they was raisin' hell at the other.

"I had a standin' offer of $175 a month for an assistant. Finally a fellow named Rody Power blew in and said he'd take it. That Rody Power was a dandy. At the end of three weeks Rody had planted twenty-one men, killin' a desperado with every sunset, but his twenty-first nearly cost him his life.

"Rody had arrested a hanger-on who was tryin' to kill his woman and Rody nearly beat the life out of him. The jail them days was a no-'count affair and this feller had a gun slipped in to him and said he was going to kill Rody. The man that give the prisoner the gun told Rody and he marches up to the jail, throws open the door and begins shootin'. The man drops dead with the gun in his hands.

"Enemies said we were assassinating people, and the vigilantes who were getting organized went after Rody. I heard of it, gave Rody the best horse I had, and he hikes. That left me shy. The vigilantes wouldn't help and I had to resort to extreme measures. About a month later a committee waits on me and says while they appreciate my work, if I don't leave they'll burn the town down. They call me a 'destructive element' who was hurtin' the camp.

"'Very well' I says, 'I'll go, but when

(Continued on page 70)

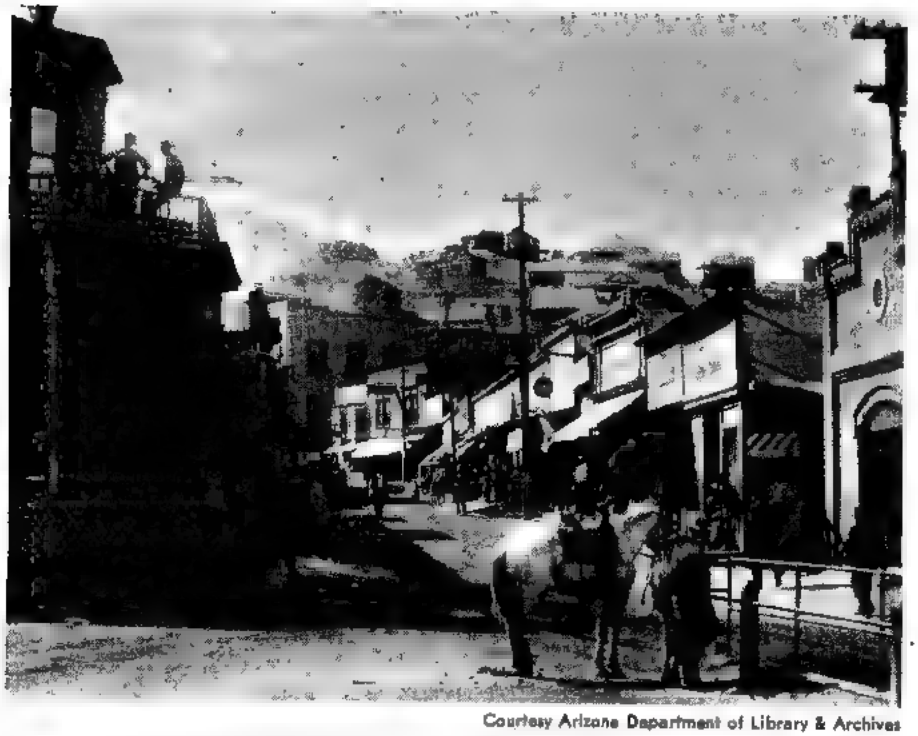
Unrest and violence were in no short supply when Norman Stephenson made his risky business trip below the border. Photo shows a mob attacking the lumber yard during the Cananea strike.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

A BAD DAY IN MEXICO

By NORMAN STEPHENSON

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Arizona Department of Library & Archives

"Brewery Gulch" in Bisbee, Arizona. No date given.

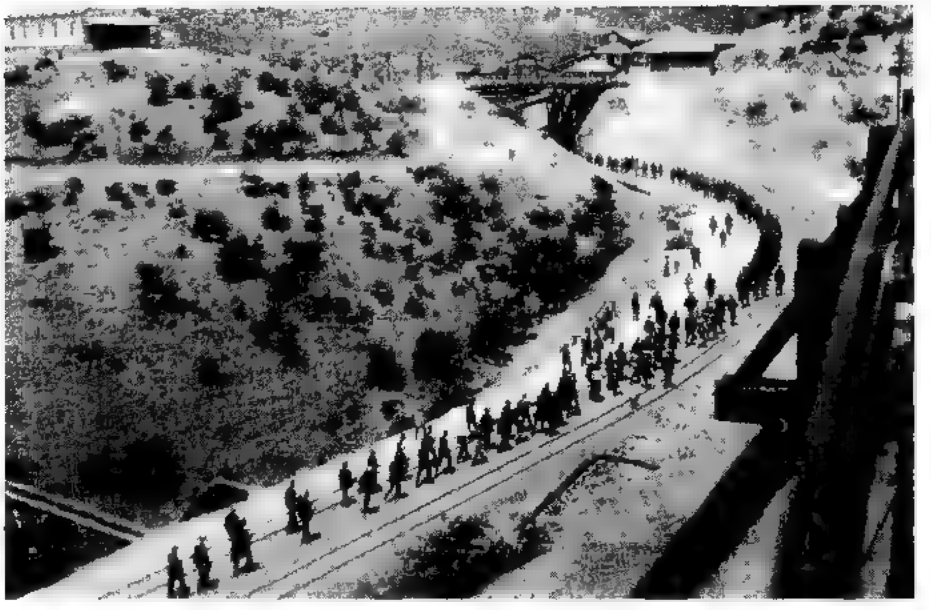
IT HAPPENED back in 1916 when I and a few other hopefuls were trying to develop a silver prospect in the Mule Mountains, eighteen miles northwest of Bisbee. We had run up against a problem requiring mining engineering advice. The only one we knew who could help us was with the C & A Copper Company over in Cananea, Mexico, about sixty-five miles from the border. I was elected to make the trip.

We had a 1914 Model T Ford touring car stabled in a Bisbee garage. The hike over the mountain trail to town would be a trifle, but nursing Lizzie over the rough road to Cananea and back would take some doing. And on top of that, there was the chance of bumping into a bunch of Pancho Villa's roving *bandidos*.

It hadn't been long since Villa, the great Mexican bandit-general had raided Columbus, New Mexico, and eliminated several of that town's citizens, plus a few U. S. cavalrymen garrisoned there. General John J. Pershing had high-tailed it into Mexico with a regiment or so of cavalry in hot "punitive" pursuit but had only succeeded in breaking Pancho's forces into marauding bands.

Against strong advice from Bisbee friends, I cranked our trusty steed into

It was a hot still afternoon. The only air moving was from the wide circling wings of vultures watching the man who was stranded below...



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Bisbee, Arizona miners marching up the railway to Cananea, Mexico to rescue Americans from Mexican strikers in 1906.

action and pulled out for Cananea alone rather than wait and go with a well armed convoy that weekend.

I had extra gas, oil, and water aboard, including a gallon canteen beside me on the seat. A good lunch and a .22 rifle. The rifle was for rattlesnakes. A big one could strike through the sidewalls of the tires of those days.

Norman Stephenson, a short time after his "bad day."

Lizzie and I pulled into Cananea before dark, nothing worse than a puncture and blowout having happened en route. And that night I got the engineering advice I'd gone for, along with a friendly suggestion not to make the return trip alone. I passed up the advice not to return alone, but I did lend an ear when I was cautioned not to take the main road back. It passed through the village of Del Rio, about ten miles out from Cananea, and was said to be a hangout for straggling bands of Villa *bandidos*, though I had seen none there on my way over.

The bearings of Model Ts were lubricated by splash and splatter. No oil pump. They were heavy oil drinkers and so I had used all of my reserve on the way over. Before starting back I had an oil change and ordered an extra two-gallon can to be placed on the floor back of the front seat. I also got a fill-up of the gasoline can lashed to the leftside running board, as well as the tank under the driver's seat.

I took care of the water myself. The canteen, the radiator and the two water bags; a three-gallon bag hanging on the outside of the left rear door and a two-gallon bag on the rear door of the right side. My rifle, canteen and lunch lay on the front seat.

To bypass Del Rio I could choose one of two sets of old wagon ruts cutting through the brush east of that place. Either choice was bad and, once made, the driver was stuck with it until he joined up with an eastward turn of the main road, about twenty-five miles from Bisbee. There was no getting out of the ruts, and no turning in the thick brush anyway.

THE MORNING had started hot and grew hotter by the minute. It was near midday and I was rounding a sharp bend in the ruts when it happened. The oil sump plug was snagged by a stone projecting from the ridge between the ruts. I felt the bumps and when I looked back I saw a dirty black streak down the middle of the ridge.

By the time I had stopped and squeezed myself into the rut and under the running board with a piece of rag, all but a dribble of oil was gone from the sump. I plugged the sump hole and squeezed myself back up out of the rut, soaking wet with sweat.

I went back and found the plug. It had been hand-screwed in, only two or three threads, when the oil change was made at Cananea. It couldn't be screwed back in, but the rag plug would hold. I wasn't worried. There was extra oil. I reached in back of the front seat for the two-gallon can. It wasn't there! The shock wasn't too great. The can would be lashed to the left running board, along with the extra gasoline. I moved fast around to that side. No oil! I was already sweating hard but now it streamed off me.

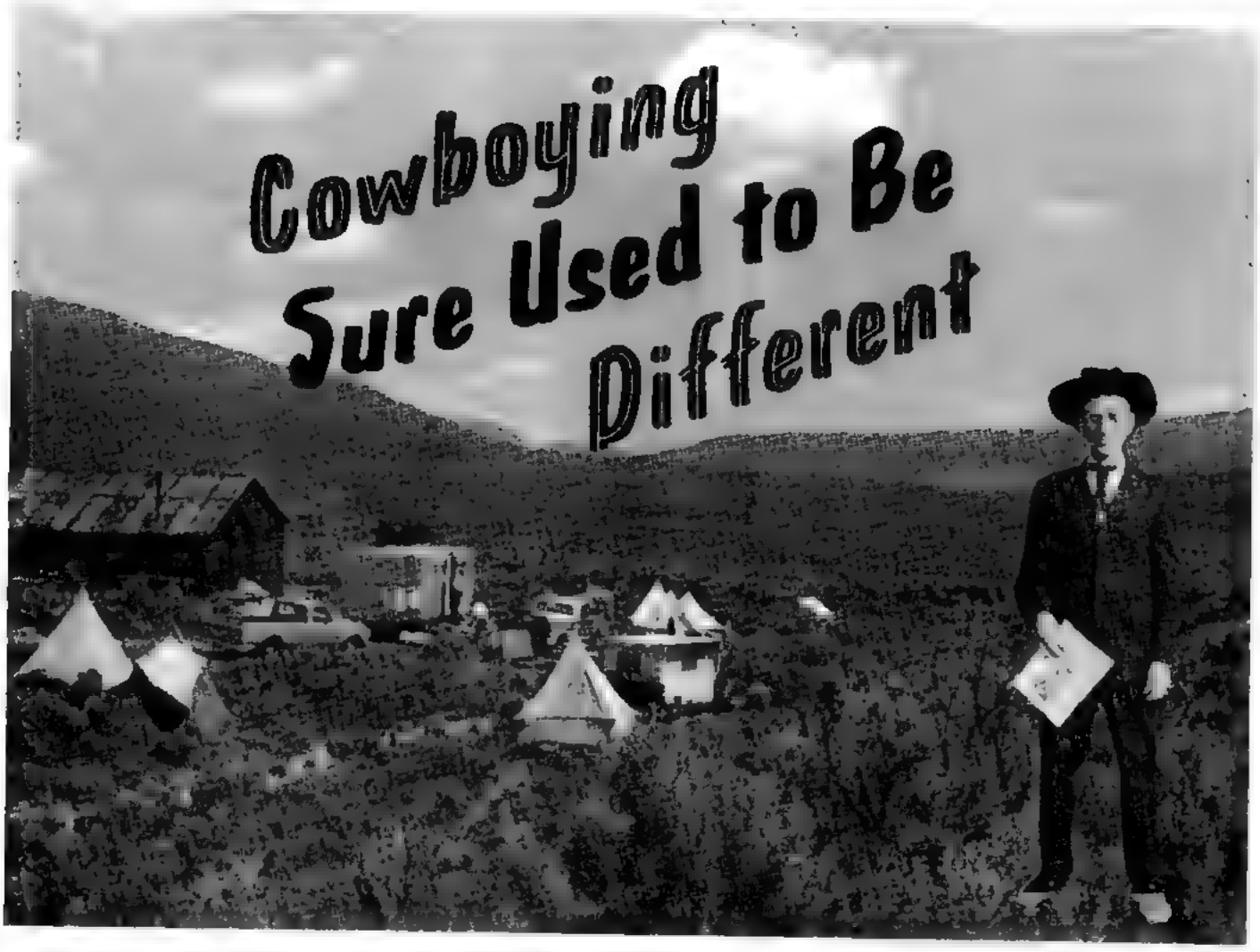
The heat couldn't have been less than a hundred and twenty in the shade—and no shade. I'd have to get out of the blistering heat and do some thinking. The car's top was down. I put it up and climbed in and took a pull at the canteen of nearly hot water. Neither it nor the shade did anything for me, and I was sitting in a puddle of sweat.

I could take the canteen and rifle and head back for Cananea, or I could push on to the border. I chose the border, but I wouldn't walk all the way. I'd get as much out of the old nag as I could before hitting the dirt. She was on a down grade when she lost the plug and so there must be some oil left in the oil pan. I'd nurse her along with frequent stops.

I was setting the retarding spark lever and the throttle for idling when a shadow flitted across the hood. I leaned out and looked up. Vultures were doing a tight circle overhead. They were attracted by anything on the desert that stopped moving. They would wait. I felt sick.

(Continued on page 42)

Cowboying Sure Used to Be Different



Above, a cowboy's life has really changed. Note the large cook trailer where the hands can eat their meals with all the comforts of home, a far cry from the old chuckwagon days! Below is George in his working duds, all saddled up and ready for a day's work.

By MILT HINKLE
Photos Courtesy Author

COLLEGE GRADUATE cowboys and just changes in general have turned ranching all around from the way I knew it. But I have a friend, George L. Downing, who is one of the old-time ranch hands and who saw the last of the old days but has managed to fit into the new. He works on a big ranch near Battle Mountain, Nevada.

They run about 20,000 head of cows. He draws $250 per month and eats and works from April until October. Then he is alone because he never married. A lone wolf he is. He has a new truck and new living house trailer (with bottled gas, ice box, stove and heat) that he drives in on the ranch, then when October comes he goes south for the winter. He paid me a visit for two months in the winter of 1969; then he took off for Arizona before he went to his job at the ranch.

Here, I understand, is the way they ranch. They do use saddle horses but they are kept in corrals and barns. They also use horses to round up the cattle and

Summer was a trip to the railroad; winter was riding the line

Above, hunkering down on your boot heels is still the best way to eat your grub. At left is Milt's old friend George L. Downing, a feller who remembers the old ways but practices the modern methods of ranching. Below, nowadays they slap a halter on as soon as they can put one foot in front of the other! Below, right, the smell of burning hide and hair at branding time hasn't changed any.

drive them into the corrals where there are branding chutes and many other new appliances or devices. But the cook prepares the meals in a big trailer by gas, and not cowchips as the early-day cooks did. The trailer has a long table for the hands to eat and they eat in comfort with a roof over their heads. There's a washroom and toilet. They have radio and TV. They have walkie-talkies for communication with each other, and a helicopter to locate cattle over the mountain range. This is a far cry from the old days but I say it's better, don't you?

And the new modern equipment makes the mountains look like they ain't; good paved highways and roads everywhere. No more open range, all under fence. Some ranchers raise bucking horses for sale, and when sold they bring in as much or more than a good race horse. And take a look at the beautiful soft seat saddles with the wide stirrups that you cannot get hung up in. Us old-timers used the old slick saddles with the oxbow stirrups that fit our long-heel boots, not the easy to walk in flat-heel boots of today.

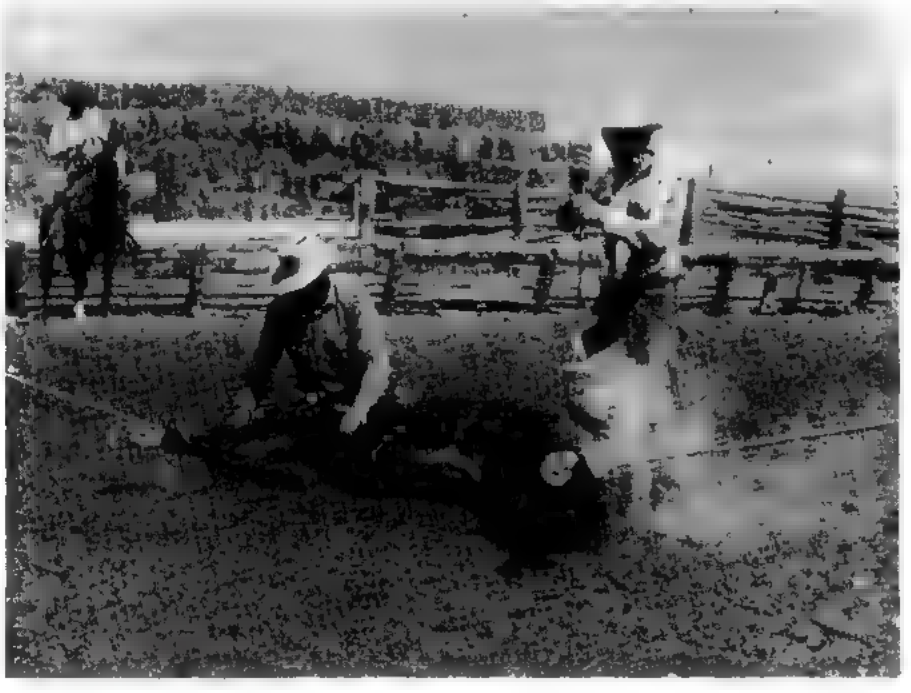
We used to use shellac on our old saddles in order to shake off the rain and weather. But now they have saddle racks and plastic covers. The only time our saddles did not get wet was when we had our yellow Fish Brand slickers on in the rain, and at night in the rain and thunderstorms I have seen the lightning play from the longhorned Texas steers' horns, from one to another.

YES, my memory carries me back to when we real old cowboys lived under the sky. We would spread out our bed rolls on the ground by the chuckwagon or bed wagon, and lots of nights when we threw our tarpaulins back they would be covered with snow. But we were warm, as was the ground we lay on; the wind and cold could not get to us.

We used our boots under our bedding as a pillow. We were awakened by the cook hammering on the steel triangle which hung on the side of the chuck box. The wagon was usually pulled by four to six head of mules, and when the wagon was to be moved to another roundup ground the cowboys would always harness the mules and load their bed rolls in the wagon.

At breakfast I always ate three or four of the good sourdough biscuits cooked in the Dutch oven which was heated with cowchips picked up on the bed grounds by the wrangler. The big

(Continued on page 74)



THE RAIDERS OF 1875

As a sidelight to the attack on Peñascal (November '70 Frontier Times) here's some first-hand knowledge of a similar incident which occurred nearby not long after. This account was written in 1912.

Map Courtesy E. W. Logan

THERE ARE old-timers in Corpus Christi, Texas who hate to talk of early days. There's a reason. There are men and women in that city who have suffered, for themselves and their children, untold atrocities at the hands of the early Mexican raiders, marauders, robbers, and murderers who infested every section of the once disputed territory. Before Uncle Sam was in a position to extend his protectorate over this section, some awful deeds are recorded.

Long after the Civil War cloud had passed over the head of the nation the territory lying between Victoria and Brownsville was open to loot. True there was a law, and the enforcement of the law was rigid, the penalties severe—when the offender was caught. Ofttimes there was not much of a trial. Guilt was generally brazen. Men, either good men and true, or criminals, were hard. Criminals from choice—good men from necessity. Men scorned to skulk behind technicality. They were "guilty or not guilty."

Men knew that penalties were severe. There were no lingering methods. For that reason, if a man chose the wayward path he usually made things lively in his section of the woods for the time being, realizing that when caught there would be short shrift at the long end of the rope.

Several Mexican raids have been recorded. They were of greater or lesser importance according to the locality in which they were staged. In the year 1875 one raid was of peculiar significance, and before it was finished practically fifty people had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans, but only two or three killed. The rest were turned loose after hours of mental anguish.

There is one instance recorded of an old lady who is alive to this day, being caught by a gang of Mexicans and Indians who stripped her of her clothing and initiated her in the mysteries of the Indian tribe. On account of some jealousies that sprang up between the Indians and Mexicans, the sacred rites were annulled, also the ceremony of adoption, and she was returned to her people, still minus her clothing. Aside from the rather embarrassing undress procedure she suffered no other indignities.

But the story which follows, told by Thomas Noakes, is still fresh in the memory of many people living in this section. It is a remarkably well preserved story, this being due to the fact that Noakes wrote an account of it in his diary directly after it happened.

"I AND MY BOYS had worked very hard up to the day before, completing fences, making a small field to cultivate, and a pasture which I intended to plant to Bermuda grass. This, together with the bridge over the gully west of my place, and the wharf and warehouse on the river, finished the plans that I had made ten years ago, with the additional satisfaction of knowing that everything was paid for. As we had pinched ourselves up to this time in our domestic affairs, to enable us to carry out our plans, I now concluded that for the future we could afford to live and eat generally in a more liberal manner than had been our wont and hope to get some little enjoyment out of life.

"Such enjoyment, however, was never to be ours, as by sundown the same evening everything in and about the house, store and warehouse, everything we valued in this world except our lives, was wiped out, gone, and as the day had been warm we were but half clad, and the children without shoes, and no home to shelter us, or food to eat.

"After finishing my letters, I made up the mail in readiness for the carrier who was about due, when a man named Smith came to the store for some flour and while in the act of handing him a parcel over the counter, I saw three Mexicans ride up and fasten their horses to the rack in front of the store and excitedly approach the door, heavily armed. I said nothing to Smith of the circumstances, but walked hastily to the sitting room at the back of the store to get my Winchester rifle, thinking things looked shaky. I had no sooner gotten my rifle in my hand when Smith came rushing into the room closely followed by a savage looking Mexican who had his gun in an attitude to shoot Smith, but immediately on seeing me, and before he could shoot, my bullet perforated his chest and knocked all the fight out of him. In the meantime, Smith had escaped out of a door opposite the one by which he entered the room, and my wife passing in as he went out, was with me in the room.

"Seeing the wounded Mexican could shoot no more, I made ready for the next to follow him. Having seen but three Mexicans I felt no apprehension as to my being able to cope with that number and expected that when they heard the firing they would come to the assistance of their comrade, but none coming, I stepped to the door leading into the store to see where they were. My attention was quickly attracted by a great number of Mexicans outside the front of the store. There appeared to me to be at least a hundred.

"REALIZING at once that I was overpowered (for one cannot, with much hope of success, fight a hundred) I did not fire, but turned expecting to see my wife in the room, but she was nowhere to be found. The doors and windows, looking from three sides of the room where I was, all being open, and the Mexicans taking up positions so as to

surround us, I was compelled to avail myself of a trapdoor through the floor. Through this I entered into a trench enabling me to pass from one part of the house to another, and thus get into any room I wanted to without being exposed to sight. I found Smith who, crawling under the house at the back, had found the trench. He was very excited and I advised him to stay where he was and keep quiet and I would go to the front of the house and see if there was any chance to fight them off. Then, if I saw he could do any good with it, I would furnish him with a pistol. Excited as he was, he was better off without one.

"On reaching the trench from which I could see the crowd out in front of the store, I noticed several Americans held as prisoners. Among them was a person named Lane, another Dunn, and one Nelson, and I came to the conclusion that the Mexicans meant to take all the prisoners they could from among the Americans and, as soon as they were through robbing, have the enjoyment of a general massacre, a la Peñascal. I determined at once that I would not be taken alive, so passed back to a place where I could command the store with my rifle.

"But to my consternation I found my wife in the store, surrounded by the raiders, and two of them placed in such a way, with cocked pistols, that any shot that should be fired from any unseen party would be retaliated on her. Consequently, to resume firing was only to insure her being shot, and I had to remain inactive while my wife was trying to persuade them not to carry out the threat of taking me to the burning house. Several times after they had lighted a fire in the store my wife had to put it out, the first time by throwing a pitcher of water on it.

"I now noticed that Smith had left the trench and, hearing shots from the direction in which he must have gone, knew that he had been shot down by the guards placed to keep us from leaving the house. I could now hear the roar of fire over my head and to remain longer was certain death and my only chance lay in shooting down the Mexican who guarded the back of the house and escape in the smoke. When I reached the end of the trench from which to put my design into operation, my wife called to me that the Mexicans were not there and now was my only chance to leave alive. She helped me through a hole through the fence by which to escape. When I left her she was getting a feather bed out of the house and in spite of impending danger I could not but feel amused at such a notion as getting out a bed while thousands of other articles, in my estimation, would have had the preference.

"I expected every minute to be fired upon and in such a case had made up my mind to lie flat and return the fire, but I was allowed to turn the corner of the fence without molestation. By keeping along the other angle of the fence I reached a point where to go farther I had to pass open ground where I should be seen. I concluded to remain and see it out. I passed by Smith soon after leaving the house. He was lying on his face, covered with blood, and I thought he was dead. The Mexicans, not seeing me leave, boasted they had burned me with the house, as was their intention.

"When I (from my trench) reconnoitered the crowd in front of my store, I noticed the mail rider among the prisoners. They took him as he came up to deliver his mail and he was not allowed to perform his duty, but he and both of his horses were carried off by them, together with the mail bags.

"FROM THE NUMEROUS murders and deeds that had been reported within the last two years, I deemed it necessary to be well prepared for such an emergency whenever my time came, I always having a presentiment it would come. I had used all my spare time in making preparations for the event and gone to great expense. In planning the trench I had shaped it so that a person in it was perfectly safe from shots from the outside, and I could reach it from three trap doors, one in front of my bed, one by my desk in the store, and another from a room beside the store; and it led to a way of escape at the back of the house, which saved my life. A trench also led to the cellar and to the front of the new stoop.

"At the trap door in the side room I could reach the top of the house by means of a hidden ladder. In the top of the house I kept a needle gun with 500 rounds of ammunition and I had sixteen improved pistols and fifty boxes of cartridges about the house. So alone, I considered myself capable of fighting off twelve or fifteen men and had determined never to surrender to a force no larger.

"My wife tells me that when she left the house, as she ran down the hill towards the river, the two Mexicans who had shot Smith rode after her and were preparing to shoot at her, but she begged them to spare her for the sake of her baby, and they let her go.

"Early in the attack my wife had given the baby to my little daughter and her brother, both together being hardly able to carry the smallest, telling them to carry him away as quickly as they could. The three had reached very nearly the point where the Mexicans shot Smith and were witnesses of the deed, and from what they saw became so horrified that they fell to the ground incapable of moving. In the meantime the two elder boys, who had been on the river and knew nothing of what was going on, caught sight of the little ones and seeing them fall came to their rescue. All agreed that while crossing the flats the five were fired at by the Mexicans, and one of the shots intended for Smith nearly hit Grace, the little girl. The children reached the river and crossed in the skiff, where my wife joined them some time later.

"As soon as darkness set in, the Mexicans turned loose all of their prisoners except the mail-rider and two or three others, among whom was W. A. Ball, our justice of the peace, whom I afterwards learned they took with them some distance before they allowed him to escape. As soon as the Mexicans were gone I went to Smith, whom I found alive but with so many bullet holes in him that death seemed inevitable. I then met my wife who told me that the children were all safe, which made me feel very grateful.

"Smith was lying about one hundred yards from the house and praying for water. I went to the place where the house had stood with the idea of getting water, but of course everything was gone or red hot, and I could not find anything that would even hold water. While I was hunting for something in which to carry water, two men—strangers—rode up to the fire on the other side and one of them requested me to approach the fence, and as soon as I was close to him, he demanded my rifles at the same time covering me with his six-shooter and threatening to kill me unless I complied with his demands.

"Not dreaming of such conduct from a white man I was totally unprepared and he could have shot me before I refused his request, saying that I needed the rifle for my own family's protection. However, he insisted that he could do more good with it than I could, as he was going in pursuit of the Mexicans, and I gave the rifle to him on his promise that he would return it. But, poor fellow, in less than an hour he was dead, and it was only through luck I recovered the rifle, which was picked up near his body by F. Sims. The person who took the rifle was named Swanks, I was told, and was at the front during the pursuit of the Mexicans and was reported at the time to have been killed by them. He was a brave man and it was a pity there were no more like him.

"I now returned to Smith, who would not let me leave him although I had no hat or clothes to keep me warm. After a while Nesties brought a cart and took him away. Then we hunted up the little ones, who were by this time huddled together under a fence near the ruins, crying and halfwitted from fright. Marie had luckily pulled the running gear of the light wagon out of reach of the flames and we now took the hind wheels and mustered up all of our possessions, which consisted of a bed, a blanket and a quilt, which Marie had carried out while the house was burning.

"With these and the sewing machine and the five little ones we started down the hill to the warehouse I had recently built on the river, and in the darkness took possession of the only home we ever owned. Three days before, the warehouse had been full of flour, meal, coffee, sugar and groceries and I had worked hard to get it all up to the store just in time to get it burned. Now we had not so much as a bite of bread.

"While the house was burning I had to stand and watch from my retreat by the fence the huge tongues of flame shoot heavenward, knowing they were licking up the fruits of ten years' toil and everything except ourselves that I had valued in the world. I never experienced so maddening a feeling as that which came over me when I first realized the fact that my children were crying for the want of a roof to cover them because of those bloodthirsty fiends."

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Wild Old Days!

This is literally "riding by the seat of your pants!"

Photo Courtesy Author

A RECORD RUN

By W. S. "Bill" Crosby
As told to Hank Givens

NATIONALLY KNOWN race car drivers risk their necks on treacherous switchbacks every July 4 in the Pikes Peak Hill Climb. But a more hair-raising ride was had by Forrest Ward in his record "toboggan" ride down the Pikes Peak Cog Railroad during the 1890s.

Ward, a trainmaster, introduced the toboggan to the crew of the Pikes Peak Cog Railroad, because a handcar on such a grade was prohibitive. A toboggan was a plank of wood just wide enough for a man to sit on. It had places cut out into which he could notch his heels. And it was well oiled. A stout stick was used to help the rider keep his balance and regulate speed, although, when he became accomplished, he sometimes eliminated the stick.

The Pikes Peak Cog Railroad has always been a challenge to the adventurous, but I would advise contemporary enthusiasts to obey the law and stay off it. Back in the 1890s, one fellow decided he'd go down the rails on a beer bottle. He got going good, missed a turn, and the bottle smashed. He was cut so badly he bled to death. A number of others used flat rocks to go down, with more success.

The Pikes Peak Cog Railroad is 46,158 feet long, or 8.9 miles in length. It climbs from an initial elevation of 6,571 feet at the Manitou Springs base station, to 14,110 feet above sea level at the summit. This is a total climb of 7,539 feet, or an average of 847 feet per mile. You can see what an exciting ride it was coming down the rails on a toboggan.

One day Ward called Hiram Cable at the base station to say that he was going to ride a toboggan from the top to the bottom. He wanted Hiram to time him.

"Don't you do a fool thing like that!" Hiram exploded, "You'll kill yourself!"

Ward seemed to promise that he wouldn't attempt the trip, and Hiram hung up. A few minutes later he saw something whiz past the window. Looking out, he saw Ward and the toboggan piled up in sand that was intended for something to be constructed. Ward had made it down Pikes Peak in exactly nine minutes!

Had it not been for that pile of sand, he would have crashed into a building, a tree or a boulder, and not lived to revel in his unbroken record.

HIDDEN MESSAGE

By Wayne Mackey

From the Oklahoma City Times, September 26, 1969; Copyright 1969 The Oklahoma Publishing Co.

MRS. EVA LOU DUNN of Oklahoma City dropped in to visit with us a few days ago. Her grandfather and great-grandfather had been slaves, but ended up pioneering in Oklahoma as free men. Mrs. Dunn showed us homestead certificates issued to Jessie Green, her grandfather; and Jordan J. Lambert, her great-grandfather.

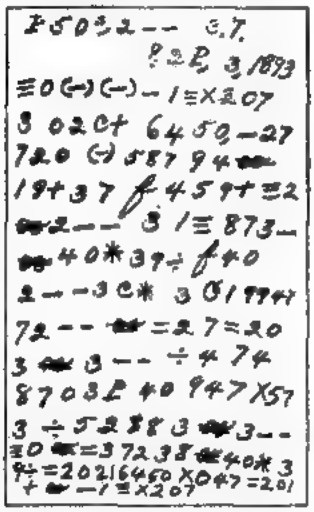
She also showed us a very unusual penny postcard which had been sent to her grandfather in 1893. It was sent to his claim at now-gone Partridge which was near the present Carney. We considered the postcard very unusual because of the message on the back. Neither Mrs. Dunn nor we could figure it out. It was some kind of a cryptogram.

We played it cool and made a copy of the postcard. Could it be code, we wondered, used only by former slaves?

Well, we took the card to Jim Lange, our editorial cartoonist up here, whom we know as pretty much of a self-taught cryptographer. Jim figured it out, and the message isn't very startling. Neither

is it anything that Mrs. Dunn would object to having anyone know. We imagine the cryptogram was just a form of entertainment in rather harsh territorial days.

So we'll test you amateur cryptographers. The postcard message is run below. We'll print the answer at the bottom if you have to have help.



Solution to the message below.

The postcard says: "Purcell, I.T., Sep. 8, 1898. Mr J J Lambert I read your letter just now and it found me well I am still working for Ellick I cannot tell whether I will go to the Strip or not but guess I will. Mr. White is working here Your Brother D W Lambert." (Strip, of course, refers to the Cherokee strip opened September 16, 1893.)

Photo Courtesy Author

The Gravelbourg footprint is estimated to be thousands of years old.

FOOTPRINT IN GRANITE

By Paul Bonneau

WE'VE heard of fingerprints, footprints in the snow or mud, photographic prints, even rayon dress prints. But how about petrified footprints?

So help us, it's a fact. The late Curtis McCammack, a farmer southwest of Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan, Canada, while digging a sixty-eight-foot well, found a rock of about fifty pounds which has impressed on it a well-defined footprint.

This well was dug in or about the year 1910, but the rock upon which the footprint is outlined was not noticed until the farmer, on his way home after a rain, saw the foot mark on the rock near the well. His comment to himself at the moment was: "Looks like someone has been snooping around here recently." Then after he had passed the rock, his curiosity got the better of him and made him turn back and investigate.

To his surprise he discovered that the footprint was far from being a fresh one. On the contrary it was one well impressed in a granite-type rock, and the light effect, plus the reflection of the raindrops, made it stand out. It is believed that this rock and its print may be thousands of years old.

The farmer made a picture of the rock with the strange foot mark and brought it to the Gravelbourg *Star* print shop, and there related the story of the rock as he had known it. The rock is still at Star Publications, Main Street, Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan, Canada, where it can be seen.

The rock was taken to the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon and it was estimated to be thousands of years old. The footprint was made by pouring drops of water on the heated rock by the Incas people who lived in the Rockies of Western Canada. They were wiped out by the second Ice Age.

Many have seen this rock and were both awed and amazed at the weird but definite print in it. As one man said: "It can't be a policeman's footprint because it isn't flat."

The foot which made the imprint was never, according to the measurements of the ball of the footprint, restrained or held in or tamed by the invention of civilization, the shoe, which is oft a blessing to modern man as well as a curse on somebody's lips if it injures or causes blisters.

People work on fingerprints, fresh footprints, tire prints, tree prints (which can be matched in a way identical to fingerprints), and footprints of Brontosaurus, Allosaurus (dinosaurs of bygone days) on limestone slabs. Some may work on this imprint of a human footprint and discover a link between yesteryears and today. In the meantime, I am the owner of this very fascinating and mystifying oddity.

WASH DOWN YOUR WALLS WITH STALE BREAD???

IN this day of modern conveniences, one seldom stops to think of how difficult the everyday life of the pioneer wife must have been. Without scouring powders, cleansing agents, insect sprays, refrigeration, or beautifying cosmetics, she struggled to make her home comfortable and livable. The following is a compilation of "Household Hints and Helps" for the modern woman of yesteryear, published in *Early Days in Polk County* by Mildred Flodman, a copy of which is found in the Library of the Nebraska State Historical Society.

To Preserve Eggs—One quart of salt, one pint of slacked lime and three gallons water. This liquid will keep eggs for years.

To Clean Mud From Clothing—Use a corn cob to rub the mud from clothing, then brush well.

To remove Suntan—Wash with a solution of lemon juice and carbonate of soda; follow with the juice of unripe grapes if they may be had; if not, with "Fuller's Earth Water."

To Remove Wrinkles—Melt and stir together one ounce of white wax, two ounces of strained honey and two ounces of the juice of lily bulbs; apply to the face every night, and it is said your wrinkles will disappear.

To Exterminate Bed Bugs—Use kerosene oil freely wherever the bugs are found.

To Dry Boots—Fill wet boots with dry oats and set aside for a few hours. The oats will draw the moisture from the boots, swelling out, will keep the leather from shrinking and hardening as it would do if placed near the fire to dry.

To Wash Painted Surfaces—Wash with milk.

To Drive Away Fleas—Sprinkle a few drops of lavender about the beds and other places they infest.

To Remove Bad Smells From Clothing—Articles of clothing or any other articles which have bad smelling substances on them may be freed from the smell by wrapping them up lightly and burying in the ground for a day or two.

To Clean Wall Paper—Blow the dust

(Continued on page 40)

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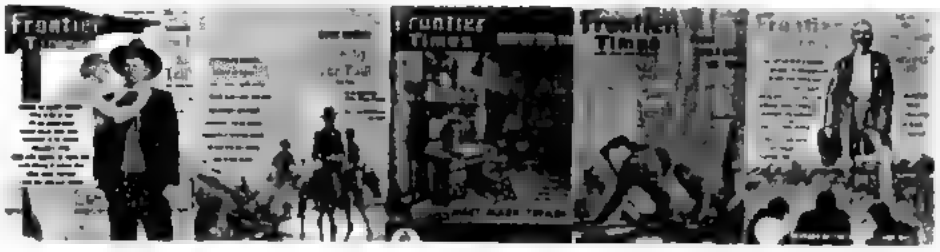

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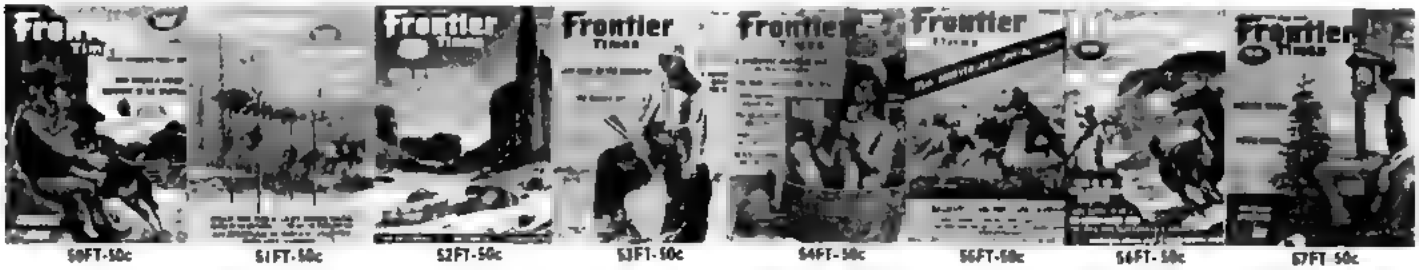

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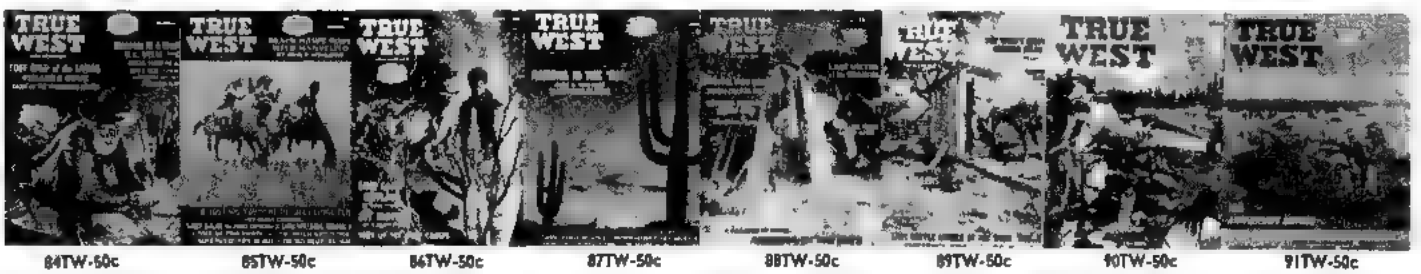

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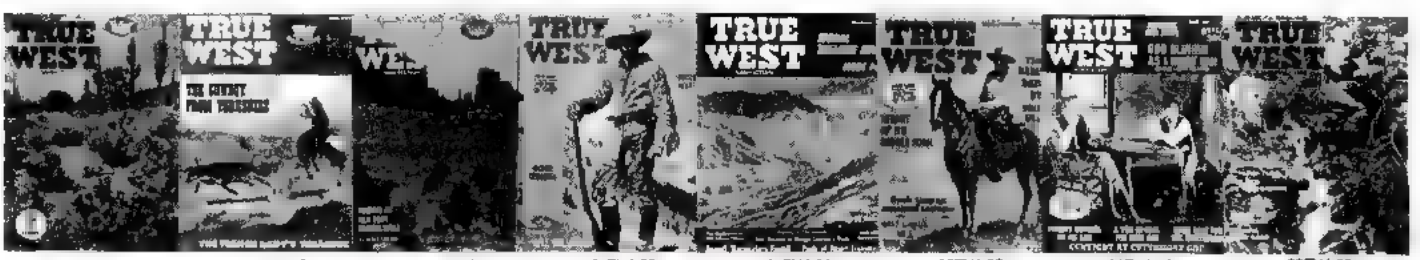

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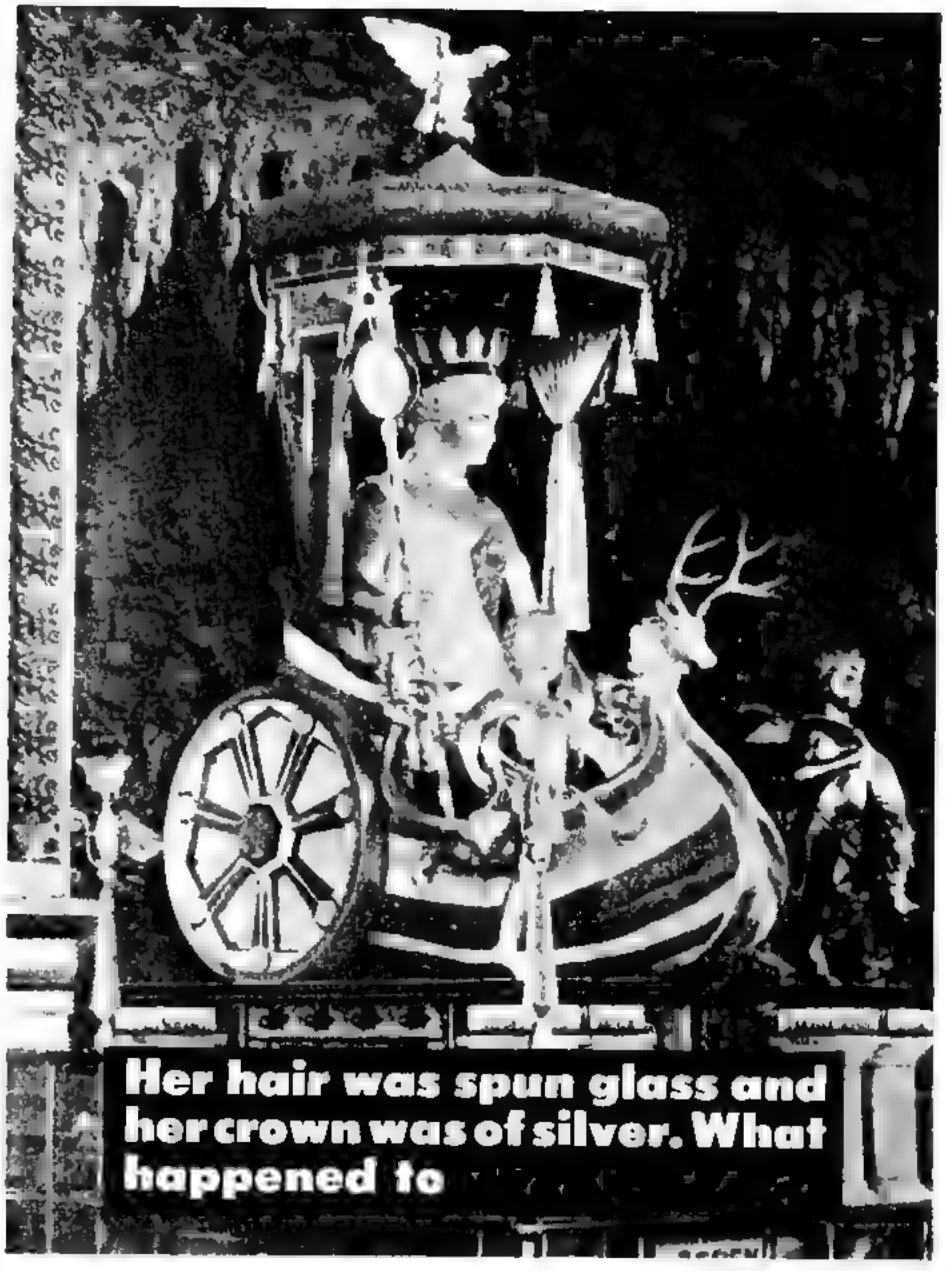

Her hair was spun glass and her crown was of silver. What happened to

Courtesy Anna Borgeson

Above, the Silver Queen statue, Aspen, Colorado's display in the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Photo is from the Aspen High School yearbook of 1908.

The Statue of Pretty MOLLY GIBSON

By STUART B. DUNCAN

Photos Courtesy Author

WHEN PROSPECTORS drifted into the Roaring Fork Valley, just over the Continental Divide from Leadville in the Colorado Rockies, one of the first claims to be staked out was the Mollie Gibson. By late 1880, this mine, along with several others close by, was a steady, though not spectacular, producer. For some years little was heard of it, and apparently it was not extensively worked. Its immediate neighbor, the Smuggler, was far better known, producing vast quantities of high grade silver ore and eventually reaching down to the 1,800-foot level.

But in 1887 two men, H. B. Gillespie and B. E. Shear, both active promoters of silver mining from the start in what had now become the town of Aspen, gained control of the Mollie. Two years later James Hagerman, a well known railroad financier, joined the group, and a substantial sum was put up for further development work. From that time on the Mollie flew high, wide and handsome. Boring deep, miners brought up some of the most incredible silver ore that the world has ever seen. They had dug straight to the heart of the fabled Spar vein, said to be twenty-eight feet wide, better than nine miles long, and assaying in places over 8,000 ounces of silver per ton of ore.

The highlight of this unbelievable treasure trove was found on one of the lower levels. A huge mass of silver, nearly pure and weighing 1,840 pounds, was wrestled to the Mollie shaft. But it was so massive it would not go up—the shaft was too small. There were interconnect-

Right, a large part of the silver used in the making of the Silver Queen came from the Mollie Gibson Mine in Aspen, Colorado.

Courtesy Aspen Historical Society

Left, these three are chunks formed the largest silver nugget ever found. It had to be broken up to enable miners to get it to the surface.

ing tunnels to the adjacent Smuggler, so the men laboriously hauled the nugget to that shaft, a bit larger. Even so, the great lump had to be trimmed into three pieces before it could be raised. The largest silver nugget in the world, it remained on display in the town, along with other large nuggets, for all to goggle at.

THE HOUR was growing late for silver mining by this time. There were rumblings in Washington about demonetization and going on the gold standard, and the price of silver was sliding. But Aspenites ate, slept, drank and breathed silver, every man-jack of them. They were determined to do everything they possibly could to preserve the future of their industry, and a Great Idea was born. They would show the country, and especially those politicians in Washington, the value of silver. Someone contacted Hiram L. Johnson in Pueblo, Colorado, designer of a widely acclaimed monument to coal, and the Idea began to take shape.

County Sheriff Jim Stewart acted as agent in collecting four thousand dollars from Aspen's local citizenry, and another six was raised by other means. Johnson swung into action, a crew went to work, materials and supplies were donated and solicited from all over the area. And when the Chicago World's Fair opened in 1893, thousands flocked to gape in wonder and awe at a magnificent display of silver beauty such as they had never seen before, nor ever would again.

The Silver Queen, she was called. Glittering, dignified, she reposed majestically beneath a dazzling canopy in a handsome wheeled chariot, prow-shaped and reminiscent of a Viking ship. Atop the canopy, nearly eighteen feet above the crowds, perched a spreadwinged eagle carved entirely from a single silver nugget. The Queen's head (sculptured in a likeness of the young Colorado pioneer girl Mollie Gibson), her shoulders, and arms were done in silver from the huge silver nugget taken from the mine named for her. The Queen's hair was of spun glass and her crown was silver-encrusted. Gem-like mineral crystals spangled her dark blue robes, and a scarf of blue crystals was draped over one shoulder. The Queen held a large scepter surmounted by a silver dollar a foot in diameter and a gem-studded star with miniature electric lights hidden at the points.

The chariot, finished in alternating stripes of light and dark minerals, was supported by four-foot wheels with solid silver tires about six inches wide and two inches thick. Each of the fourteen silver spokes had the name of the contributing Aspen mine engraved upon it, and each was bordered by a row of brilliants.

Two gods holding cornucopias, one spilling out silver and the other gold, stood beside the drawbars of the chariot. The eight-sided canopy and the pedestal, twelve feet wide and ten feet deep, were ornately done up with stars of silver, mineral crystals, and elaborate scrollwork. At every vantage point there were more tiny electric lamps.

THE MESSAGE, as well as the breathtaking splendor of the Silver Queen, was pointedly clear—the parity of silver and gold. But unfortunately it went unheeded. Congress repealed the Sherman Purchasing Act, the glory of silver quick-

Courtesy Aspen Historical Society

Courtesy Aspen Historical Society

The Mollie Gibson Mine, producer of incredibly large, almost pure silver nuggets, as it looked in its heyday.

ly tarnished, and the Panic of 1893 was on. After the Chicago World's Fair closed, the Silver Queen was transported to the Mineral Palace of Pueblo, Colorado, where it joined Johnson's other great display, King Coal.

The Mineral Palace was the brainchild of one General Cameron of Canon City, Colorado, and was financed by another group of men. Unfortunately, neither he nor they made any provision for the upkeep of the building nor, later, did the City of Pueblo. As time slipped by, the Palace fell farther and farther into disrepair, until finally the city feared not only for the safety of the visitors, but of the valuable displays themselves, since the building was in imminent danger of collapsing about them. The displays were broken up, and some found their way into new quarters, such as the old Thatcher home, now the Metropolitan Museum. Eventually, in 1943, the old plant was condemned and fell under the wrecker's ball. The Silver Queen? Sadly, no one appears to know what happened to her.

It is reasonable to assume that because of its great size, weight and value, the statue was dismantled. It is reasonable, too, in view of the intense demand for precious metals during the war years, to think that the immense quantity of silver in it was converted to a more active use in support of a peace never wholly realized. But these assumptions may possibly be incorrect.

If anyone, anywhere, knows the whereabouts of the Silver Queen, the Aspen Historical Society, Box 1323, Aspen, Colorado 81611 would like to be contacted. The Society is offering a five hundred dollar reward to the finder. In a recent letter from the president of the Society, details pertaining to what would constitute the statue's recovery were given.

"I believe we would have to have most of the identifying pieces of the statue as there are very clever fakes in the museum business. It is the opinion of many people that this statue was melted down during the Second World War for the valuable mineral content. I should not like to discourage anyone from coming through with this information regarding the disposition of the statue, but the $500 reward would be given only if the major portions of it were found and the finder was able to verify to our satisfaction that this is indeed the Silver Queen that we are all talking about."

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

off the wall with a bellows and then, beginning at the top of the room, go all over the paper, rubbing it with downward strokes with pieces of stale bread.

To Purify Cistern Water—Cistern water may be purified by hanging a bag of charcoal in the water.

To Kill Insects, Such As Bed Bugs, Moths, Etc.—Hot alum water is the best thing known to destroy insects. Boil alum water until it is dissolved; then apply the hot solution with a brush to closets, bedsteads, cracks, or wherever insects are found. All creeping insects may be destroyed by its use. There is no danger of poisoning and its persistent use will rid you of the pests.

Moths—Moths will not lay their eggs where fine-cut tobacco has been scattered.

To Keep Flies Off Gilt Frames—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water and apply the water to the frames with a soft cloth or brush.

To Remove Mildew—Dip the article in sour buttermilk, lay it in the sun to whiten, and wash in clean water.—*Out of Old Nebraska*

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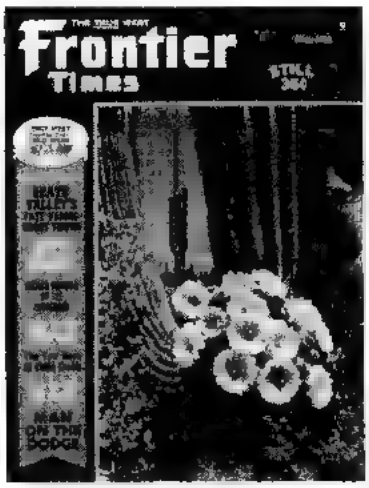

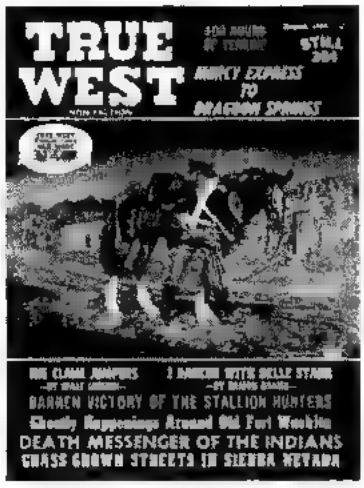
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A Bad Day in Mexico

(Continued from page 29)

As I was leaving the seat to crank Lizzie I glanced out over the sagebrush and caught the glint of sunlight on metal, the rifle barrels of mounted men. They were about a quarter-mile away, moving southwest toward Del Rio. If they held their course they would miss me by a hundred yards or so, and being around a bend in the road, they wouldn't spot me if one of them happened to glance down along it as they crossed.

Moving fast, I put her top down. Sitting low in the ruts, her discovery was unlikely. But what about the vultures circling overhead. Would they be seen? I looked out over the brush again. They were holding their course, but suddenly the leading horsemen stopped and those behind closed up. They had spotted the vultures.

To those men, tight circling vultures would mean only one thing—there was something below that still had life in it. Something too big for them to tackle while alive. They were only waiting to drop down on it when all movement stopped.

As the horsemen started moving again they made a slight change of direction, heading straight my way. There was no escaping them. If I took to the brush it would only make a game of it—a game of hide and seek which wouldn't last long. I knew that I was caught, and I was scared.

Soon I could hear horses crashing through the brush and voices calling back and forth, and laughter. There was little time left for thinking, and the scorching heat was making my mind a blank. But at that moment the voices brought back to me a Spanish saying I'd heard when I was a boy: "Accept a favor from a man and he is your slave for life."

I REACHED under the seat and grabbed a screwdriver and pliers. The timer was up front, back of the fan on the right side, the driver's side, the side the men would come up to. I raised that half of the hood, removed the timer cover and pulled one of the four wires loose and left it dangling.

By the time I was ready for them the leading horsemen were only a few yards away, still laughing and talking, their horses moving at a walk. Half-blinded with sweat I stayed hunched over the timer with my back to them. Suddenly there was a loud Spanish oath and excited talk. They had spotted me.

Now, dizzy or not, I had to stay with it and my timing had to be by the second. I kept my back turned as the leaders pulled their horses up and stopped close behind me. I hoped that if they were going to let me have it, it would be in the head. As hot as it was, a chill ran up my spine and my scalp crawled as I fumbled around the timer with screwdriver and pliers.

A moment passed with no sound but the stomping of horses, the creaking of leather and the rattle of bridles and bits. Then came the angry word, *"Gringo!"* As if startled, I turned and looked up at the rider nearest me. He was smiling. He hadn't called me *"Gringo."* Though dizzy and bleary-eyed, I could still see that horse and rider made a magnificent picture, but I had to stay with my part of playing the dumb automobile driver.

Still smiling, the leader said, *"Buenas dias, Señor."* I knew enough Spanish to pass the time of day but I played it safe and answered, "Yes, it is, but I find it a trifle warm." I had guessed right. He understood me and, with a laugh, passed my answer on to the others in Spanish and they laughed with him. Now I had to get on with my act.

I shook my head sadly and nodded toward Lizzie, then turned and bent over the disabled timer which I could hardly see for sweat, dizziness and fighting off panic.

One of the lieutenants spoke to the leader who then called out to someone at the rear of the band. I turned to watch for what would happen next, wobbling on my feet as horses and men floated before me in a fog. While I stood wiping my sweat-clouded eyes, trying to clear my head, a rider crashed through the brush and pulled up beside the leader who spoke to him rapidly and nodded toward me. I had to step out of the way as the man spurred his mount alongside the raised hood.

The trouble-shooter was young, about my age. At first he just sat looking down at me as I looked up at him with an expression of dumb hope. Then, without touching leather, he leaned over and down until his eyes were a couple of feet from the timer. He held there for a second or two and pointed to the loose timer wire, then straightened in his saddle.

As I stood looking up at my savior with a shamed expression, his lips twitched and one eyelid flickered as he shook his head in sadness for my helplessness. I smiled my thanks, then turned back to the timer.

Norman Stephenson about a month before his trip below the border.

There were five men up front—the leader and two men on each side of him. When I poked the loose wire back in place they could see how stupid I had been and all began laughing, followed by a roar from the rest of the band as word of the *gringo's* ignorance was passed back to them. I wiped sweat from my eyes and looked up at the leaders with a sheepish grin.

It was now time to get moving, or to get the *bandidos* moving. I smiled and said, "Without your help I'm afraid I'd have had a long walk home. I musn't trouble you further."

He shrugged it off with a smile and replied, "It is nothing. Good day and good luck, *Señor*," and turned his horse to leave but was stopped by a sharp word from one of his leaders. I wasn't out of the woods!

SHARP bitter words between the two quickly followed, which I pretended not to notice. Whatever the challenger was saying was getting him short angry answers and shakes of the head, but he kept at it, giving me dirty looks as he talked. The five men pulled their horses into a circle, nose to nose, as the argument went on. It had commenced hot and now it was blazing. The chief began to lose supporters, the odds running three to two against me, with the fourth man weakening. It had to be stopped or I'd soon be feeding the circling vultures.

I unhooked the two-gallon water bag and moved into the circle of angry men. Their shouting stopped. I raised the bag to the leader and said, "I'm sorry I haven't anything stronger to offer in return for your kindness."

He looked down and said with a smile, "We thank you, *Señor*, but as your animal has yet some distance to carry you, it may have the greater need of water."

My "animal" wouldn't have need of water if the chief wasn't still in command! I answered, "It's very considerate of you, sir, but I have a still larger bag of water on the off side of my 'animal' which will more than take care of her thirst between here and there."

He glanced at Lizzie with a grin and said, "Ah, your mount, she is a noble one!" I grinned back at him and replied "Yes, she's a noble one all right, but there are times when she must be ridden with lash and spur!"

The chief sat looking down at me with a broad smile, then turned to the others and spoke rapidly. When he stopped he was joined by three of the leaders in a roaring laugh. Now he reached for the water bag and raised it and drank, followed by the three who had laughed with him. When the bag passed to the one who hadn't laughed he didn't raise it to his lips. I held my breath.

The chief's hands rested loosely on the pommel of his saddle, his eyes steady on the holdout while the other three watched him closely. It had come to a showdown and would have to be a backdown or a shootout. I wondered who would be leader after that, knowing that my number was up if it was not the chief.

A century passed before a smile twisted the lips of the holdout and he raised the water bag to them and lowered it. The chief smiled and nodded as I motioned for the bag to be passed on to the men in the rear and I never saw it again.

The circle broke up as the chief waved me toward Lizzie. I checked the brakes, made the spark and idling adjustments, and moved around front. At the second lift of the crank she bucked and started with a bang that gave the riders up front a chance to show their horsemanship. I bowed to them and climbed in behind the wheel and eased her gently off down the ruts.

We were about ten car-lengths on the way when every gun in the band went off. I knew that I was bullet riddled but I felt no shock or pain. Then I heard cheering and looked back. Every *sombrero* in the band was waving but one. I stood up and whipped off my J. B. Stetson and waved it back at them.

It was past midnight when, having hiked the last ten miles, I plodded into Naco at the border. An all-night gas station operator told me that a band of Villa's *bandidos* had come to the border the evening before, but had turned back when greeted by a bunch of well-armed Naco and Bisbee citizens. I still have a warm place in my heart for my *bandido* friends, especially their chief.

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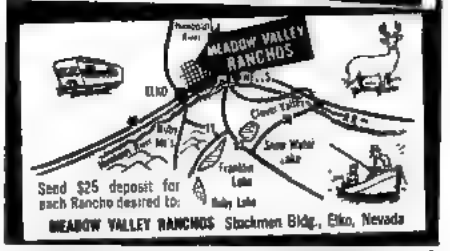

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Langwidge & Grammer

(Continued from page 9)

fizzing, with some of the fizz getting into both eyes and nose.

Early loggers bought butter from the farmers who were not always particular about extracting all of the buttermilk. In warm weather, with no refrigeration, it soon became rancid and highly unpalatable. While some claimed it was strong enough to walk alone, a more imaginative logger suggested it be used as a lubricant on the skids so the logs would roll easier. The idea had appeal. Soon butter, whether good or bad, was known as "skid grease."

In the mining country ore was classified as low grade and high grade. So in the miners' boarding houses, "Shovel up the low grade," could be translated as "Pass the beans." While "Shoot the high grade," was a polite request for pie.

Potatoes were spoken of as spuds more frequently than not, with Irish calling them "praties." But when a person was not thought to amount to much, especially if he were loud in his criticism of others, he was termed, "mighty small potatoes," never "little spuds." To be sure there were others who were not worth a "hill of beans," "a penny postage stamp," "a sour herring" or "the powder that would blow them to ——" (the place depending upon the mood of the speaker). It could be only "into smithereens," to far-off Jericho, or to that state reserved for future punishment.

DISHONESTY had its degrees too. If one was thought to be just a bit dishonest, he was only slightly crooked. If he was quite dishonest, he was so crooked he couldn't lie straight in bed. If he was very dishonest, he was as crooked as a dog's hind leg.

One who worked fast and efficiently, such as a woman who could cut out, sew up and finish a good looking dress in a day or less, was a "lightning striker." A man who worked hard, managed well, keeping his premises neat and in good order was "a rustler from way back." A person involved in a number of things was "as busy as a fly on Tanglefoot." A dawdler was as "slow as molasses running uphill in January."

A dude was a "fine-haired rooster." An unmarried man of forty was an "old batch." At fifty he might become an "old codger."

A teamster did not drive his horses or mules, he "pulled the ribbons."

A man was said to have "played smash" if the venture he had started with great enthusiasm and considerable boasting, ended in dismal failure.

From the time women first came West until well into the twentieth century, they were expected to keep themselves covered except for face and hands. Skirts were to the floor, sleeves to the wrists, collars up to the ears. However, in very warm weather and at home, a woman could remove shoes and stockings, roll up her sleeves to just below the elbows, loosen her tight collar and leave off a half dozen long cumbersome underthings. Even so, she ran the risk of having it said of her, "She didn't have enough on to flag a hand car." If a gentleman called and saw her bare feet, she was probably so embarrassed that "you could have knocked her over with a feather."

A woman could in all modesty have ankles but not legs. If she donned a pair of men's pants or overalls and rode a horse astride, she became "that tom woman." The first western women to appear in eastern-made riding breeches "got themselves talked about."

Nearly all pioneers and many who came afterward could not afford new clothing for every member of the family and were forced to make use of all sorts of hand-me-downs. Some imaginative women made over garments so that they were attractive and becoming. They and their children looked neat and well dressed. In other families all clothing was worn "as was"—ill fitting and ludicrous. If pants or jacket were so small the uncomfortable wearer looked poured in, the descriptive phrase was "like a skinned Jack rabbit." If clothes were too large, then they "hung like a stocking on a chicken's lip." I remember two little girls who wore their father's bib overalls, the legs cut off at the seat. This ungainly garment was tied on with the suspenders.

Ranch women, except those able to hire help, had little time to think about the appearance of their feet and were happy if they had a second pair of shoes. But in the towns the more affluent considered small feet a mark of gentility, the smaller the "genteeler." So it was not unusual to see a lady in the shoe department of the general merchandise store struggling to push a size six or seven foot into a size four shoe. One day a butcher was attracted by the strenuous and futile efforts of a woman trying to encase her foot in a shoe obviously much too small. After watching for a few moments he turned away with a disgusted, "Well, by Jiminy, that's the first time I ever saw anybody trying to punch a bushel of guts into a pint measure." The inelegent remark, often repeated, had little chance to be forgotten.

EVEN AT TIMES when money was "as scarce as hen's teeth," there was a certain contempt for coins of less value than the two-bit piece. Either in buying or selling the person who insisted upon settling beyond the two bits was considered "close." If he came down to the nickel level, he was "close as the bark to a tree," but if he were small enough to deal in pennies he was the kind who "would lift the coppers from a dead man's eyes," and also "skin a louse for its hide and tallow."

Before churches could be built, people of like faith met in homes to sing hymns and read the Bible. For some reason never quite clear, this seemed to irritate the non-religious, who sneeringly referred to the worshipers as "psalm singers."

Children and young people have always been called "young'uns" and that was quite all right, but when the word "kids" came into use, it fell upon the ears of the highly refined as a downright insult. In school, pupils were sharply corrected. Kids were animals. One

might just as well call a child a dog as to call him a kid. And as late as the 1920s a published poem written by a preacher deplored this specific sin. Aversion to calling a child a kid was based on the fact that the author could find nowhere in the Bible where the Virgin Mary did!

The phrase, "seeing the elephant," came from somewhere in the South but its origin is uncertain. It became popular in the West during the gold strike of 1849 in California. It always referred in some way to gold. Those rushing to the gold fields were on their way "to see the elephant." Those who found the gold "saw the elephant" and those on their way back to the States, whether they had found gold or merely found the place where gold had been found, had "seen the elephant."

Later the 49ers brought the expression to Idaho and other parts of the West where it came to mean anything big and exciting. Cowboys who rode the cattle trains to Portland, Seattle, Denver or Chicago were allowed, after the cattle were unloaded, a little time to "take in the town." When they returned to the cattle country they could brag about the sights in the big city. They had seen the elephant. Still later the phrase came to mean seeing all of whatever there was to see.

"The elephant got smaller and smaller all the time," said an old-timer, "but when I was 'long about old enough to shed my knee pants, and my little sister was just knee high to a grasshopper and we were a walking to school two and half miles by the short cut, that old elephant still looked pretty big to us.

"That was after my older brother had bought the rubber-tired buggy for Mother. That was something those days. A lot different from the dead X wagon she'd been used to. She could drive that eight miles to town, after she'd herded us kids off to school, do her trading, and get back again about the time we'd get home. Days when Mother went to town, which was about once every two or three weeks, we sure didn't waste any time getting back to see what she'd bring in from that buggy. Folks wouldn't think too much of that now but I'm telling you it was sort of like a little Christmas. Most likely there'd be rice and beans and a hunk of salt pork if we had run out of our own, and a package of coffee beans that I'd get to grind in the old coffee mill. There might be some dried apples or apricots and if we were flush a case of tomatoes and a wedge of cheese. Things like that. Other things too, such as shoe laces, a bottle of blue ink, some spools of colored thread and if it was along the first of the year, a calendar with pictures; and there always was a little sack of licorice sticks or peppermints and once in a while chocolates.

"When we'd had a good look at everything and were chewing on our candy, Mother would say, 'Well now, you've seen the elephant.' We'd sure feel like we had. Yep. That's the way it use to was."

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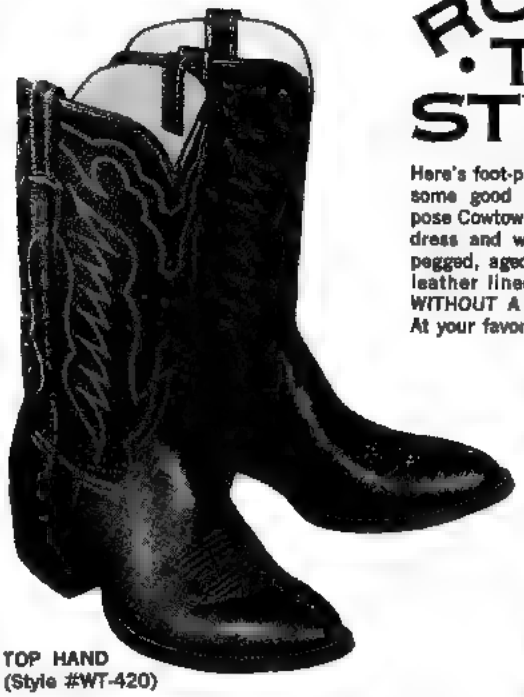

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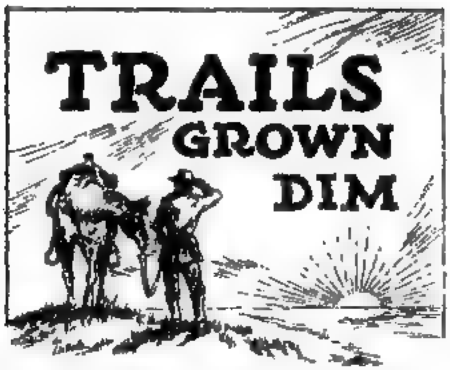

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, nesteskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Hendricks

The Hendricks family had the livery stable in Paducah, Kentucky around the turn of the century. There were two boys, Orville Estes and Thomas Nolan, and two or three half- or step-sisters. One was named Gladis, and there was an Aunt Leona. Orville Estes may or may not be alive. He was in the Canadian Air Force. Thomas Nolan, my father, now deceased, went to live with an uncle after his father was murdered and the livery stable burned down. He later ran away and joined the Air Force in World War 1. I'd like to hear from anyone who knows anything about them.—Millie Leona Toler, 2415 Wheeler #50, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80904

Jennings

John Shivlar Jennings, son of John Jennings and Margaret Shivlar, was born August 6, 1839. Margaret was the daughter of John Shivlar and Polly Tumbleson. Besides John, they had at least three other children: Phroney Jennings Hann, Elizabeth Jennings Barnum and Ann Jennings Nicolas. Phroney and Elizabeth were born in Illinois and Ann in Portland, Oregon.

John Shivlar Jennings married Harriet Scates, born May 19, 1842, the daughter of John Tyler Scates and Sarah Ann Cushenberry. They had the following children: John Jennings, born Feb. 11, 1862; C. W. Jennings, born July 20, 1864; Frances and Frankie, born April 16, 1866; Minnie May Jennings, born Sept. 27, 1867; S. S. (Sol) Jennings, born April 14, 1869; and Rosa Belle Jennings, born June 2, 1874 in Labette Co., Kansas. Rosa Belle was my great-grandmother. She told my grandmother that she was in some way related to Al Jennings. I hope some of your readers will be able to tell me if this is true. I would appreciate any information.—Rosanne Bornmann, Rt. 8, Box 437, Cottonwood, California 96022

Chapmond

I believe my grandfather, Ceaser or Ceazar Harrison Chapmond, came from Georgia. He died November 8, 1920 at Sims, Arkansas. He ran a store at Oden, Ark. at one time. He had two sons by his first marriage. Their names are Bud and Garland. Bud is believed to live in Wichita Falls, Texas. My father's name is Archie Ceaser Chapmond. If anyone knows anything about him or his family, please write.—Eunice Chapmond Propp, 604 W. Apache, Purcell, Oklahoma 73080

Clevenger-Hemphill-McCullough

My great-grandparents, Andrew Jackson Clevenger and his wife Lorine Pries, lived at Cap's Creek near Springfield, Missouri during the Battle of Wilson Creek, Civil War, 1861. Some say he had something to do with the Indian Trail of Tears, trying to warn them of what would happen.

My great-great-grandparents were Joshua and Elizabeth Clevenger (Andrew's folks.)

I'd also like information on Samuel and Charlotte Clevenger of Kanab, Utah (1866); and John W. Hemphill, who was a judge at one time.

My great-uncle, Benjamin McCullough (or McCullock) was sheriff of Sacramento City, California, 1849; U. S. Marshal for the eastern district of Texas, 1850s; Brig. General in the Civil War. He was born in Tennessee, November 11, 1811 and was killed at the Battle of Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862. Alexander McCullough (Ben's father) served under Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812.—Shirley Clevenger, Route 1, Verona, Missouri 65769

Dellinger-Kittley

I would like to contact anyone who is related to or has knowledge of the Dellinger or Kittley family. Noah Dellinger was, I think, the father or at least some relation to Eaf, Steve, Adam Daved, Roxana Dellinger Houser, Sara Jane Dellinger Roberts, Mark, Charley and Joe Dellinger. N. T. Dellinger was an uncle. Adam Daved was born around 1859. Eaf and Steve were older, the others younger. Mary Emma Kittley was born around 1874 or 1875. She had three brothers, Abb, Bubby and Bee. As far as I know there were no sisters. She did have an aunt, Arnet Kittley Basset Zachary. Mary Emma Kittley was married to Adam Daved Dellinger and they had four boys and six girls. It would mean a great deal to me to get any information.—Mrs. C. E. Kelley, 354 Harris Road, Hayward, California 94544

Morton-De Moss-Tanner

I am seeking information on Asa D. Morton, W. T. De Moss, and Edward R. Tanner, pioneer citizens of Ramona, Indian Territory (Oklahoma). The settlement was first named Bon-Ton and Hobson. Mrs. Morton, who married Jennie Cass, a Cherokee citizen, was in possession of the original townsite.

Mr. De Moss was first postmaster and moved to Oklahoma Territory about 1899. Mr. Tanner was also postmaster and upon his death was interred at Coffeyville, Kansas.

The figure 5 in my name was given to me from a brand of my father's good friend.—Joe 5 Lee, 201 Nevada—#25, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Morehouse

I would like to correspond with anyone with the surname Morehouse, Moorehouse, Morehouses, Moorhouse or any other way of spelling this surname. I also have some questions on John Morehouse, born sometime in the 1780s or 1790s in Herkimer County, New York. He married a girl named Olive and as far as I know, had five boys all of which were in the Civil War: Francis M., Richard, Elam, Omar, and William. He died in Melrose, Minnesota.

My questions are: What was his birthday? What was Olive's maiden name? Were there any more children? When did he die? What were his parents' names? Thank you.—David Morehouse, 427 Rehnberg Pl., West Saint Paul, Minnesota 55118

Green(e)-Stanton

I am searching for descendants of John Hart Green(e), Sarah Stanton, or Addison Green(e) of Maine. I have a letter dated 1889—March 8—from John Hart Green(e) to my grandmother Clara Lula Bartlett. I need information to complete my Green(e) family history. Can anyone help?—Mrs. Duane Bastian, 1254 Sweet Road, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197

Joseph Andrew Harris

I would like very much to hear from anyone who can tell me for sure where my great-great-grandfather, Joseph Andrew Harris, is buried. He married Mary Jane Dee. I'm not certain about her maiden name. They had children: Charlie, Mary Ellen, Edward, Newman, Clarence, Dora, Ida May, Henry (Hank), Lillie, Almerian(?) and Theopholus(?). Franklin Joseph Andrew was born in the 1820s aronnd Lafayette, Indiana or Springfield, Illinois. He supposedly married at Springfield. Some of his children were born in Peoria, Illinois and Missouri and maybe Oklahoma.

I have heard the names Tuskahoma, Tahlequath, Haileyville and Talihina, Okla. mentioned in connection with my Harris family. Please write to—Mrs. Albert Stephens, 602 S. W. 5th St., Dimmitt, Texas 79027

Ham-Modisitt

My mother's maiden name was Ham or Hamm. She lost all trace of her older sister's children and tried to find them before she passed away. Their names were Willie, Sam, Lena, Ollie and May Modisitt. Her father's name was Dr. Sam Ham and he lived in Missouri. My maiden name was Casey. My grandfather was Steve Casey who lived in Arkansas. My Uncle Jess moved to Texas and raised his children and we have lost all trace of them. I think there were six of them. I only know two names: Richard and Jewel. I would appreciate any information.—Mrs. Lovie Falling, Gen. Del., Chouteau, Oklahoma 74337

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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JOE GRANDEE

The West Still Lives (Heritage Press, $24.95) by Joy Schultz is a spectacular book based on the paintings, drawings and sculpture of Joe Ruiz Grandee, a descendant of Castilian pioneers. The book is in popular demand and a limited edition, each accompanied by a Grandee bronze at $500.00 was sold out prior to publication. One hundred sixty three pen and ink drawings, ruizemes, oil paintings and dry brush drawings give the reader a nostalgic flashback to events typical of western exploration and development. Among those who posed for Grandee were his wife Murlene, Governor Reagan, Robert Taylor and Lynda Bird Robb. Grandee's interests include many subjects: Indians, cowboys, cavalrymen, horses, Longhorns, mountains, stagecoaches, badmen and the Lynda Bird Johnson-Robb wedding. The book also includes an exciting story of the artist's life, his struggles and final success. Some quality poetry by the author, Joy Schultz, is an added attraction of the book.

PANHANDLE DEVELOPMENT

A regional history, *The Texas Land and Development Company, A Panhandle Promotion, 1912-1956* (Texas University Press, $7.50) traces the story of the company from beginning to end. With headquarters at Plainview, the officers proceeded to buy ranches, subdivide them into small irrigated farms and canvass the nation for buyers. Numerous wells were driven into the huge underground reservoirs and water was pumped to canals which circulated it to the field crops. Thus was born a prosperous cotton and sorghum empire where cattle feeding emerged on a grand scale. Weak management had the company on rocky pins until the reorganization in 1919 when the new manager, Winfield Holbrook, steadied it and saved the enterprise. The company succeeded in producing benefits for the area, the tenants, purchasers, the employer and some of the investors. However, some of the holders of the original securities lost over $400,000. This is a good volume for Texas and Great Plains book collectors.

GOOD RHODES!

It is good to have that fine western *Copper Streak Trail* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.95) by Eugene Manlove Rhodes back in print. It is volume 44 in the Western Frontier Library and there are some worthwhile additions—an introduction by historian and Rhodes scholar, W. H. Hutchinson who has written so much about Gene that one wonders how he finds something new to say about him (Hutch does) and second, a great frontispiece in color (repeated on the d/w) by W. H. D. Koerner. A bargain.

LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL

American Odyssey (Rand McNally, $17.95), a handsome picture book about the journey of Lewis and Clark, was edited and photographed by Ingvard Henry Eide with an introduction by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. A professional photographer, Eide spent over two years and traveled over 57,000 miles retracing the actual route taken by the pathfinders. The over 200 sharp photographs depict scenes described in the journal entries and probably show what Lewis and Clark first looked at. Eide took pains to photograph the scenes at the same time of the year as the journey. The spectacular pictures capture the magic aura of the virgin landscape with its snow-capped mountains, placid lakes, wild rivers, black forests, and plains, meadows and prairies alive with blossoming herbs. Because of the authenticity of this photographic essay, the reader can enjoy vicariously much of the scenic grandeur that greeted Lewis and Clark. This book adds lustre to the literature of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

OLD EPH

W. J. Schoonmaker kicks the slats out of a lot of hearsay that many of us once believed about the grizzly, the strongest of all carnivores, in the factual book *The World of the Grizzly Bear* (Lippincott, $5.95). In this latest of Living World Books, the author enlightens the reader about this fabulous bear and also illustrates the text with his own beautiful photographs, the best bear collection this reviewer has ever seen. We learn that western grizzly and silvertip and the Alaska brown or Kodiak bear are both grizzlies which intergrade. How the bear lives through the four seasons, his feeding habits, and his method of reproducing all come in for interesting coverage. The bear in not a hibernator, as once claimed, but a winter sleeper. Man-killing grizzlies are rare, says the author, but we intend to give them plenty room.

Taps for Ira Hayes

(Continued from page 8)

of past history. Kinsmen of Hayes had served in World War I. It was almost sure that Hayes would enlist in a fighting outfit, and he did experience all the combat of the professional Marine at Vella Lavella, Bougainville and finally Iwo Jima. But the greatest battle of his life was to occur in his own country. His problem, too great to handle alone, killed him in the end.

From the day Rosenthal's picture appeared in the news media, events began shaping toward the sad finale of his life. He was a simple soldier, unassuming and friendly, a brave man who came off the Gila River desert sands to serve his country well. President Franklin D. Roosevelt saw the flag-raising picture and read the thrilling story. None in the picture was identified at that time. The President requested that the men be located and sent home.

A colonel went to Iwo Jima but only three were found alive. Hayes, Gagnon and Bradley were brought back to the United States, and scheduled for bond selling rallies, celebrations and other such public functions deemed important to the war effort.

Roosevelt died April 12, and on the 21st Hayes and his buddies were presented to President Harry Truman. Hayes returned home to visit his family briefly before going back to Washington, D. C. where he started out on the seventh war loan campaign across the nation as a corporal.

Wherever they went the three were acorded celebrity treatment of top rank. Drinks were shoved at them faster than they could be consumed. Gagnon and Bradley could hold their liquor and were adept in evasive methods when they had had enough. Unfortunately, the friendly and "wanting to get along" Hayes was not. But he was not then an alcoholic. In the South Pacific he had drunk his regular allotment of beer, and he probably had drunk his share of "jungle juice" also.

All the large cities across the nation were visited but the one which interested Hayes most was Tulsa, Oklahoma, where a rodeo was being held. In Chicago he began to realize that he faced a problem with alcohol. He asked the officer in charge of the detail to forward his request for return to active duty.

"I have got to get off this detail," he said. "Please have me sent back to my outfit."

Hayes had already had one small disagreement with the Marine Corps brass. He said that one of the Marines identified in the flag-raising picture wasn't there, and named another. To this Marine Corps spokesmen replied that after investigation they were certain the original identifications were correct.

When reporters heard that Hayes was asking to be returned to his outfit, they pressed him for a reason.

He told them sincerely, "This hero stuff is for the birds. Out there are my buddies. Some are still dying. I just want to go back. I get sick thinking about them. Sick hearing about the phony flag-raising and sometimes I wish that guy had never made the picture."

One facet of the Hayes saga which has always been overlooked is that he was a natural for a public hero. His retiring disposition, modesty, and Indian heritage of the Old West made him so. When he disclaimed being a hero his words only gave him more appeal in the public mind.

IN JUNE Hayes was scheduled to appear with Gagnon and Bradley in Tucson, Arizona at a bond rally. Press wires began humming that he would not be there, nor in Los Angeles a few days later. Hayes was being sent back to active duty. But he did appear in both cities with the other two survivors of the Iwo Jima historic event.

Hayes soon returned to the Marine Corps, but then came Hiroshima and Nagasaki and World War II was over. Ira Hayes went home to Bapchule.

He had now reached the heights as a heroic symbol. Many cities held an "Ira Hayes Day," including Phoenix and Tucson. One friend made this statement after his death, "The volunteer organizations were eager for his appearances in their behalf after he became famous. They used him and left him hungry. The motion picture people and the television circuits all got what they wanted from

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him and then handed out the cold shoulder treatment."

Hayes did receive a little money for the movie and television appearances, but Arizona passed him by. He couldn't get a decent job in the state. Yet he never expressed any bitterness about this. What inner sorrows possessed him were drowned in alcohol. At the Phoenix "Ira Hayes Day" he could scarcely talk. When his own people held a meeting in his honor at Sacaton, he could barely mumble his words.

The elders took him aside and said, "You are bringing shame on the Pima people acting this way." Hayes promised to do better but by then it was much too late.

He has been described in print as a "simple minded Indian"—in other words, just another drunken Indian. As proof it has been pointed out that in 1939-1940 he was arrested several times on charges of being intoxicated. But in 1939 Hayes was sixteen years old, a juvenile. He had no business being in any other except a juvenile court.

In one instance his dreams of coming home a veteran and a hero ended in expressed bitterness. This had to do with his despair over the neglect and poverty of his people, the Pima Indians. The government agencies which should have taken care of such things as stock raising and irrigable land, at least on the subsistance level, did nothing. Water rightly belonging to the Pimas was diverted to the green, lush farms of white men who were making fortunes.

Such was the situation, and Hayes was a natural fall guy when book writers, TV and radio scriptmen, and then the movie representatives came around. He was told that all the publicity about him would change the deplorable situation, get water for the starved land of the Pimas. In at least three instances Hayes was promised as much, plus large sums of money for his parents. Above all else he wanted their future welfare secured.

The first flag raised on Iwo Jima.

Marine Corps Photo

As soon as the promisers got what they wanted, however, they immediately forgot Joe and Nancy Hayes. Even after their son's death they were still waiting to be paid some of the money promised them.

IN JULY 1949 friends straightened Hayes up sufficiently to go to the West Coast. The movie, "The Sands of Iwo Jima," was being filmed at Camp Pendleton. Battle scenes were re-enacted there.

In Los Angeles Hayes met Gagnon and Bradley for the first time since leaving the Marines. The three went to Pendleton and repeated for the movies the Iwo Jima flag-raising. The original flag was brought in under guard from the Marine Museum at Quantico, Virginia.

That night Hayes over-indulged on Olivera Street in Los Angeles but finally managed to get back to Arizona, which seems to have been his one refuge from sordidness. A few weeks later he flew to Washington for the premiere of the picture and was so disgusted that he wound up blotto again. His complaint was that it depicted nothing of what actually happened.

To his few remaining loyal friends Hayes said (in Arizona), "I've had lots of chances to make it. I guess I'm just no good."

FROM THEN ON, his was a varied journey, mostly from one jail to another. No one seems to have really cared about what happened to Hayes, a hero in the same category as last year's bird nest.

U.S. Navy Photo

Beach landing scene on Iwo Jima.

In October 1953 Chicago police arrested him on skid row. He was hatless, shoeless, his clothing in tatters, drunk and unable to pay the assessed $25 fine. The presiding judge sent him to the House of Correction. The Chicago *Sun-Times* paid his fine and got him out of jail.

The newspaper's appeal brought in some money and offers of a job. A farm equipment company gave him work as a tool grinder but it didn't last. Hayes was by this time a very sick man, a fact which no one seemed to realize.

At the end of October he accepted employment in Hollywood as a chauffeur, a job offered him by Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Martin, former wife of comedian Dean Martin. Hayes drove the family car,

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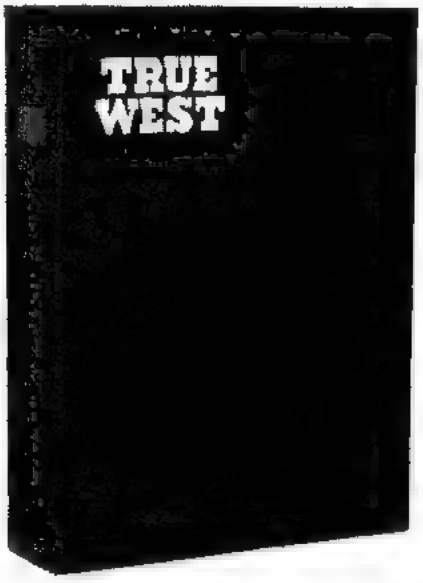

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taking the children on rides and Mrs. Martin to downtown shops; he even started teaching the youngsters the Indian sign language. But while off duty he was arrested twice by Los Angeles police for being drunk.

On November 11 Hayes got off a bus in Phoenix, on his way home to the only security he ever knew, his desert home in Bapchule. He told questioning reporters, "I'll stay home awhile and maybe I can figure things out for myself. Maybe I'll join Alcoholics Anonymous."

Late in 1954 he managed to make it to Washington for the unveiling of the great bronze statue of the Iwo Jima flag-raising in Arlington National Cemetery, and on returning to Bapchule he did join Alcoholics Anonymous as a final resort. In fact he was officially placed in their custody. By this time, though, he should have been in a veteran's hospital.

Hayes began picking cotton for $3 per hundred pounds and actually quit drinking. On his thirty-second birthday he wrote a man who once had offered to help find him a job, "Just a short letter this early morning before we go to the cotton fields to pick cotton. You asked me once if I was ever in need of a job to come see you. Well, it seems that I am in that position, that is very soon, as the cotton season will be finished in a week or two. I feel I will make it this time. My folks are all back of me."

Hayes had not taken a drink for two weeks when on the night of January 23, 1955, one of his brothers and a friend came by the family home. Ira lived with his parents and been restless for several days.

"But I am not going into Phoenix [to get drunk]," he assured his mother.

The brother and friend invited him to a nearby abandoned adobe where a drinking and card party was in progress. He refused. Half an hour later they returned. This time he went along.

Battle scene on Iwo Jima.

In the early morning hours the party broke up. Hayes was not then in the adobe but no one was alarmed. After taking only three or four drinks, so his friends who were there said later, he had walked out.

At eight o'clock that morning his body was found resting on the sand, hunched against the side of a wood pile only a few yards from the house.

"He died of exposure to the cold and acute alcoholism," was the verdict of Dr. John Parks.

As one of his veteran friends said, "Ira was a sick man. He should have been in a hospital these few past years. No attempt was made to rehabilitate him. In my opinion he was a victim of the war. He needed treatment and didn't get it."

Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church at Sacaton January 27. More than a thousand Indians attended, and several hundred whites. The crowd was so large that services had to be held outside under a ramada.

The next day Hayes' body lay in state in the State Capitol in Phoenix where thousands more paid their respects to one of Arizona's best known heroes. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery on a snowy day, February 2, near the great bronze statue of himself and the other five Iwo Jima flag-raisers.

One year after his death the Blue Star Mothers of America erected a stone shaft enclosed by a fence in his memory in the church yard of the Presbyterian mission at Casa Blanca near Bapchule.

This heavy Japanese gun at the base of Mt. Suribachi was knocked out by naval bombardment. It was then used by the Japanese as a machine gun emplacement. It was from here that snipers fired at Hayes.

Marine Corps Photo

Affair at Eagle Pass

(Continued from page 23)

CAPTAIN WARE was suddenly jolted from his reverie by a knock at his office door. An orderly entered and announced that Jesse Sumpter was outside with a matter of extreme urgency. Ware ordered Sumpter shown in and inquired as to the nature of his visit. Sumpter said that he had received a message from a friend, Green Vann, that an attack upon the town and post was imminent. Sumpter said that immediately after being contacted he had crossed the river to Piedras Negras and conferred directly with Vann. It seemed that some forty or more of the Americans in Piedras Negras were recruiting men to cross the river, wipe out the Confederate garrison, rob the stores in Eagle Pass, steal what cotton they could and cross it over to the Mexican side. Although Vann had refused to join with the raiders, they had confided in him and revealed many details of their plans. The attack, Vann said, was to take place that evening.

As soon as Sumpter departed, Ware summoned his two subordinate officers, Captains Pickerell and McFaddin. He also sent word to the town summoning

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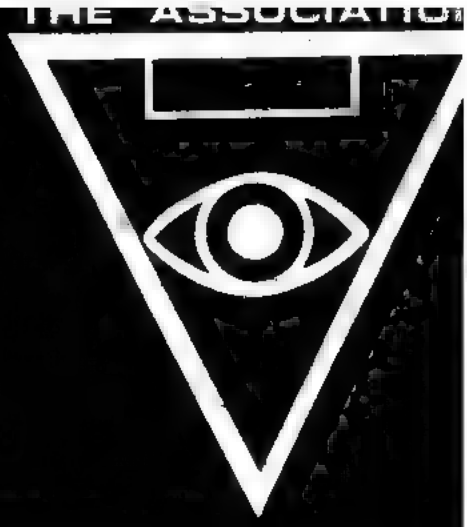

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William Stone, who was captain of the Home Guard. Stone was an energetic young man who had come to the border village soon after the founding of Fort Duncan in 1849. Beginning as an assistant to the post sutler, Stone had subsequently acquired a contract from the government to haul hay and wool. From this start he had branched out into sheep and cattle raising as well as various mercantile interests. Stone was a strong advocate of States Rights and had actively supported the secession movement. After the outbreak of the war he was appointed tax collector for the county and commissioned captain of the Home Guard.

Stone arrived at the post adjutant's office, and with the two waiting regular officers met with Captain Ware. Since the attack was supposed to come from above the post, the most vulnerable position from that direction was the post hospital. It was situated on a low rise just beyond the point on the arroyo where the footbridge crossed from town. Ware assigned Pickerell with a company of twenty-five men, the bulk of his command, to defend and hold the hospital. Another vulnerable point, should the raiders try an enveloping movement, was the commissary and quartermaster's storehouse which lay across the cantonment southeast from the hospital.

Although Ware felt certain the main attack would be against Pickerell's position, to play safe he posted six well-armed men in the quartermaster's storehouse, a portion of which had recently been used as a smallpox hospital. He placed a few men in the adjoining commissary building, which was the strongest structure in the garrison. Fifteen men were sent to patrol the country north of town in the direction from which the renegades were supposed to come. A smaller patrol was sent out to guard the old Paso del Aguila ford below town, and a few men were ordered to accompany Captain McFaddin to guard the approaches to the post on the north side of the arroyo. Captain Stone, Ware said, would employ the remaining men to guard the custom house and the business houses of the town.

BY NIGHTFALL all was in readiness. Ware realized the weakness of his forces, having no reserves to enable him to picket his men properly, so he ordered them to sleep at their post on their arms. Darkness came and the men waited tensely, but as one hour succeeded another it became more doubtful that an attack would come.

The next morning Green Vann sent word to Sumpter explaining what had happened. A number of the would-be raiders, being unfamiliar with the country, had been unable to find the rendezvous on the river and had returned to Piedras Negras. The plotters, according to Vann, then postponed their attack to the following night, making certain that all would find their way to the crossing site. Sumpter went at once to Rio Grande Station and relayed Vann's message to Captain Ware who made light of the whole matter, terming it "another one of your cock and bull stories." Sumpter said nothing more and returned to the custom house on the river.

Later, Sumpter rowed over to Piedras Negras where he received permission from Mexican authorities to cross his horses at any time of the day or night he might need to. Returning to the custom house, he instructed his two most trustworthy Mexicans to begin swimming the horses to the other side upon hearing the first shots. Sumpter then headed up the hill to the village, and went from door to door alerting the townspeople that the raiders would come that night.

About mid-morning Captain Ware began having second thoughts about Sumpter's mesage from Green Vann. A trooper from the patrol north of town had come riding hard into the fort with news that the renegades were attempting to cross the Rio Grande. He told Ware that the invaders, *some forty in number*, had found the ford impracticable but had effected a crossing about five miles higher up. Once on the Texas bank, they began immediately to march toward Eagle Pass but were checked in their approach by the pickets who had fired upon them. Later that afternoon, another rider came in to report that the invaders had retired to a position about six miles above town. There they had unfurled a United States flag and waited while their numbers received considerable augmentation from the Mexican side of the river.

Back in town, the Home Guardsmen were busy assisting the merchants, barkeeps, and other citizens to make an appropriate defense. Between Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras lay the river bottom, a vast flood plain on the Texas side at this point, with the Rio Grande coursing its western edge. Bales of Confederate cotton, destined for export to Mexico and European markets, frequently filled this wide vega land in numbers which to the eye must have seemed infinite. Throughout the afternoon, bales were plucked from the river bottom and moved up the slight hill to the town. There they were unloaded and formed into barricades blocking each end of the village's main street.

During these activities, a man in his middle years approached Captain McFaddin and identified himself as General

Freight caravans like this were typical during the Civil War years when cotton flowed through this border port.

Ebenezar B. Nichols. McFaddin recognized the name at once for Nichols was an important Galevston cotton factor and commission merchant, as well as being an official in high Confederate circles. General Nichols had been a member of the Secession Convention and had been made state commissioner to raise and disburse funds for the public safety. During the Battle of Galveston in 1862, he had served on General John B. Magruder's staff and his house had been used as Magruder's headquarters. Captain McFaddin outlined the plan of defense and the situation as he then knew it, and Nichols in turn promised his services should they be needed.

TOWARD SUNDOWN Sumpter closed up the custom house, and in company with several members of the Home Guard began keeping watch. With the twilight came the promise of a respite from the day's heat. It was a quiet, reflective time, punctuated only by the sounds and smells of evening; of mesquite wood smoke from the numerous supper fires, of pans and kettles clinking, and of children's voices in those final moments of play before the silence of bedtime. Throughout the evening the men talked quietly and smoked. The moon rose full and was so bright that it almost seemed as daytime.

Suddenly, about one a.m., the night silence was broken by a series of piercing yells—Sumpter called it "the terrible Texas," such as men on the frontier were accustomed to make when they entered an Indian fight—and a constant volley of gunfire signaled that the attack had begun. As had been anticipated, Rio Grande Station was the first objective. The raiders had to eliminate the threat posed by the Confederate military, after which they could turn their attentions to the town.

Numbering 80 to 100 men, the renegades descended with such swiftness that Captain McFaddin's thin line of defenders quickly fell back. Pickerell's men at the hospital poured forth a deadly counter fire which they had reserved until the raiders were close at hand, but the attack was so sudden and the renegades so numerous that Pickerell, too, was obliged to order a retreat to avoid being overwhelmed.

Captain Ware, upon hearing the shots, quickly dispatched a courier to Captain McFaddin across the arroyo. Then, with four soldiers accompanying him, he hurried to the hospital to assist Captain Pickerell. By the time Ware's party reached the scene, Pickerell had already abandoned his position, leaving behind four wounded men, nine guns, and his company's horses. Before Ware realized what had happened, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the renegades. He heard one of his own men, who had also been captured, murmur that "the town had fallen without a shot in its defense."

A pall of smoke shrouded the hospital and surrounding area. The raiders, stunned by the intensity of their encounter, wandered about indecisively, a curious melange of men, horses, and

Looking west on Main Street about 1880. The Maverick Hotel is on the left facing the old post office building.

equipment.

At the first opportunity Ware slipped away from his captors and made his way to the quartermaster's building, gathering what soldiers he could to continue defending the garrison. Once more he sent a courier to the village, this time with orders to the Home Guard to engage the enemy from the arroyo. When this man failed to return, Ware decided that the town must have fallen to the renegades. If such were the case, he reasoned, it would only be a matter of time before another effort was mounted against the fort. Since he considered his remaining forces too weak to maintain an adequate defense, he ordered his men to abandon the post and fall back to the

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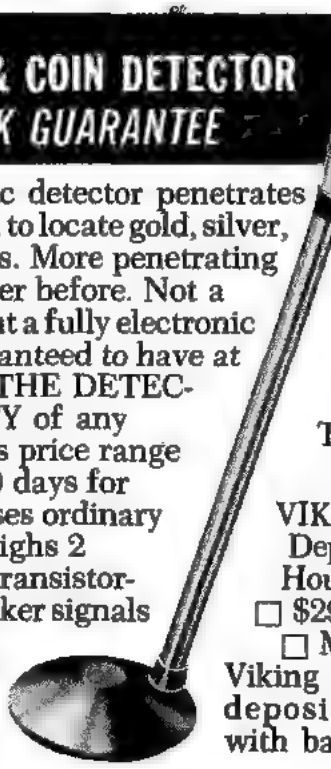

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old ford two miles downriver.

UNKNOWN to Captain Ware, the attackers had begun moving back across the footbridge and were forming north of the arroyo. They had sustained one man killed, and five or six wounded in their encounter with Pickerell's company. On the plus side, they had captured some horses and guns, and had succeeded in driving the Confederates from their post. Orders were given to march toward the town's business area, a few hundred yards to the northwest.

Rounding the corner at Garrison and Commercial Streets, the renegades halted abruptly at the sight of cotton bales strung across their path and at the numerous heads of defenders, their guns at ready, peering from behind this barricade. The renegades threatened noisily and when finally rallied by their leaders, seemed ready to charge. However, they had hesitated too long before the well-armed townsmen, and the decisive moment to act had already passed. Somewhat unnerved from their skirmish at the hospital and their numbers having diminished to about forty men, the raiders ignored the orders to advance and began to move away from the determined defenders.

Captain McFaddin and General Nichols, watching from behind the cotton bale barricade, saw the renegades march up a slight hill, pass the Dolch Hotel, and disappear from view. Fearing that they might slip around the town in an attempt to burn the cotton lying in the river bottom, Captain Stone repositioned the Home Guard in order to thwart such an effort. By dawn it was apparent that the battle was over and that the raiders would not return.

Along about noon, a chagrined Captain Ware made his way back across the Rio Grande from Piedras Negras. After abandoning his post the night before, he and his companions had forded the river at Paso del Aguila and had spent the predawn hours making their way back upriver to Piedras Negras. Instead of collecting refugees from Eagle Pass and stragglers from the garrison as he had expected, he learned upon his arrival in the Mexican village that the town had not fallen but was still being held by the Home Guard. However valid his decision to retreat may have seemed at the time, subsequent events caused him no little embarrassment, and made him the butt of considerable local disdain.

Captain McFaddin, aided by General Nichols, had rallied the soldiers during Ware's absence, and William Stone's Home Guard had maintained an alert vigilance throughout the night. A few days later, two troops of Confederate cavalry rode in from Laredo and took up the pursuit of the renegades. By then, most of them had already crossed back into Mexico, and the few who remained hastily followed when the horsemen in butternut and gray came charging down upon their camp. The affair at Eagle Pass was over.

James Ware eventually lived down his part in the battle. After the war, he followed a legal career and became a distinguished district judge. William Stone continued in civic affairs in Eagle Pass and became Maverick County's first county judge. Jesse Sumpter, the man most responsible for saving the town from possible destruction, was elected the first sheriff of the county.

Sumpter survived all of his contemporaries, living to a ripe old age. As the twentieth century dawned, he became increasingly aware that the frontier was passing and that he had been a witness in bygone days to unique and important events. Before his death in 1910, he dictated his reminiscences of the early times in Eagle Pass and southwest Texas, thus leaving a written legacy which is essential to any study of the Texas border.

Reminiscences of a "Jack Mormon"

(Continued from page 13)

tons and tons of hay could be had for the cutting, curing and stacking.

Part of the pioneers returned to Wellsville and the men left behind went to work dragging logs down the canyons of the Wasatch to build cabins. They had only about a mile and a half to cross so they had enough logs dragged down and were back in Wellsville a couple of weeks before the grain was ready to cut. They spent the winter in Wellsville and in the spring, when the ground was dry enough to travel, the Mormon settlers moved over to their new farms. As soon as they had placed the wagons in a circle and fixed places to cook, half the company started plowing and the other half went to building cabins.

Grandpa Tims was put to the latter task. Everything went along well until the third or fourth day, when the lookout noticed a few Indians coming from the southwest, downriver. The bell clanged and all the stock and members gathered inside the circle and in the pits. They were ready for a battle but the Indians rode up slow, their horses walking. They stopped their horses about 100 yards away, sat there for a little while, then turned their horses and went back the way they came. This visit from the Indians put the Mormons working as fast as they could. I remember the log lookout platform still standing when I was about six years old. The settlers finished the cabins without any trouble, although they had a few visits from the Indians downriver who just came to watch and see what the white men were doing.

THE INDIANS lived about fourteen miles south along the Malad. Their chief, Washakie, had traded with white trappers a long time before the Mormons came into Salt Lake Valley. Chief Washakie was of the Shoshone tribe and had lived on the Malad River for many years, as had his fathers before him. Before the white man's arrival, the Indian village stretched along the Malad for about four miles. Then one of the early white traders brought smallpox to the village, and the disease killed 500 of the tribe. Only a few, those who stood in sagebrush smoke, survived. The bodies of the dead were devoured by dogs as the survivors were too weak and afraid to go near the bodies.

Chief Washakie watched the Mormon farmers and made up his mind he was going to have his tribe farm and live like the whites. He appealed to Brigham Young for help and Young made a trip from Salt Lake City into Cache Valley and drove over the divide between Cache Valley and Malad Valley above Beaver Dam. He scanned the country through a telescope and advised Chief Washakie he shouldn't be where he was settled—that he should be up the river. Brigham drove back to Salt Lake and had a map made, and sent a church emissary to see Chief Washakie to tell him if he would move the village to where the map was marked, the church would help his people. The move was made in 1875.

The church granted the Indian colony land to farm and placed a Mormon bishop in the village which was named Washakie. A lot of church-held land was cultivated by Indians but many Indians owned their own homesteads. Nearly all were actively affiliated with the Mormon Church. For many years a white bishop presided over the Indian wards, but later on Maroni Timbimboo, a full-blooded Indian, was bishop. This was not a reservation, for the only government institution in Washakie was under the leader's jurisdiction, but all these Indians were so law-abiding and self-sustaining that very little supervision was required.

One day Chief Washakie warned the Mormon settlers about Pocatello, an old chief who lived in the valley and hills west of there and who would kill and scalp. Pocatello and his Indian braves sent out a couple of raiding parties but the settlers were never caught unprepared. The last raid Pocatello pulled, the settlers with the help of some of Chief Washakie's young bucks chased Pocatello and his band across the next valley and into the hills and canyons where his hiding places were. That valley, named after the old chief, is called Pocatello Valley. It hasn't anything to do with the city by that name farther north in Idaho, although the valley extends into Idaho. It is about five or six miles wide and twenty or twenty-five miles long, and the Utah line runs across the southern end. Old Pocatello would always run out there to hide when he'd pulled any dirty work.

The fall of 1868, Grandfather Tims started moving again. He had his eye on a nice stream of water which came from under a knoll and formed a good pond before it slowly flowed on, spreading out and forming a large meadow which would furnish many tons of hay. He moved the log house by taking it apart, hauling the logs on the running gears of the wagon, and then rebuilding it at Mountain Springs, a name well known to early-day pioneers since a good many camped there overnight.

The Homestead Act was passed May 10, 1862, but didn't take effect in Utah until after statehood in 1869. John Tims filed on 160 acres of homestead land in 1870 and a patent was granted six years later. He later acquired another 160 acres by planting trees, as provided by the Homestead Act. Grandad planted apples and plums. This second 160 acres was about four miles southeast in the

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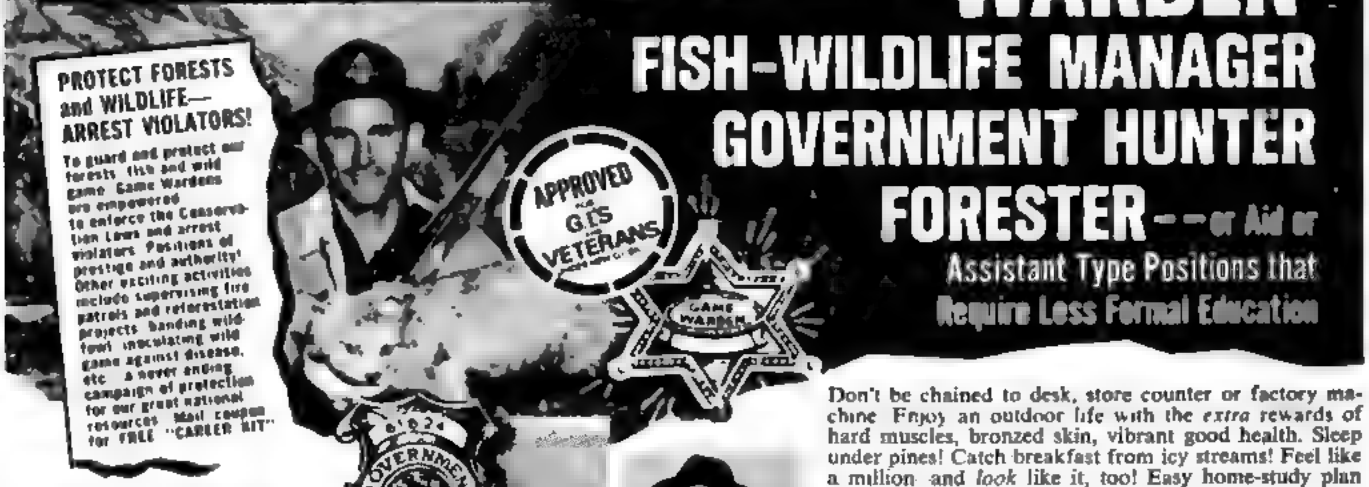

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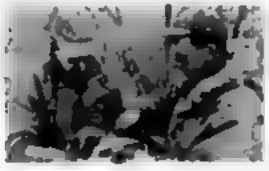

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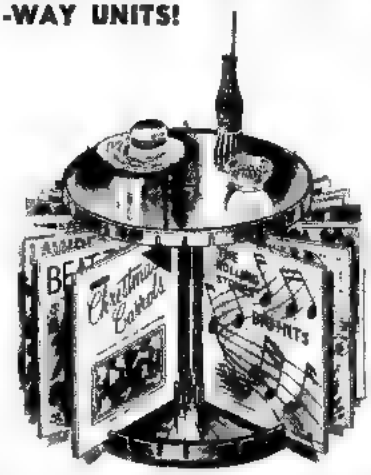

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foothills. There was no water on this homestead so Grandfather hauled water in wooden barrels the four miles with four head of horses abreast. He cleared the 160 acres and raised thirty to forty bushels of dry-land wheat per acre.

Doc Anderson also moved with Grandad Tims and settled on 160 acres, but Anderson's homestead had no springs on it and after a few years of dry farming, he sold his homestead to John W. Hess and moved to Soda Springs, Idaho. Doc Anderson was a well-known pioneer doctor, and his drugstore was famous for many miles around the Soda Springs area and from Utah into Montana. The Tims family and the Anderson family became lifelong friends.

The Allens moved their house just a little way from their first staked plot of ground; Brother Kemp stayed where he first settled; James Spencer moved a couple of miles and settled on ground that had springs and two good ponds, one very deep. He rebuilt the house by the deep pond. Old man Mansfield moved next to Grandad Spencer. He also had ponds and nice springs on his land. Mansfield never farmed any more than forty acres. He became postmaster, the first one for East Portage, Utah Territory.

GRANDFATHER TIMS was feeding stage horses by then. The Holladay Stage Line running from Corinne to Bannock, Virginia City, and on to Helena, Montana stopped at Mountain Springs long enough to change to fresh horses. Since the driving of the golden spike, Corinne had become the supply center and mail terminal for Idaho, Montana and Oregon. Steamboats were hauling freight from Salt Lake City to Corinne cheaper and faster than it could be hauled by ox team or pack train. Corinne was being groomed by some real estate promoters to become the state capital. They put up quite a battle for a few years, but the railroad trestle built across the Great Salt Lake years later put the hopes of Corinne in the drink for good.

Pioneers and their covered wagons started to move north from Salt Lake City about 1871, and by 1873 covered wagons, pack trains, and the freight wagons pulled by ox teams, mules and horses created heavy traffic past Mountain Springs. The demand for hay and grain became a problem. Grandpa Tims' homestead wasn't up to producing enough to take care of the demand. But Grandpa couldn't stand to see all those quarters and fifty-cent pieces passing him by. He and my father cut all the wild hay they could, up to Grandad Spencer's line, and then Grandpa Tims moved his cutting of hay down on the Malad River bottoms.

There he ran into a snag. Very little hay grew on Grandpa's side of the river and on the other side and down a few miles (about six) was the Indian village of Washakie's tribe. Although they were friendly, Grandpa didn't know whether Chief Washakie would feel like smoking the pipe of peace or splitting his skull with a tomahawk. The demand for hay was too great, however, for Grandpa not to take a chance, so he forded the river and stepped off twenty acres, put up markers and then started cutting. He thought if worse came to worst, he would finish cutting the hay and let Chief Washakie have it. Chief Washakie rode up while Grandad was working and visited with him. The Chief never said a word about the hay, so Grandad cut twice as much as he was going to cut in the first place.

After getting the hay dried and ready to haul and stack by the corral up by the house, the load was too heavy and there was too much mud in the lazy flowing Malad River, so Grandad and Dad had to build a makeshift bridge across the river before they could haul. After this ordeal, Grandad had quite a few more tons of hay to sell to pioneers who camped at Mountain Springs during the summer and fall months and to feed his stock during the winter.

He and Father started raising horses in 1871 and trading, as a great many of the horses the pioneers were driving were worn down to nothing but skin and bones. Grandad wasn't much of a horse trader. Dad, though young in years, seemed to hold his own when it came to trading horses. In the horse herd which was accumulating were many fine horses —after they had a chance to rest up and get plenty of good grass. The horses ran the range. Some ran in the western hills, called the Blue Range, and some in the east range, the Wasatch Range.

Dad kept the horses that were in good shape running the Wasatch, as it was only a couple of miles to go round them up when trading horses were needed. Our herd never got large like those of the big horse ranches. Dad tried to keep around 100 head but once in a while the herd would go down fast when the horses running the west hills would work on through and start feeding south towards Blue Creek; then they'd water at Blue Creek instead of the Malad River. When this happened, someone had a trip to make and soon.

A great many wild horse bands were ranging from Promontory Point on west and north into the Blue Creek Range, and when one of those wild stallions drove off the mares you had one nasty time finding them. It took a regular horse wrangler who knew what he was doing to get the mares back. Then sometimes the Indians helped themselves. Once in a while rustlers would round up the rest of the herd and drive them off. But Dad was fortunate, very few horses were a total loss, though he always thought that he and Grandpa furnished old Pocatello and some of his band with some of their mounts.

MANY OF THE pioneers who camped overnight at Grandpa's Mountain Springs became famous men in the building of the West and many others were desperadoes. But one I think nearly everyone born a few years back has heard of, or come in contact with, was Billie Sunday, born William Ashley (1832 to 1935).

My father, Thomas Marshall Tims, and Sarah Spencer were married December 25, 1875. Dad had built a two-room log house about a quarter of a

mile west of the road. Before he married Sarah, he had settled on this 160 acres of ground next to Grandpa Tims on the north. He eventually applied for a homestead entry on November 23, 1881 on a quarter section and a patent was issued July 3, 1890. Father lost his first wife one hour after Sarah Charlotte Tims was born on September 8, 1883. He married again on June 27, 1890 and had four children by Sarah Jane Howell Tims. She died in childbirth shortly after LeRoy was born in 1899.

It was along about this time or a little before, that Billie Sunday started stopping at Father's. Grandad Tims' "gallus fetin" was turning the air blue and every time Billy Sunday showed up, Grandad and Billie would get into some very heated debates, Grandad being converted to the LDS (Mormon religion).

I have heard it said many times, a person converted to a religion has a great deal more faith and is more sincere than a person born in the faith. A few of my friends, along with myself, are what they call "Jack Mormons." Billie Sunday, an evangelist, and Grandad would burn the wicks on quite a few morning hours with their debates. Grandma Tims said that every time Billie Sunday pulled into Dad's place, Grandad would say, "There's the gallus fetin billy-goat." Dad and Billie were more interested in talking about horses.

Billie Sunday, Dad said, might be a good preacher, but he was one of the worst horse starvers he knew of. Billie always left Dad's place with a team of good horses and returned about three or four times a year with horses very weak and thin and not the horses Dad had traded him. I don't know just when Billie Sunday stopped traveling that part of Utah; I don't remember ever seeing him. I was away from the age of a little over two, as my Father died when I was two. I was brought back to live with my oldest half-brother a little before I was six and the first I remember hearing of Billie Sunday was when he was holding some revival meetings some place back East. My half-brother and Grandma Tims passed all the early-day happenings on to me. I guess they didn't have much choice, as I was always underfoot asking questions. When I saw an article in a San Francisco paper about Billie Sunday I was interested to read about him and what he was doing as I'd heard so many stories about him from my family.

Grandad Spencer and the Allens always maintained that one of their neighbors was a mean one and a bad one to turn your back on. They claimed he had wagons and horses that he said he had bought, but they noticed different things that would pop up every once in a while and they noticed where the ground had been disturbed by the pond down in the center of the field. Grandad Spencer once told of a man who stopped at this neighbor's house one night with a good team of horses, a good wagon with a wagon cover tied over something that was holding the cover up in places. Grandad kept an eye on the outfit. The wagon stayed in the yard and the horses stayed in the pasture. After three days, Grandad Spencer walked over to the neighbor's place and asked him where the man was. He said the stranger wanted to travel faster and had traded him the outfit for a saddle horse and gone on his way. Grandad Spencer said "Ut, the man lied, I seen the bloody ground by the middle pond."

Grandad Spencer himself was no Sunday School teacher. In Uncle Bob Nish's ledger, Grandad Spencer had two children by his first wife—my father's first wife and her brother, Louis (Loui). Uncle Bob was hired by Grandad to help him and Loui to put up the first crop of lucerne hay. Uncle Bob and Loui slept in the lean-to and at 3:30 a.m. Grandad would come in and raise the quilt at the foot of the bed and up through the bed came a quart of cold water from one of those old tin quart cups that all the farmers had in those days. It didn't take long for those two to scramble out of that bed.

Grandad said, "Ut, ye'll not start work at noon, Loui, ye'll milk the cows. Bobby, ye'll get on the pony and ye'll fetch the two black mares, the buckskin, the two roans, and that spotted horse. Ut, make haste, give a feed bag with three quarts o' barley in the long manger, pitch in hay, put the trappin's on, then ye'll get the porridge."

Uncle Bob said that he and Loui had a glass of milk, a slice of bread and half enough porridge. They were out in the field at 6 a.m., worked until 11:30 and then went in and grained and forked some hay to the horses. Loui and Uncle Bob washed and went into the house. Grandad was already sitting at the table. Grandma Spencer had a large fried chicken, a large dish of fried potatoes, a milk pan full of rice pudding and bread and butter. Grandad reached over and grabbed the pan of chicken, taking both thighs and the breast. Uncle Bob and Loui pulled their chairs up to the table as Grandad set down the pan of chicken.

Grandad then picked up the pan of rice, and holding it firmly passed the pan around with a sweep of his arm and asked, "Anybody want pudding?"

No one wanted to start the meal with pudding so Grandad set the pan of pudding on the floor and said, "Ut, I'll eat it myself."

So Uncle Bob, Loui and Grandma Spencer finished their meal by having half the pan of fried potatoes, the back of the chicken and two legs, a tin cup of milk, a piece of bread and some butter. After the two of them had worked from 6 a.m to 11:30 and had tended the horses, it was afternoon when they got through work for lunch. Uncle Bob worked four days and when he went home Saturday night, he never went back. Uncle Bob Nish never received his pay until fall. His wages were seventy-five cents a day and his board. He received twelve bushels of wheat.

Grandad Spencer, I remember at six and seven years old, built his own coffin

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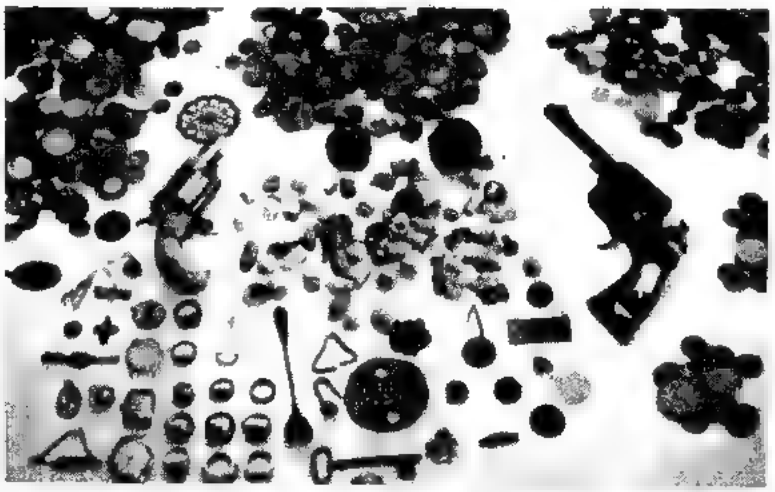

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and had it hanging from wires from the top of the buggy shed. The chickens would rather fly up and roost on that coffin than in the chicken coop. Every time I went to Grandad Spencer's, I had to see if the coffin was still there. Grandad was getting old now and was living with his seventh wife. He had them one at a time, but he'd work one down so weak she would perish from hunger and hard work.

Grandad Spencer would get out his glad rags from the old trunk, put them on, after their being folded who knows how long, and put the big watchchain across his old vest. Another chain two or three inches long with some kind of stone encased in a pronged clasp was fastened to the watchchain and to finish out his wardrobe, he'd put on his dirty old boots, scuffed up, then his sloppy old hat, and grab a big carpetbag. Off he'd head to London, England for a new wife.

He did this after the death of each wife except the seventh. She had been a widow who lived across the valley a few miles. One day Grandad caught wife number seven down in the outside cellar which had a rounded dirt roof. All the pioneer farmers had a cellar for food storage. She was after a jar of fruit. Grandad hobbled down the steps and started shoving the old lady up against the cellar door. Well, she happened to have a handful of matches she'd carried in order to see to get the fruit, so she struck all the matches and shoved the flame in Grandad's beard and face and down inside his vest. Grandad Spencer never beat his wife any more—she almost burned the poor old man alive! He didn't live long after the match incident.

AT THE AGE of nine, I worked a little for Uncle Bob Nish, pulling sagebrush and burning it. Uncle Bob had me riding along with my heart pounding, eyes like saucers and my mouth partly hanging open listening to him telling about the stage robbery that happened above Malad City, Idaho along in the 1870s. Uncle Bob's report was that the stage was robbed of $35,000 in gold. The Holladay Stage Line was carrying express to Corinne, Utah from the gold fields in Montana. The three men the posse was chasing were caught three or four miles below Plymouth, Utah. They didn't have any of the gold on them or in their saddlebags and not one of the robbers would tell the posse what they had done with the gold. So the posse hung the three robbers to a pole. When they were cut down, their backs bore cuts and welts from some strong arm, a man strong enough to swing the whip quite a few times.

Uncle Bob Nish figured the only place the robbers could have had a chance to hide the gold was about three-quarters of a mile before they reached Plymouth. They would have been out of sight of the posse and along the road where gullies led from the foothills. One morning before going to our sagebrush-pulling job, Uncle Bob put in two shovels and a pick. We headed up an old road, as the road at this time was quite a little lower than the old road was in the '70s. Uncle Bob showed me where to dig and while I was digging, Uncle Bob was searching for a likely place he'd noticed when he was after the oxen that had been hobbled and turned loose to feed at night. (He was driving ox teams, hauling freight to Montana at that time.) He found a place he thought might be it, so I dug most of the morning. When Uncle Bob noticed the time and we hadn't run across anything that even looked like a penny, let alone a gold piece, I was sure one disappointed treasure hunter riding on over to the sagebrush pulling headache.

One day several Indian bucks came came over from Washakie, about two miles as the crow flies from the old log house my father had built and which was then owned by my half-brother, Jack. They were staggering around and falling from too much firewater and beer. Jack had been down the line about fourteen miles to the mill at Garland to pick up a few sacks of flour. The fall before he'd taken enough wheat to the grist mill to have a year's supply. When he returned, he had two barrels of beer, a five-gallon earthen jug of whiskey, a gallon jug of peach brandy and a gallon of blackberry brandy. The next morning Jack's wife, Ann, went out to the stable and harnessed a team of horses, hooked them to a buggy and headed for town. No sooner had she got out of sight than the Indians started showing up. I had the job of pulling the bottles with their straw casing out of the barrels. After Jack got to feeling his oats, I could mooch him for a little drink of beer. Later on that day I got a bottle all my own and I sure nursed that along. Pretty soon all the parties there were having a great time. I've always heard when an Indian got full of firewater, the savage in him would always pop up, and even if the paleface lived he'd be looking for a new hairpiece. But the Washakie Indians in those days never got mean. All I saw after they got enough so that they couldn't stand up was them lying around in the tall bunch-grass.

All these things I often remember—and more.

I Witnessed the OK Corral Fight

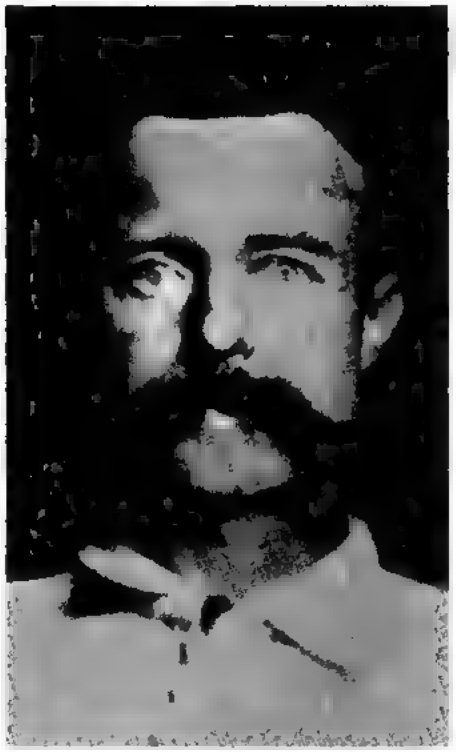
(Continued from page 19)

have arrested so many outlaws and caused them to pay fines that the outlaws have confined their activities outside the town, and come in only to spend their ill gotten gains. It's a wonder many of them have any sense at all after being struck over the head so many times by the Earps, who would rather strike a man over the head with a revolver than to shoot him. Tom McLaury wore a bandaged head into the fight.

"John Ringo is another victim, Ike Clanton, several times, Frank McLaury with his brother Tom, and dozens more. Each time one is struck or arrested adds to their hatred and to the insurrection which led to the fight.

November 10, 1881.

"As can be noted, I am far far behind in my writing, but with winter almost here I shall endeavor to catch up.



Courtesy University of Arizona Library

Buckskin Frank Leslie. The diary claims that Leslie was murdered by Doc Holliday, with a witness to the bloody deed.

"Half the citizens of this town and the sheriff's office favor the lawless element, John Clum, the editor of the *Epitaph*, is for law and order and he rips the sheriff's office and the citizens who favor the lawless, he recently headed an article with, 'There is altogether too much good feeling between the sheriff's office and the outlaws infesting this county.'

"Doc Holliday, a shady character from life's darker side, came here with Wyatt Earp, Doc a killer of note, I saw him shoot a man to death in Santa Fe, NM, then escape from jail. I next saw him here. Is an unpaid special officer of the law which allows him to tote a gun at all times, where the outlaws are forced to deposit theirs in specially designated places or pay a stiff fine. This has caused hell raising from the outlaws, they claim Doc is as bad as they are or worse, nevertheless he still retains the right to go armed. He is a little consumptive man, who dresses immaculately at all times, considers himself above other men, looks down on them as underlings.

"Doc recently ran a crooked real estate man out of town for taking advantage of a lady named Addie Borland. The only pity ever displayed by him is for women and children. The postmaster told me that Doc wrote and received one letter per month from a lady. Which is entirely his concern.

"The Earps and Doc were arrested and their hearing has been in progress for some time, I expect to be called at any time to testify.

November 20, 1881

"I still have not been called to testify, and it looks as though I won't be called. They are trying to prove that Tom McLaury was not armed, I will testify that

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he was and that Behan took his revolver and put it in his pocket.

December 8, 1881

"The trial is over and I was not called to testify nor was Doc Holliday.

"I have informed paper men, 'I was not called to testify. If I wasn't fit to testify I am not fit to make a public statement.' I shall write my version of this fight, it will remain in seclusion with access to no one, until I see fit to write it in a book.

December 10, 1881

"This is my construction of the fight, it concurs with no newspaper account I have read nor with any other witness I have discussed it with.

"About 1:30 PM on October 26th, 1881 I was busy in the stable when I saw Ike and Billy Clanton, Tom and Frank McLaury, later joined by Billy Claiborne, who wanted to be known as "Billy The Kid" but didn't live long enough to accomplish this. They all stopped near the entrance and talked, several times drunk from a bottle.

"I sincerely believe that if John Behan had not came and talked to them at least two of them would have left, as was their original intention. He delayed them several minutes by his talk, which I heard nothing of.

"I also believe, and I have discussed this with Wyatt, that he unwittingly caused this fight by not having his pistol in a holster instead of in his pocket, all of these men knew how swiftly Wyatt could bring a gun into action from a holster, and I doubt that any of them would have tried him.

"Behan walked out after his talk, then came back and I heard him say, 'you men had better scatter, the Earps and Doc are on their way here.'

"The outlaws spread out and waited, Frank inside nearer the stable, Billy and Ike Clanton, Billy Claiborne, last and next to the street Tom McLaury.

"Wyatt came in first wearing a long coat with no visible weapon. Next brother Virgil, Morgan, last Doc. They stopped in front of the outlaws. One of the lawmen said, 'you men are under arrest, hand over your guns.' I believe they fully intended to submit to arrest, they slowly drew their guns, they knew a fast move might invite disaster. Here they stood four outlaws with guns in their hands, against four lawmen. I refer to Doc as a lawman, although I don't think he fit. All lawmen [were] empty handed except Doc who held a shot-gun. Tom McLaury at this time was not armed.

"As Frank surveyed the situation, noting that Wyatt had no gun within easy reach, on the spur of the moment decided to fight it out. He raised his gun and fired, I know Frank to be a good shot, but facing a man such as Wyatt unnerved him to the extent that he missed at ten feet. Before Frank could get off another shot, Wyatt unable to clear his weapon, fired through his coat, he didn't want Frank to fire again. Frank dropped his gun, grabbed his stomach with both hands and fell headlong almost at Wyatt's feet. I saw later he had been hit about centerway of his stomach.

"Then Billy Clanton fired and missed, Wyatt told me later when Billy fired he felt the bullet pass his ear. It was that close. By now Wyatt had his gun clear, he raised it at arm's length taking good aim, he wanted Billy Clanton. When he fired I saw Billy stagger but he didn't fall, he kept trying to make the street. I saw later Wyatt's bullet had struck him beneath his right arm.

"I saw Ike Clanton run out behind Doc, who tried to bring his shot-gun into play, it became fouled in his coat, causing Ike to put on a burst of speed that a stag hound would have envied. Doc said later, 'If I hadn't fouled that shot-gun, I'd have killed that dirty bastard.'

"I saw Billy Clairborne run out; as he passed Tom McLaury he handed him his revolver. About this time Tom fell to a sitting position, and remained so until he

A funeral procession in Tombstone around 1882.

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fired at Doc, who flinched and brought his gun into play against Tom; he fired twice, both shots striking Tom about the same place. It sickened me when I looked at Tom, his stomach was layed open with protruding intestines.

"Doc threw his shotgun down; pulling his revolver he fired almost point blank at Billy Clanton, who, when struck by Doc's bullet, dropped his revolver and fell to the street. Poor Mr. Fly, the photographer excited beyond words ran and picked up fallen Billy's gun. Doc yelled at him to drop it or he'd put a bullet in him.

"The fight was over in seconds, three men had been blasted to hell, three men dead or dying. A taxi picked up the two wounded Earps and carried them home, neither being badly wounded.

"Doc and Wyatt loaded and reloaded immediately to be ready for any friend of the outlaws who might decide to take up the fight; none did, the sight of three dead or dying men in the street had the desired effect, causing them to turn and walk away.

"Behan ran in and feebly advised Doc and Wyatt they were under arrest. They completely ignored him.

"The court decided in favor of the lawmen, they were perfectly within their rights as lawmen.

December 30, 1881

"People wondered when the next killing would come; yesterday evening at about 11 PM it came, Virgil Earp being wounded as he crossed 6th and Allen streets. Virgil was not killed but wounded, his arm was shattered and he received a body wound, the body wound is not of a real serious nature but he'll never have the use of his arm again.

March 21, 1882

"Yesterday Wyatt and his brother Morgan were playing pool in Hatch and Campbell's pool parlor, shots were fired from the darkness through the back windows striking Morgan wounding him mortally, he died a few minutes later. Wyatt ran into the alleyway and located a sot sleeping off a jag in a dry goods box. Brought inside and after a couple of drinks, he named three men he saw running from the scene.

March 23, 1882

"Wyatt and Doc Holliday loaded Morgan's body and his wounded brother on a train for Calif. The two accompanied the train to Tucson. Arriving after dark, Doc went into the depot to check for skulkers. Wyatt stood outside the train holding a shotgun; he saw the figure of Ike Clanton dart across the track, he would have shot Ike but taken by surprise he lacked time. Then Frank Stilwell darted across in the light of the headlamp. Wyatt shot him and he fell inside the two rails, Wyatt shot him again to make sure he would never shoot another person in the back. I got this story from Doc when they returned to Tombstone. Doc said he would gladly have killed Stilwell had the opportunity arose in his favor.

"Behan immediately swore out warrants for Wyatt and Doc for killing his friend. Wyatt and Doc were in the desert searching for Curley Bill and Pete Spence, and Behan followed at a safe distance. Behan's posse consisted of several known outlaws, and ranchers refused to feed them and take care of their horses.

"When their efforts had been exhausted they returned to Tombstone, and in the presence of Behan and several outlaws made preparations to leave. I fetched their horses to the hotel. They mounted, wishing me luck and I did the same to them; they rode slowly down the street after being joined by two other heavily armed men. No one attempted to stop them, they ignored the warrants for them.

March 14, 1882

"A Mexican boy came into the stable and told me of Wyatt killing Indian Charley and Curley Bill. He lived near Indian springs, which has several different names. Wyatt had befriended this boy's family so to return a favor when he saw Wyatt and his bunch approaching the spring he told Wyatt of Curley Bill being there with several others.

"Wyatt and Doc dismounted and walked in on foot; fearful that too many would alert the outlaws he bid them remain behind. Hidden by the sand ridges they came to within about ten yards. Some of

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the outlaws were asleep; some were playing cards on a blanket. Bill was sitting down Indian fashion when Wyatt called to him. Bill grabbed his rifle, Wyatt shot him before he could get to his feet, once in the head and again in the body. Doc fired at the others with a revolver and they scattered.

"They mounted and rode off leaving Bill for the varmints. The Mexican boy said he didn't see Wyatt kill Indian Charley but his folks helped with Charley's burial. Charley's people said Wyatt killed him. The slate was clean except Pete Spence who left in a hurry and was killed by a deputy sheriff. Morgan had been avenged.

"I talked with one of Bill's riders who said Wyatt killed Bill; they returned and buried him that same evening.

May 1, 1882

"Buckskin Frank Leslie killed Billy Claiborne, the OK Corral coward who wanted to be known as Billy The Kid but failed to live that long. Then Frank killed a man over the man's wife, in both cases he was not held. But when he wounded another man and killed the man's lady friend he went to prison for life.

"Buckskin Frank Leslie was not an outlaw but a killer who the outlaws shunned, and Frank wisely stayed away from the Earps and Doc.

"Buckskin Frank was accused of killing John Ringo, which he denied and was not held. I know who killed Ringo and because I considered it good riddance I told no one, I had been told in strictest confidence.

"Coyote Smith, a man who had killed at least one hundred men, counting Indians, and the strangest character of the frontier, one day told me, as I was the only friend he claimed, that he hated Ringo and wanted to kill him. He saw Buckskin Frank and Ringo dismount near his home, sit in the shade of a tree and drink from a bottle. With rifle in hand he watched until Ringo removed his boots, and layed back against the tree to sleep. Buckskin Frank rode off leaving Ringo alone. He crept close but before he had the chance to shoot, Doc Holliday rode up, stopped, looked around, shot Ringo twice and rode off. He said he had nothing against Doc or he'd have killed him for spoiling his chance to get even with Ringo.

"After Doc left he went to Ringo; he'd been shot twice in the head, and he left him as he was, sorry that he hadn't done the job himself."

[Author's note: Coyote Smith was later tried for murder and acquitted. He left Tombstone for good and died in St. Jo, Missouri in 1915.]

Queen of the Jingle-Bob

(Continued from page 16)

only to further her education but to furnish her the companionship so lacking at the ranch.

By 1874 young William Robert (pronounced with a long o), born in Preetz, Holstein, Germany, well-educated, and not long in this country, had become associated with A. Nelson, a mercantile firm in Anton Chico. Eventually Miss Sallie and Robert met, fell in love, and after about two years were married, probably in 1880. They located at South Spring, where Robert had become bookkeeper and officer in the Jingle-bob Land and Livestock Company. In the years which followed, the young couple had two sons, John and Fred.

During Miss Sallie's absence from South Spring the spacious new ranchhouse promised by her Uncle John had been nearing completion some 400 yards south of the old Square House. It was called the Long House because it was built with four rooms in a row on each side of an open porch. An *acequia* (ditch) from South Spring River which furnished fresh water and, it is said, fish, ran under the porch. Long verandas, across both front and back, provided shade any hour of the day. Eventually there were tall cottonwoods around the house and grass and rosebushes in the yard. The house had a wooden roof, glass windows, hardwood floors and carpets, rarities for that time. Expensive furnishings were hauled from the railroad 200 miles away in a covered wagon drawn by a six-yoke team of oxen.

For his cowboys, Chisum built a special room at the back for dances, saying he did not intend to have his new Axminsters "all beat up by their hoofs." The Chisum hospitality was well known. All were welcome, and according to the tradition of the West no questions were ever asked, never a penny was received for lodging, and no one ever left hungry.

Miss Sallie often acted as her uncle's hostess because he was a bachelor. She had endeared herself to his cowboys ever since they had recognized her pluck at their first meeting at Horsehead Crossing on her journey to the ranch. It was inevitable that she become known as "Queen of the Jingle-bob."

HER TITLE was threatened once by the Widow McSween, a beautiful and educated lady whose husband, Alexander McSween, had lost his life in the Lincoln County War. He had done some work as an attorney for Chisum, so after his death Chisum decided to remunerate his widow with 200 of his choicest heifers. Miss Sallie never forgot the care with which her uncle selected the heifers to be sure that there was not an off-color or scrub in the bunch. It took five days to drive them to Lincoln, or a place nearby, where he planned to deliver them to Mrs. McSween.

When Chisum was about to arrive at his destination he put on his best clothes, his shop-made boots, and his Stetson hat, and prepared to meet her. Riding along together, he was giving her the benefit of his knowledge regarding the raising of cattle when she asked his permission to use the Jingle-bob earmark on the increase. Musing for some seconds, he agreed to her request with the provision that sometime in the future they would merge their herds—which was supposed to be his subtle way of proposing marriage to her. She never had an opportunity to answer as just at that instant a Jingle-bob cowpuncher rode up on a horse covered with sweat to tell Chisum he was on the trail of some stolen cattle. At this news, Chisum whirled his horse abruptly and took off with the cowboy on the trail toward the Mescalero reservation. Apparently he and Mrs. McSween never saw each other again.

Chisum's dealings had prospered in spite of marauding Indians and cattle-rustling neighbors. His brands, the Long Rail or the "U" on the shoulder, and finally the unique Jingle-bob marking (one part of the ear slit so it would fall down and bob, making it practically impossible to alter), were carried by an estimated 80,000 head of cattle. Chisum became known as the "Cattle Baron." His outfit trailed cattle from the Pecos range to Fort Sumner, to the Mescalero Indian reservation in New Mexico, to the Apache at San Carlos, Arizona, and to the railhead at Fort Dodge, Kansas. A far cry from the young boy who had picked cotton for a living in his early years in Tennessee.

While Chisum's interests lay in extending his vast cattle ranges and increasing his herds, the coming of his brother James marked the beginning of agricultural development in the Pecos Valley. Cornfields transformed the saltgrass in the irrigable meadows along Spring River. Cottonwoods were set out along ditchbanks. What was to become "Chisum's big orchard" came into bearing in a few years. The Chisum Apple became famous.

WITH THE PASSING of the years, Chisum's empire of a one-hundred-mile square of grasslands began to crumble due to encroachment of nesters, menacing Indians, and the failure of the government to renew his contracts. His cattle interests were badly neglected during the Lincoln County trouble into which he had been drawn through no fault of his own. Cattle rustlers made the most of their opportunity to increase their herds with the Jingle-bob mavericks. In addition, Chisum's health began failing, and after a lingering illness he passed away in 1884.

In the years following his death, the Jingle-bob Land and Livestock Company was dissolved and the estate disposed of. It developed that there were many creditors, so although the bulk of Chisum's estate was left to his niece, Sallie, actually little was left after settlements due to litigation were made.

Of necessity Miss Sallie and her husband were forced to seek a new life and a new home. Her thoughts turned to Chisum Spring, which she had been able to salvage. This spring had been spotted by John Chisum on his drives up the Pecos, and he often used it as a watering and resting place. It had been used by other outfits and the "Chisum people" had acquired the holdings in the late 1880s, causing it to be known as Chisum Spring Camp. The spring, a natural outcropping of the underlying artesian flow, was located on Eagle Draw, about forty miles south of South Spring. There Miss Sallie settled with her two small boys and her father in 1889. She started putting up good improvements, and in 1890

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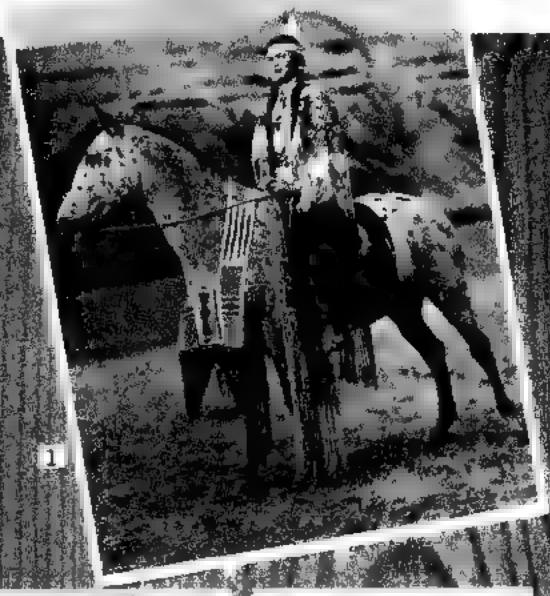
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she filed her claim—Number 100—for a homestead adjacent to Eagle Draw. The watercress-filled spring, frequented as a drinking place for large coveys of quail and game, continued to flow, and the willow trees stood around it for many years. Later, as artesian wells were drilled to promote agriculture in the area, the water level receded until not a trace of the spring remained.

ROBERT may have accompanied Miss Sallie when she moved to Chisum Spring. If so, he remained only a short time. Just how great a part "incompatability of temperaments" played is uncertain, but there was soon a definite separation, followed by divorce. Robert located in Kansas where he sucessfully established himself in business. He later returned across the seas and made his home in Italy. Although estranged from his family, Robert maintained his concern for his sons. With local schools unavailable, he sent them to Germany to be educated, according to information given to this writer by William L. Robert, a grandson.

James Chisum was soon engaged in raising goats, but this operation was never enthusiastically supported by Mrs. Robert, who retained her loyalty to cattle. However, they continued to make their home together until his death in 1908. He was buried in the local cemetery.

Mrs. Robert's Chisum pluck and determination led her into many and varied activities. She continued to raise cattle and it is said she used the Jingle-bob marking, which truly made her Queen of the Jingle-bob. Her home, situated at the crossroads of the Carlsbad-Roswell stage route and the mail route via Seven Rivers, Hope and Tularosa, became a semi-hotel where "lunch and other refreshments in equipment and horsepower" [*sic*] were available. Once, sixty homesteaders spent the night on her grounds preparatory to staking out their claims the next day.

With the coming in 1894 of the Pecos Valley Railway (later part of the Santa Fe system) a stop close to the Robert ranch was called Miller. The name was taken from that of Jeff N. Miller who was engineer in charge of construction. An impromptu ceremony naming it took place one day after the track had been laid to this halfway point between Carlsbad and Roswell. Miller and his wife rode the worktrain up from Carlsbad where a stage from Roswell met them. Following a suggestion that the spot be christened, a bottle was found and filled with water from the Robert spring, whereupon Mrs. Miller, standing on the axle of the stage with bottle in hand, performed the act. Because a siding used for loading cattle and picking up wood and water was built there it was often referred to as Miller Siding or Miller Switch.

During that same year a cloudburst caused Old Eagle to "come down," an event which took place frequently in times of torrential rains. When the wall of water reached Mrs. Robert's home, the adobe walls disintegrated rapidly and the house and its contents were washed away in a few moments. Undaunted, Mrs. Roberts immediately sent to Carlsbad for materials to replace her home. She rebuilt on the same spot, but this time the house was made of lumber.

SOON AFTER the completion of the railroad north to Amarillo, Texas, in the latter part of the 1890s, there was a short-lived boom and with it came a promoter by the name of Stegman, whom Mrs. Robert married. On May 19, 1899, a warmly welcomed post office was opened in one of the buildings with Mrs. Sallie L. Stegman as postmaster. The first day, sales amounted to fifty stamps. Previous to the establishment of this post office, mail service had necessitated a trip to Seven Rivers, twenty miles south, or to Hope, twenty miles west. The post office was called Stegman until 1905 when that name and that of the railroad stop, Miller, were dropped and the name Artesia adopted for both, as it was considered more appropriate because of the newly developing artesian field which was to play such an important part in the growth of the Pecos Valley.

In the fall of 1890 Sallie Robert had put down a well 124 feet deep to supply water for domestic use. Because the well flowed naturally, John Richey, a Kansan who had taken up a desert claim in 1896 about six miles north of Mrs. Robert, visualized the possibility of future artesian development. He organized a company to drill a deep well. It was drilled in 1901 on a Dr. Breman's land, and flowing water was found at 972 feet. It became apparent that the artesian supply was sufficient to irrigate and on a large scale for agricultural purposes. Many wells were drilled and the little village grew rapidly. Two townsite companies jointly put down a well on Robert property and brought in a gusher which assured the necessary water for the increasing population in the village.

Mrs. Robert, as she was again known after a separation from her second husband, kept a diary for many years. It is filled with simple, homely acts of her everyday life—friends and neighbors visited or visiting, shopping, church meetings, and a poignant reference to the death of her beloved father, James.

Many are the stories of her kindness to those in need. One concerned Mrs. Joe Clayton, a member of a pioneer Artesia family and a neighbor of Mrs. Robert. She and her husband lived in a tiny one-room cabin with only a dirt floor. With a kindred feeling for the motherless young woman, Mrs. Robert befriended her in many ways. When the first baby came, Mrs. Robert moved into the Clayton home to care for the mother and babe. "She was one of the kindest people I have ever known," Mrs. Clayton said, and added, "She had an open heart and an open door for any who came her way."

Recalling his life in the Robert home, Frank Hitchcock, whom Mrs. Robert reared, expressed his feelings toward her by pronouncing, "She was an angel."

If the occasion demanded she could be stern and unyielding. One time a tramp came by, seeking shelter. Mrs. Robert told him he could stay if he would clean

her henhouse. The next morning after breakfast he said he guessed he would be on his way. Quickly Mrs. Robert reached behind a door and produced a rifle, saying, "Over there is a shovel, now go and clean that henhouse." There was no further argument.

She could ride like a man. Mr. Gilbert, in whose home she stayed that night on her way to South Spring, and whose family had become her close friends, used to like to tell of her bravery. He recalled that she would get her rifle and ride along with the men when they went to chase Indians who had been stealing their cattle and horses. If shorthanded at branding time, Mrs. Robert could make a hand herself and rope and brand the calves.

Contemporary to Miss Sallie, Billy the Kid had arrived in southeastern New Mexico during the year 1877. His many escapades brought him notoriety but not glory. Because John Chisum's hospitality extended to all, the Kid stayed at South Spring a number of times. Although he sided with Chisum in the Lincoln County War, it was not true that he ever was in Chisum's employ, as sometimes was asserted.

Like every one of Chisum's cowboys who claimed Miss Sallie as his sweetheart, so did the Kid, who was attracted to her not only because of her beauty but also because of her bravery.

On July 4, 1878, the Kid had taken refuge at the ranch and the Murphy (or Seven Rivers) gang had trailed him there. Bullets flew as his pursuers attempted to shoot it out. Miss Sallie was laundering her best linens at the time, and the Kid called out a warning: "Look out, Miss Sallie, get to cover!" Plang! A bullet whizzed past her head and put a hole through her wash-pot. When relating the incident, Mrs. Robert expressed sympathy for this young man who could be so well-mannered but was so misguided.

Mrs. Robert lived to see a prosperous town develop to include her ranch headquarters and additional land she had purchased. She sold her property, which was to be divided into town lots, for $125 an acre. Thus she received a gratifying return as a reward for her early labors and close application to her interests.

Having disposed of her property by 1919, Mrs. Robert went to California. After a year or so she returned to New Mexico to make her home in Roswell, the little city which had grown up a few miles north of South Spring. She opened the Sparks Hotel and operated it for a time. In the Pioneer Parade during the Cotton Carnival in October 1924, Mrs. Robert rode on a pony side-saddle, with her little grandson behind her and a large doll in her arms to represent a baby, to show how pioneer women traveled. She wore the typical sunbonnet and dress of pioneer days. A banner which she carried bore the date "1877," the year of her arrival in New Mexico.

Mrs. Robert died in 1934. She was buried in South Park Cemetery. The Queen of the Jingle-bob will always be remembered for her successful ranch and business dealings. But this many-faceted woman was appreciated by those who knew her best for her acts as a warmhearted neighbor and as an ever ready source of comfort in time of trouble.

The Lost Wilson Mine

(Continued from page 21)

vinced the rest of the party that they should look for this stream in the unknown and unexplored region over the mountain range northeast of old Fort Boise. Here Mr. Splawn's literary talent is given full rein. He describes an encounter with a band of hostile Indians. He mentions their Chief wore a tall silk hat, no doubt taken from some hapless emigrant. However, after putting on a show of bravado, the party was allowed to proceed. They reached a basin surrounded by tall mountains. In a large stream placer gold was found in quantity and grew richer as they prospected upstream toward the headwaters. The third day Grimes was ambushed by the Indians and killed by a blast of gunfire. After burying Grimes in a prospect hole and naming the stream Grimes Creek, the party left for Walla Walla to obtain equipment, supplies, and reinforcements.

THERE IS CONSIDERABLE speculation as to whether Grimes was killed by Indians or in a dispute over a claim

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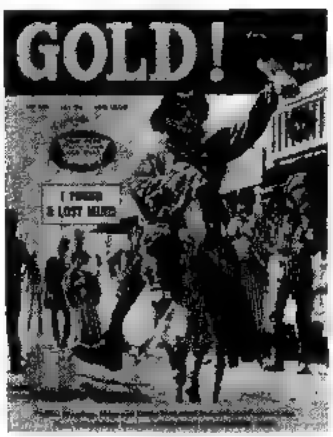

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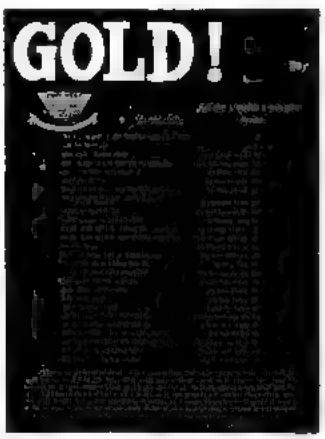

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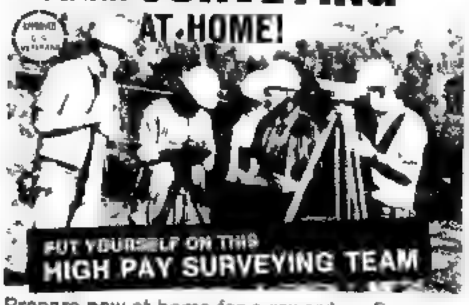

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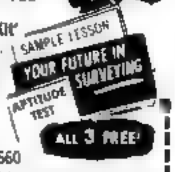

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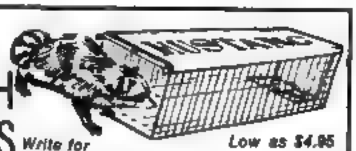

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with some member of his own party. In any event the reinforced party from Walla Walla arrived back in the basin October 10, 1862. Feverish activity in placer mining all of the streams in the Boise Basin followed. The mining camps of Centerville, Hogum (later renamed Pioneerville), Placerville, Granite, Bannock City (renamed Idaho City), became the centers of activity. One estimate of gold taken from the basin between 1862 and 1869 was $900 million. However a more reasonable estimate is approximately $300 million. We were told by an old pioneer that many of the claims paid their owners five to six hundred dollars an average working day. Others that yielded less than fifty dollars were abandoned for better ground. In this search for more productive sites, the remains of George Grimes were uncovered and reburied three times, finally being interred above Pioneerville near the summit of Grimes Pass.

When we came upon the scene in 1953, the mining camps of the basin were little more than ghost towns. Placerville had a population of about fifteen permanent residents plus a couple of dozen families like ourselves who had purchased the old homes which were still standing. A club had been formed and named the Boise Basin Boosters Society for the purpose of getting everyone acquainted as well as the prime objective of protecting and preserving old historical landmarks. One of the first tasks was to improve and beautify the old pioneer cemetery and to replace many of the faded and missing markers.

At one of these early meetings, the chairman asked for assistance in identifying the names of those buried in certain plots in which the markers had disappeared or had become faded and illegible on the dim and rotten wooden slabs. These were to be replaced with bronze plaques set in concrete.

My curiosity had been whetted considerably by one grave which was bordered by four pine trees. The old wooden marker had fallen over and after much study it was determined the inscription read: "The Fiddlers Murdered on Ophir Creek." I raised the question if this marker was to be replaced and if so why the names of the victims could not be included on the new marker. This question was followed by a dead silence after which the chairman remarked, "Since no one seems to know the answer we will have to pass on to other business—but yes, the wooden marker will be replaced."

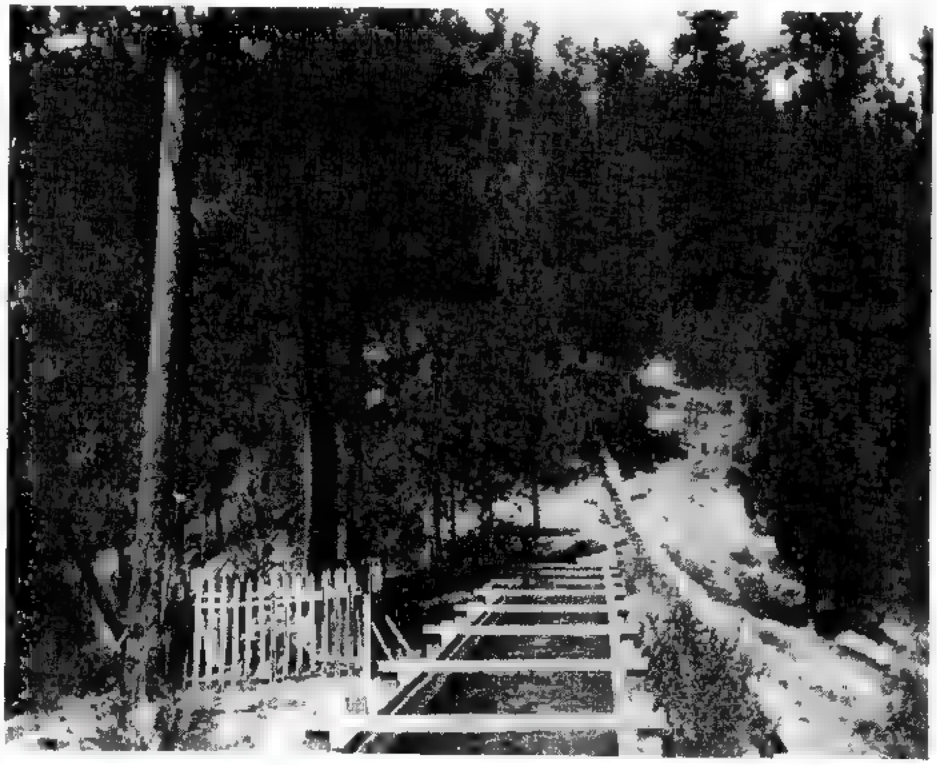
As the years passed, my friendship deepened with many of the elderly citizens of the Basin whose parents were among the first settlers in the mining camps. I should like to mention many of their names since without exception they merit tremendous admiration and respect. For the purpose, however, of quickly getting to the story of our lost bonanza we will mention only one, Mrs. Edna Gallup.

Mrs. Gallup lived in a fine old house located a few doors from ours on Granite Street. When we first became acquainted she was in her eighties, yet her mind and wit were as sharp as a twenty-year-old's. She was very active, living the year around in Placerville and even cutting her own firewood and baking her own bread. She and her husband George, who had passed on some years back, had operated the Mountain Chief Gold Mine, an extensive hardrock operation which had closed down prior to World War II.

My wife and I developed a deep affection for Edna Gallup, and it was our

The grave of George Grimes located in the pass named after him.

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



custom to invite her to have the evening meal with us when we were staying in Placerville. She knew mining, and it was always thrilling to listen to her accounts of the early happenings in the Basin. Much to my chagrin she preferred talking about current events rather than reminiscing over the past, so it was rather infrequently that we were able to channel the conversation around to the wild and woolly gold rush days in Boise Basin.

A day or two after Edna had celebrated her ninety-first birthday she stopped me as I was passing her home and remarked, "If you will go out and catch a nice mess of trout and invite me over this evening for a fish fry, I will open my safe and get some specimens to show you."

After assuring her this was a deal, I hastily grabbed a handful of lures and a spinning outfit and headed for a favorite spot on the South Fork of the Payette River. That afternoon the fish were very cooperative and I was back in a couple of hours with a nice limit. True to her word, Edna came over that evening with a large sample case. After dinner and dishes were taken care of, Edna opened the case and displayed numerous gold nuggets and samples of high-grade ore which far outclassed anything I had ever seen. As she lifted the last sample, a large piece wrapped in a velvet cloth, she remarked, "I may not be around for any more birthdays, so I am going to show you this and tell you about the three fiddlers if you promise not to talk or write about it until after I'm gone." We agreed and were shown the sample which consisted of a large piece of rotten and crumbling quartz which was woven through with a fantastic amount of shining wire gold. The following is Edna Gallup's story as accurately as I can recall it:

"MY FATHER'S name was Henry Ashcroft. John Hailey had started running saddle trains to the basin, and my father came here with Tom Hemstock, George Wilson, and three other men on one of these outfits. They arrived in Placerville on June 21, 1863. Large numbers of miners were streaming into the Basin. They came from Pierce, Elk City and other camps in the Panhandle, and many others came from California. Not all of these men came to mine. Some of them were robbers, horse thieves and gamblers.

"Tom Hemstock and my father helped George Wilson build a cabin up along Granite Creek. Mr. Wilson was different than most of the others in the Basin. He was a first rate geologist. Instead of spending his time placering in the streams, he would be gone for days at a time studying the rock formations and making notes. The winter of 1863-64 was mild without much snow. Most of the miners, though, quit working their claims and spent most of their time swapping yarns in the Washoe and Magnolia saloons. George Wilson was not among them. In fact, my father did not see him until spring when one evening he came to my father's place in a high state of excitement. He gave him this sample you have just seen, and told my father he had found an outcropping of this ore along with the main body which was contained in an extensive ledge close to the surface, and not over five miles from here.

"After moving a couple of hundred pounds to his cabin, he had carefully covered over all signs of his discovery and returned to his cabin to leisurely extract the gold from the rock. This was done with a crude set-up for hand-crushing the rock and picking out the gold with his jackknife. My father estimated that he had succeeded in accumulating about ten thousand dollars in raw gold that he was carrying in his saddle bags.

"Mr. Wilson realized that to disclose his find would be disastrous, and after talking it over with my father, who was the only one he could trust, it was decided he would go into Boise City and cash in the raw gold for gold coins. With this capital he could hire help in erecting a stockade around his claim, hire guards, and buy equipment for processing the ore. My father insisted that Wilson was not to disclose the exact location to him or anyone else until these arrangements were taken care of. Wilson then left for Boise the following morning in company with several men who were returning with empty freight wagons.

"THERE USED TO BE a large hotel across the road and down the hill from this house. The following Saturday night a big dance was held there, and two real good musicians had been hired from Centerville to furnish the music. Their names were Fred Cursons, a young Englishman who played the violin, and Larry Moulton who played the banjo and guitar. The dance was a big success and did not end until almost daybreak.

"About sunrise, Mr. Tucker was on his way to his claim when he heard a number of shots coming from the vicinity of Ophir Creek. Going over to investigate, he found the body of George Wilson lying in the roadway. Nearby were his saddle bags—empty. Mr. Tucker hurried to town and awakened Sheriff Maloney who quickly organized a posse and returned to the scene. About fifty yards from the road they found the bodies of Cursons and Moulton—shot through the back. They evidently were walking back to their cabin at Centerville when they happened to witness the murder and robbery of Wilson. When they tried to run for cover in the brush they were shot in the back.

"Everyone was aroused over these brutal murders and a posse of over 600 men was soon combing the woods for suspects. This did more harm than good since any tracks or clues were probably wiped out. A few days later three suspects were picked up in Centerville. They had been buying drinks for the house at Matt Sooney's saloon and paying the bill with new twenty-dollar gold pieces. Their names were Williams, Elwood, and Kim-

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ball although these were probably not their real names. They each had a few gold pieces on them but a search of their cabin and belongings failed to turn up the bulk of the loot. It is probably buried somewhere between Ophir Creek and Old Centerville.

"The first court of law in the territory had been set up in Placerville. The presiding judge was Judge Calloway, who happened to be on a business trip to Boise City when the men were brought in. The miners were all for hanging them on the spot, and it took a lot of persuasion from the sheriff to prevent a lynching.

"At the trial it was brought out that George Wilson had over ten thousand dollars in gold coins when he left Boise for his return trip. He made the trip at night, but without doubt the murderers learned of the cashing in of his winter cleanup in Boise and raced ahead to ambush him at the lonely spot on Ophir Creek. The evidence was all circumstantial and the judge directed a verdict of acquittal for lack of evidence. The vigilantes, however, did not share the opinion of the men's innocence, and it is rumored the suspects were escorted into the mountains and were never seen again."

Mrs. Gallup lived to enjoy her ninety-fifth birthday in 1967 and died the following December. Her story indicates there is not only a lost mine, but a treasure in gold coins buried somewhere along the hillsides between Placerville and Centerville. Subsequent research of the old newspaper files of the Boise *Statesmen* newspaper substantiates the apprehension and release of the suspects. I believe the story is true beyond any doubt and that Wilson's lost ledge is at a fairly high elevation on one of the mountain slopes north of Gold Hill in Quartzburg.

If you decide to look for it—good luck. You will find us there also.

Clean-up of Laramie in '68

(Continued from page 27)

you call on me, I won't return.'

"I went up the road about eighteen miles and gets a contract pressing hay. A week later a beggin' letter comes for me to go back. At the end of two weeks I got two more which I tore up. A few days later and a feller on horseback comes to my cabin with a message from the chief of the vigilantes.

" 'Friend Bill,' he writes, 'if you want recompense for all your sufferin's come to Laramie tomorrow at six o'clock. A trainload of vigilantes is comin' to make this a moral town.'

"I went down to see the festivities. 'I'm under oath, Bill,' the chief of the vigilantes tells me when I ask him the next day about the plan, 'but there's 600 men coming on the train.'

"He wants to give me a gun, sayin' one's not enough, but I tells him they drove me out of camp onct an' I won't take no part in the doin's.

"That evening about 6:30 while I'm at the depot, a train comes slipping along with no whistles blowin' and lights all out. Out from the town a little ways men begin to drop off in twos and threes, all armed. More gets off where I am. In about five minutes a chain picket is thrown around Laramie and the shootin' begins.

"In big bunches the vigilantes went from gambling hall to dance hall. Local members p'int out the bad uns. Poker tables are left with dead men holdin' cards, and faro dealers is killed with their pockets bulgin' with money which they stuffed in when they heard the racket. Pretty soon the pickets begin firin'—drivin' back pore devils who tried to get out of town.

"Some of those vigilantes were as bad as the men they killed. In the dance halls they shot some of the women who were on the stage. Killed 'em out of pure deviltry. Say, did you ever hear of them rabbit drives in Washington? Well, they had a 'man drive' in Laramie that night.

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department

Ox team in Laramie, Wyoming in the 1880s.

"I WAS WITH a gang that went into one joint where they found the leader of the toughs, Warner—he was driven out of Helena by the vigilantes and came to Laramie. He spots me and sings out, 'Save me Bill—save me Bill—and I'll go back to St. Joe and look after my wife and kids.' Just then the guns begin to spit and he keels over with a gurgle.

" 'Who's Bill?' asks the vigilantes, getting ready to shoot. I keeps still. I wouldn't have saved Warner no way.

"You see this?" He pulled off his hat and disclosed a long scar where the hair and part of the scalp had been chiseled away. "He gave me this when I arrested him one time."

Carr paused for a moment as though recalling something special. "Big Steve, we called him," he resumed in a softer tone. "He was a big-hearted fellow. Always smilin' and jokin' and lendin' his money to poor people. There was a kid, I remember, who was slowly dyin'. He'd watch the trains goin' east every day. Steve was at the station once when he caught the boy brushing away his tears.

"The kid was pinin' for home. Steve finds out where his home is, buys him a ticket, and gives him fifty dollars. Then he hurries away.

"I told him if he didn't break away from the crowd he was trailin' with, the vigilantes would get him some day. He just laughs.

" 'That's all right, Steve,' I says. "You think 'cause you're on the square they won't tetch you. They'll hang you too. Well, you'll die with your boots on anyway.'

" 'Bet you I *don't* die with my boots on,' he replies.

"When the slaughter begins that night Steve must have remembered what I told him. The gang sees him streakin' into a shanty. When I got there they was just takin' him out.

" 'One minute, gentlemen,' he pipes out when he sees me at the door. He squatted on the floor and yanked off his boots. 'Let us proceed with this little drama now,' he says as chipper as you please. Steve died like a gentleman."

The Cheyenne *Daily Leader* agrees with Carr's appraisal. In its issue of October 20, 1868, it says: "Steve Young, alias 'Big Steve' was *suspended* under the following circumstances: after the hanging of [Asa] Moore, Weiger [Con Wager] and Bernard, Steve Young was captured at Lawson's ranch, about nine miles from Laramie, brought into town and ordered to leave by half-past seven yesterday morning. He paid no attion to this 'friendly notice' but went to the scene of the hanging and boldly declared that no "strangling s-o-b" could drive him out of town and defied any one to molest him. Upon this about half a dozen of the V C's stepped up and told him to 'git' or they would blow his brains out on the spot. At this he left, but with the determination to return again with his friends to resist. He was followed up and again told to leave within an hour, but the infuriated man refused to go and defied them all. Finding him thus obstinate, the Vigilantes seized him, dragged him to the foot of B street at the railway track, where they hung him to a telegraph pole. Hundreds of people had

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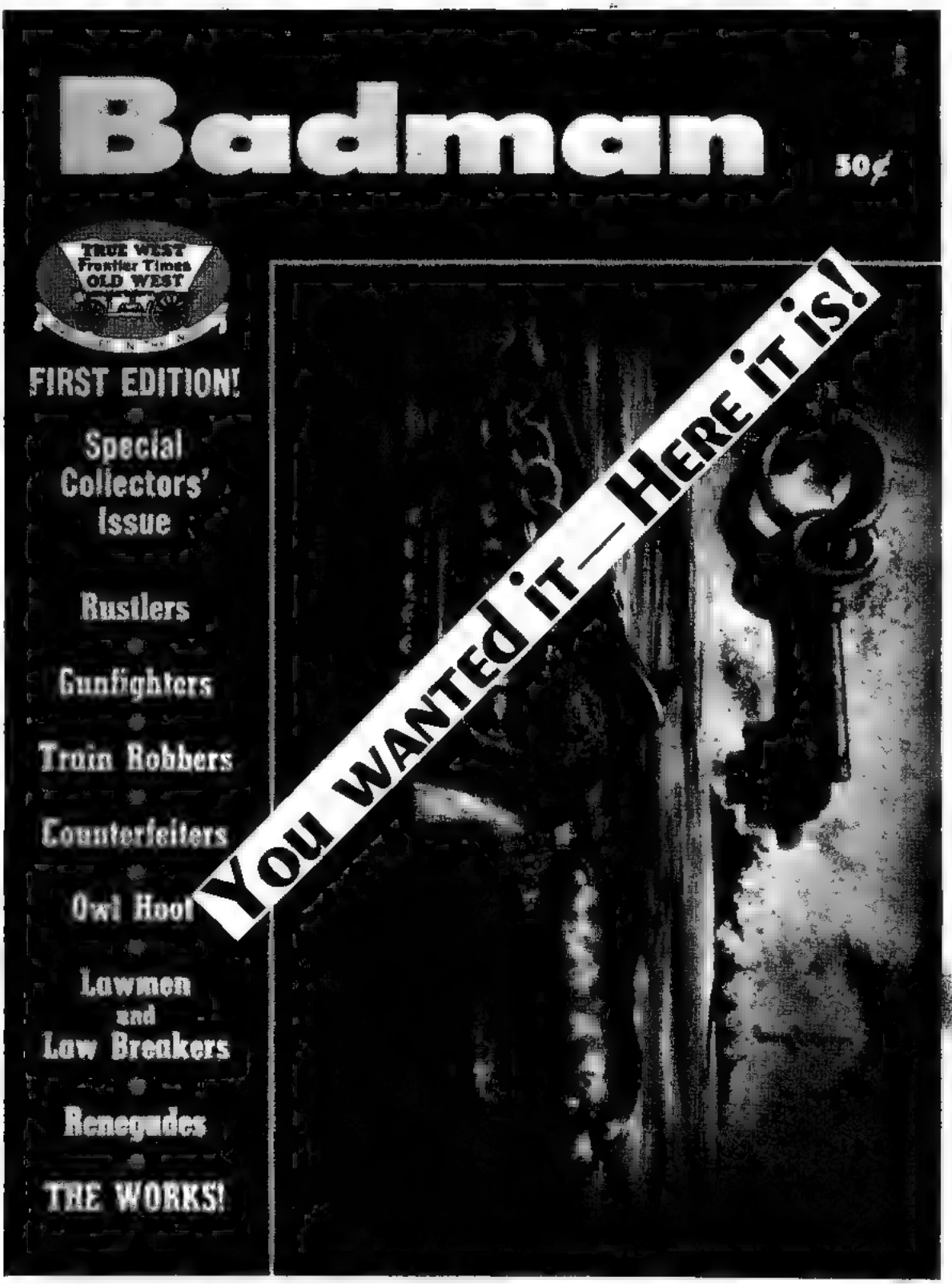

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See Page 51

gathered to the scene of the execution, but not one of them attempted to protest or interfere. All this took place in open daylight, with not one Vigilante masked or in any way disguised, neither did any one of the dread organization appear to doubt in any way the propriety or fear the consequences of this act."

In another column of that same issue the *Leader* stated: "The Vigilante organization of Laramie is said to number about three hundred persons, consisting principally of the business and railroad men of the place. They are said to be thoroughly organized and are taking measures to raise a fund for three of their members who were wounded, and for the purpose of a permanent organization."

The next day *The Leader* had two small items on Laramie. "Several of the rough gentry," it announced, "who recently were so unceremoniously hustled out of Laramie, and come down here [Cheyenne], have exercised a most admirable judgment. Last night a vehicle was engaged by four of them, which conveyed them to the first station below town, where they took the night freight for eastern and safer fields to pursue their peculiar style of earning a livelihood."

Another item reported: "Steve Young was forced aboard a train to leave Laramie, but just as it got under way he jumped off, determined not to be driven away."

"WHEN THE AFFAIR first began," Carr told me, "the vigilantes shot their men first and then hanged them afterward. This soon got tiresome and they let 'em lie where they fell. When mornin' came there was hardly a pane of glass left in town.

"Along about ten o'clock a train came in with about 500 tie cutters and graders who had some old scores to settle. They was put on the ticket and the roundup continued. An old man, whose son had been killed in cold blood two months before by the thugs, was elected judge. A big tripod was erected by the judge's stand. Then the work was divided regular.

"One gang of about fifteen was named the 'escorting party' to take those fellows out of town who were not bad enough to hang. Another was the hangin' outfit which would have won the cakewalk in the French Revolution. Gangs of fifty were told to bring the toughs before the judge. He was a stern old fellow, but I don't think he made any mistakes.

"Other camps have hung more men, but not all at once and so suddenlike. The news soon circulated and every few minutes that day more men would come ridin' into Laramie. They was fresh to the work and as the fellers that did the work the night before played out, the new fellers got busy.

"There wasn't any jokin' that day; everybody was black and squally and acted strange-like and offish. Sometimes a man was found in the crowd around the tripod who'd better been hid, and he was taken up before the judge.

"Nearly all were cowards. Some fainted and had to be held while the rope was put around their necks, others begged and prayed—fellers that always cussed religion. Bein' only a spectator and takin' no active part in the proceedings, I couldn't stand it all day and went off to the other part of town.

"Besides 'Big Steve' there was only one other man who died game—Johnson, I believe his name was, a college chap from Washington, D. C., and a superior kind of an individual. He was biled in poison and there wasn't nothin' he hadn't done. The night the doin's started he was crossin' the street. Somebody fired at him and he dropped. The vigilantes ran up to him and was goin' to hang him right then, but seein' other game decided to wait. They took a thousand dollar bill from him which he always carried in the linin' of his coat and left.

"He managed to crawl to his room and stayed there all night. The next mornin' he creeps to a saloon. 'Give me a drink and damn quick,' he tells the bartender, looking over his shoulder and through the door at the vigilantes who had spotted him and headed his way. 'The dogs will soon be here to get in at the death.'

"After that day Laramie was reformed. The vigilantes killed between forty to sixty men and a couple of women. Nobody ever found out just how many were killed in them two days, for lots were never accounted for."

Carr's "pauperized obscurity" ended March 5, 1911, when he died at age sixty-nine at the Lewis and Clark poor farm.

Lots of Excitement; Lots of Toil

(Continued from page 17)

trail, and pretty soon we saw a blanket up in a mesquite tree. We found that the body of the Indian who had been shot was hanging in the blanket, the other Indians having wrapped him up in it with his beads, bow and arrows and everything.

"During the Civil War most of the men went off to fight, and left the slaves and young boys at home to take care of the folks. One evening a young fellow came over to our place and wanted my nephew and Mr. Duncan's nephew to go off somewhere with him. I wouldn't let the boys go.

"I said: 'I don't want you boys to go. I'm kinder uneasy. I've been seeing cattle running all day and the horses are acting restless.'

"They still wanted to go, but I took their horses away from them and turned them loose. The boys went out to the cowpen to milk, and the young fellow who had come after them rode off. Pretty soon I heard someone hollering and I took my gun and went to see what was the matter. I found that young man all cut up by the Indians. They had pulled him off his horse; pulled his clothes off; then stabbed him in the stomach three or four times with a knife. I carried him to the house and got a new blanket that belonged to a Mexican and laid the boy down on it. He only lived three or four hours.

"ONE TIME at the close of the Civil War a bunch of Indians made a raid

through that country, and about 200 men got together and went after them. We finally saw some smoke coming up through some trees in a valley, and we knew the Indians were there.

"We rode up real close. Captain Owens gave me some horses to hold, and the men leveled their guns on the Indian camp and fired. Quite a lot of Indians were wounded and one of them ran straight by me. Tom Malone shot and killed him and three men ran over to scalp the dead Indians. When they got his scalp off they found they had no saddle pockets on their saddles to put the scalp in.

"They gave it to me. I stared at it a minute then threw it on the ground. I said: 'I don't want no Indian scalp.'

"Captain Owens then tore off a piece of saddle blanket, wrapped the scalp up in it and took it home.

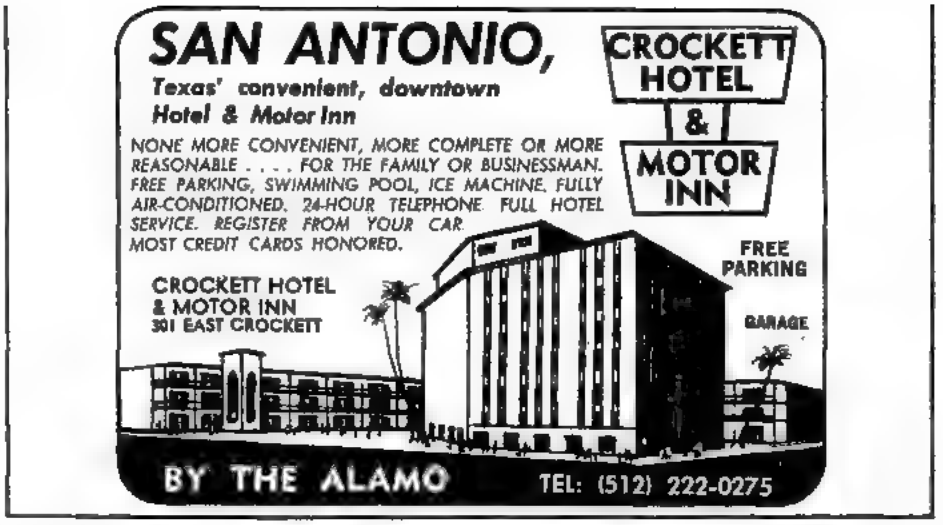
"While in that part of the country those Indians killed Mr. Ketchum and then Mr. Rube Smith. When they killed Kim Smith I had to go and haul his body in. The soldiers came down from Camp Verde once in a while to chase the Indians. When some people were killed where Moore Station now is, a bunch of us went up there to bury them. We had just started to dig a grave when some men came by on the run and said they had seen Indians.

"We got in a hurry and tried to dig a shallow grave right quick, but in a few minutes here came the Indians lickety-brindle. We lit out as fast as we could go. Some of us were riding race horses, and some were mounted on old scrub horses that could only run a mile while we running two. One of our men, Dr. Speed, was shot in the back when we were running away.

"When we got to the ranch house Dr. Speed said: 'For God's sake, cut this out of me.' There were about twenty men there, but they all were afraid to cut the arrow out because it might cause him to bleed to death. I had a knife with a razor-sharp blade and I cut the arrow out without any trouble.

"One time the Indians chased me to the house and stopped on a hill not far off and stood there in plain sight. I put all the horses in the corral, then hollered and told the Indians to come and get one. One of the Indians hollered back in three different languages—English, Spanish, and Indian—daring me to come and get their horses, but they finally rode away.

"Not long after that I went to a ranch and recognized one of the ranch hands as being the Indian who had dared me to get their horses. Golly I sure was mad! He was one of those Kickapoo Indians from Mexico and was passing himself off as a Mexican. I walked up to him and sure told him plenty. I told him if I ever caught him out anywhere I would fill his hide full of bullets. He never batted an eye, and some of the ranch hands told me to stop, that the fellow couldn't understand English. I told him that the Indian could, and I kept on calling that rascal names and telling him I would kill him if I got a chance.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"When I stopped for a minute the Indian suddenly said in perfect English: 'My friend, will you please give me a match?'

"Not long afterwards that Indian was working for Bud Walker. He and Mr. Walker were riding along one day and Mr. Walker had two saddlebags full of money with him. The Indian rode close to Mr. Walker and tried to kill him with a knife, but Mr. Walker's horse jumped backward, then Mr. Walker shot the fellow between the eyes and killed him.

"AT the close of the Civil War I was set free and a year later I went to Castroville and went to work for a merchant by the name of John Vance. District Judge George Noonan got Mr. Vance to let me work for him breaking wild horses and take care of his stock. I worked for him a year then went to hauling freight between San Antonio and the coast.

"I hauled freight from Port Lavaca and also Indianola, or Powderhorn as it was called most of the time. I was in Indianola in 1867 when the worst yellow fever epidemic in Texas hit that town. The people died so fast they couldn't dig graves for them; they just dug long trenches on the beach north of town and buried them there. When one ill with the fever began to spit black they were done for. In some cases they were put in boxes before they quit moving. Only people who had been living there for a long time were affected. Those from outside like myself weren't affected by the fever.

"When I was freighting, all freighters had to guard against robbers and cow skinners. We would make a corral each night and put our oxen inside to keep them safe. Cow skinners sure were bad in those days. They would kill anybody's cattle just for their hides. I have seen thousands of carcasses on the prairies north of Yorktown where the skinners had killed them.

"I once saw the bodies of three men hanging from a tree where they had been hanged by vigilantes when caught killing cattle. One time those vigilantes caught a man red-handed right in the act of skinning their cows. They killed him, then cut a cow's paunch open and stuck the man's head inside, then put up a sign warning other skinners that they would be done the same way.

"I was the first deputy sheriff in Medina County. You see, the first county officials after the Civil War didn't serve. Some northern men came down from Austin to install their own men in office. A man who had been a captain in the northern army was district judge. A man who had been a lieutenant was district attorney. They finally appointed Volentine Fulmer as sheriff, and appointed me as a deputy, saying that I had to serve whether I wanted to or not, as one of the deputies had to be a colored man.

"I knew King Fisher real well. One time some Mexicans stole some cattle and took them across the river in Mexico. King Fisher just went across and killed the Mexicans. He was indicted and brought to jail in Castroville. I often took him cigars and drinks.

"I knew Ben Thompson real well. One time when I was on Ben Duncan's ranch the Indians chased Ben Thompson to the ranch, and while he was there he laid on my bed to rest while I cooked dinner for him and two companions. I met Mr. Thompson in San Antonio several times afterwards and he always took me around and gave me a treat of some kind.

"I knew John Wesley Hardin, too. He was down in Bee and Karnes Counties and was mixed up in the fights between the Taylors and the Suttons. I knew Captain Bigfoot Wallace real well and hunted Indians with him many times. One time he was leading a bunch of us on a chase. The Indians had gone through a dry country and up into the mountains and we liked to have starved to death for water.

Finally, when we all thought we were going to die, we came up to some water in a little basin in some rocks. Captain Wallace wouldn't let the men help themselves. He made us all kneel down by the water, then would hand each one a little gill cup of water. It was passed around for half an hour before he would let the men drink from a big cup. Then we took our hats and filled them with water and watered our horses.

"When you'd see Captain Wallace coming he'd start talking a long way

off, and one of his hands would be shaking and you'd never think he could shoot a gun to hit anything. But if you'd put a dime up in a tree he'd knock it off every time.

"When Captain Wallace got pretty old I met him one day and he said: 'Tom, I'm going to Virginia to visit my people and I may never see you again.'

"I said, 'Captain, my boy has a book that's a history of your life, and they put a lot of things in it I know you never did.'

"He said: 'I know it, Tom. They'd do anything for money.'

"I had a mail contract for ten or fifteen years, carrying the mail between Pearsall and Frio Town. That was along in the '70s, and Frio Town was the county seat of Frio County. Later I carried the mail on another route."

The remarkable old pioneer left Pearsall and went to Eagle Pass to live with his grandson, Walter Ely, where he continued to make his home until his death. Born April 10, 1824, Tom Sullivan was 113 years old when he died. Peace to his ashes.

Playing Out Their Hands at Indian Gulch

(Continued from page 25)

There is still a semblance of Main Street with about eight or ten buildings left standing in various degrees of decay. On a little hill at the west end of the main street stands a picturesque old church towered over by tall eucalyptus trees. Many of the headstones in the adjoining cemetery are so weathered they are illegible but one of the oldest appears to be inscribed, "Died in 1861." Herb said that one grave was that of a sister to the wife of the late A. P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of America.

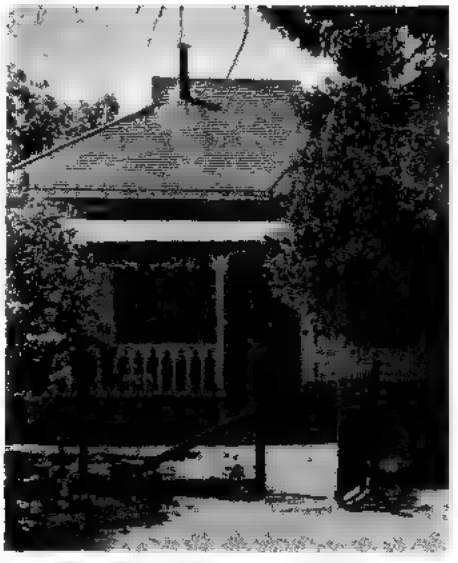
An old hotel stood at the east end of the street but all that remains is the brick chimney and a few other scattered bricks. The school, a tumbled-down ruin, is just beyond that. Buster Funderburk, sixty-three, said, "I remember when the school closed but I was not old enough to go to it, must have been about 1910 or 1912." The post office probably closed about the same time.

Nick Solari, Buster's grandfather, came to the area in 1859 and operated a general store and was postmaster for many years. He was also a rancher.

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION never reached the town. Old-fashioned kerosene lamps are still used for lighting. The town was first named Santa Cruz but due to inevitable confusion with the coastal city of the same name, its name had to be changed so it became Indian Gulch.

There is nothing unusual about an old town of the gold-rush days becoming a ghost town, and some have disappeared without a trace. But several things about Indian Gulch intrigued me.

First, I have lived within thirty-five miles of it for the past ten years and never knew it existed. Although I have driven over Indian Gulch road at least three or four times I had not seen the



The Solari home in Indian Gulch, the only "modern" building in the town. It was probably constructed about the turn of the century.

town because it is about a quarter of a mile off that road on Indian Gulch Extension. It is so completely isolated I found it by accident. My twenty-year-old son was out for a Sunday drive, exploring the little country roads, as he is wont to do, and came upon it. Also, at that very spot, his car broke down and he had to call me for a rescue. That meant a hike of six miles to Hornitos to a telephone because there was none in Indian Gulch. However, he met all of the inhabitants and they were friendly and sympathetic but unable to help.

It was so fascinating I had to see the place again, but on my second visit I discovered that Frank Solari had died the day before; thus, it was a sad day for the remaining four.

Indian Gulch is located about twenty-eight miles east of Merced and is just five miles north of State Highway 140, the all-weather road to Yosemite National Park, but a word of caution to anyone planning a visit to this historic spot: Although the road is public, the property is privately owned and the residents have been troubled with vandalism. A while back a story in the Fresno *Bee* about Indian Gulch resulted in an influx of tourists and sight-seers that was understandably a source of annoyance to those living there.

If you are contemplating a visit, my advice would be to stay on the main street, observe and take your pictures quietly, and do not try to enter any buildings or take souvenirs. Just six miles away is Hornitos, a much more famous gold-rush town which is still "alive" with stores and antique shops where you can purchase whatever you wish.

Cowboying Sure Used to Be Different

(Continued from page 31)

flat grays were not as good as the round brownies.

With these biscuits I for sure always ate lots of molasses and lots of sausages and sow belly. Most of the cowboys would drink one tin cup after another of black, strong Arbuckle coffee that the cook would grind by hand.

After our meal, the nighthawk and horse wrangler would leave our saddle horses in the rope corral by the wagon. Each of us had from seven to eleven head in our mounts or string. The reps would only have seven or eight head each. This made well over 250 head of horses in the remuda. We would ride our strong horses for the circle, as we called it. The boss would take half of the cowboys; the straw boss the other half. And the circle drive was on.

We would drive and herd the cattle to the windmill or water tank. After the cattle watered, we put them all in one big herd, and changed to our cutting horses. And they were cutting horses, not the kind used today where the cattle are worked in a fenced corral.

The two- and three-year-old steers were cut out of the herd to be shipped to good Kansas grass where they would put on 250 to 300 pounds in 90 days, before they were shipped to the Kansas City and Omaha markets. This was called the spring roundup because it took place as soon as the grass was tall.

WE WERE READY then to drive the steers to the railroad shipping point at Bovina, Texas, once the largest shipping point in the world. It was on the big XIT Ranch. It took us from six to seven days to make the trip.

After the first day we would hold the steers on what we called the bed grounds. The cowboys rode their night horses, always on the alert in case something like the howl of a coyote or wolf would frighten the cattle. If a stampede happened, the cowboys would do their best to keep the herd in a circle and moving until they tired.

After the trail drive to the railroad stock pens, the cattle were loaded onto the cars and were ready to be moved to the grass. Then for one day, hell would break loose in the little town where the boys spent their money freely.

It was a full two-days' trip back to the ranch house, seventy miles to the south. After we arrived the boss would put some of us to riding the fence, some to greasing the windmills, and send the good bronc riders to the horse camp to break the five-year-old horses. No mares were used; they were for raising horses for the remuda.

Come June the branding wagon would start. We branded and castrated the male calves. The reps from nearby ranches would be there to look after their brands. The stock inspector, who knew all ranchers' brands was very good at reading brands, too. Then would start the big roundup to ship the fat cattle.

After that trip to the railroad and back to the ranch, it was winter. A few of the hands were laid off. Some would ride the line camps, as this would cost nothing.

Such was cowboying in the early days.

(Continued on page 76)

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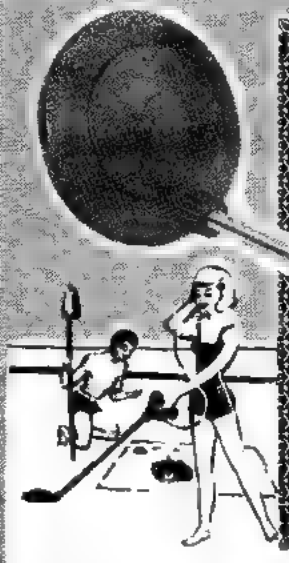

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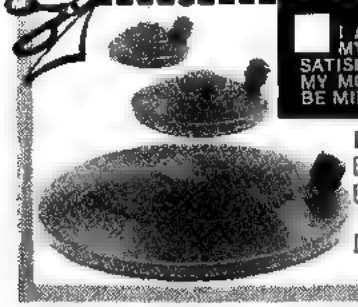

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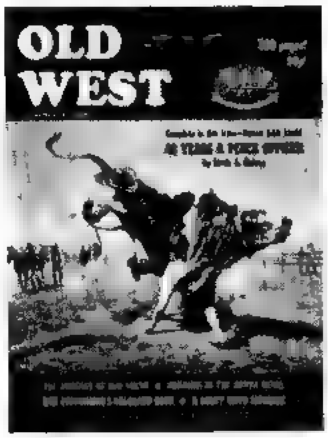

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This was real ranch life. I loved it very much.

COWBOYS TODAY are not always former ranch hands. Aspiring rodeo stars can come from big cities as well as ranches. Throughout rodeo history, which began on the southwestern plains in the 1870s, the participants usually had backgrounds which required them to rope cattle and handle mean saddle horses. But now, young would-be ropers or bronc or bull riders can go to rodeo schools where top professional rodeo cowboys give lessons in bareback bronc and saddle bronc riding, bull riding, calf roping and steer wrestling. These schools, run on a commercial basis, were started a number of years ago by Jim Shoulders, of Henryetta, Oklahoma, the winner of a record of sixteen World Championships in rodeos between 1949 and 1959.

Shoulders, like cowboys of my day, came up through the ranks of professional rodeo the hard way—by paying his entry fees, bucking off a horse or bull, and trying again at the next rodeo. He and other rodeo champions offer their experience to students at various times throughout the year in week-long practice courses complete with good rodeo livestock. The students learn to purchase and care for their equipment, and they learn the fundamentals of the rodeo events they choose to work. The courses don't turn amateurs into seasoned professionals in a week, but they do get the students started right and end up saving them years of frustration and expense.

Contestants in the early-day rodeo circuit traveled by wagons and railroads to the contests for small purses—$25, $50, $75 and $100 when a day-money was offered. Most of the contests were three-day average and we worked all events for $300, $200, and $100. All of us paid a small fee which was not added to the purse.

We rode the horses and steers until they threw up their heads and tails and started to run, not eight seconds like today. We rode bulls, but with a saddle not a rope. We lent our gear, saddles, spurs etc. to our competitors. We helped each other and even went so far as to help pay the fees of those who did not have it.

We knew each others' names, and we spoke when we met and said goodbye when we left. A far cry from today's contesters. They don't even speak to you or say goodbye. We mixed with the local people and we often stayed at their homes, ate at their tables. But today things are different.

Contesting was good to me. Life was good—dangerous as well as exciting. I am the only one who ever won twenty-seven straight bulldogging contests. I did it by staying sober.

Those of us who were never scared or frightened were fools, and I was not a fool. Rodeo cowards never lasted; the weak dropped out along the way.

I hope I have not stepped on the toes of the new cowboys and contestants. If I have, please accept my humble apologies. Rodeo is big business today, but its heritage lives on and no better personification of the Old West can be found.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962, SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF TRUE WEST, published bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 2405 Briargrove, Austin, Texas 78704. Editor: Pat Wagner, 706 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas 78701. Managing Editor. None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704, Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 274,839; total copies printed last single issue: 273,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 135,712; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 147,806. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions, 26,498; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 25,295. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 162,210; total paid circulation last single issue: 173,101. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 104,160; free distribution last single issue: 90,954. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 266,870; total distribution last single issue: 264,055. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 8,469; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 8,945. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 23, 1970.

All the hands lined up for this one.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

tated. After that he was sent to the Weston asylum.

Two different persons went to see him and were told that he wasn't there anymore but had died, and no trace can be found of him or so I've been told. I was also told that there was no trace either of his having died.

As far as I know at this time his only home was under a rock on Cleveland Mountain about two and a half miles east of Route 20, although he built a pole shack once before but persons unknown burned it down. He also started a log cabin but never got it finished. The rock is now known to the local people as Jack's Rock.

My dad and I camped under the rock several years ago when we were trout fishing on Back Fork River. In the past the rock had been walled in by rocks and mud and sticks out of the west face of the mountain. It is some one hundred feet long and close to thirty feet high and has a cave under it running back about thirty feet and about eight feet wide. He also had cleared the timber out for a corn field which covered about five acres or less but is now grown over by second growth trees.

A trapper who lives at French Creek once told me he and a game warden at that time in Upshur County had to pull Jack off another guy at Adrin as Jack had a hatchet and was trying to chop up the other guy. It was also rumored that he had cut up another guy at French Creek, but the fact remains that no one knew who he was or where he had originally come from. Maybe one of these days the mystery will be solved.

Some people believe he was a deserter from one of the armies of the Civil War. I know he was an old man when I first saw him. I thought you might like to hear about him. There are many other stories about him I haven't mentioned.—Sgt. Marvin C. Humphrey, AF13876884, C.M.R. 5, Box 211, 5010 CE Squadron, APO Seattle, Washington 98737

Praise From Down Under

As a merchant seaman, I was fortunate enough to visit your country and during that time became addicted to TRUE WEST.

After leaving the sea, I settled in my native Wales and managed to get hold of a few TRUE WEST magazines from time to time. I treasured and read them over and over again. Why should a Welshman find your magazine so interesting? Easy. Because so many pioneers were British or of close British descent. English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh played an active part in the building of the West.

Thirty-two British men died at the battle of the Alamo. Also interesting is that many cities, towns and rivers are named after places in Britain. One of particular interest to me is Flint, the town of my birthplace. British are still pioneering—not America now, but Australia, Canada and New Zealand.

I spent two-and-a-half years in Australia and was interested to learn that many Americans were in Australia at the time of the Australian gold rush. Quite a lot settled there and many of the gold fields are named after American gold mines. So American history has become a subject of interest to people from all parts of the world. What better source of information than TRUE WEST?

My family and I now live in New Zealand and I was again fortunate in finding some TRUE WEST magazines in a second-hand book store right here, dated from January 1955 to 1960. But they'll keep me happy for a while. And who knows? I might visit that fascinating country of yours again one day and see some of the places I've read about!—Dave Oldfield, Flat 3, 41 Buffon Street, Waltham, Christchurch, New Zealand

John Morgan's Jam-Packed Diary

The story of Captain Tough by Joseph Snell in the April 1970 TRUE WEST is another instance in which we find that we can make connections with the past. My grandfather, John Mason of Virginia, moved in 1869 from near Columbus, Ohio to a farm near Olathe, Kansas. He always kept a diary and some of them are still in the Morgan family. My grandfather also raised horses and from the diary, July 25, 1873, we find that he sold to Captain Tough the famous trotter horse named Smuggler. The price was $6,000 cash. The Elm Park Stables owned by a Mr. Mitchell received half the price for training. The horse was shipped East and won considerable money for the new owner. The story of Smuggler has always been a favorite family story, but could anyone tell us more about the horse?

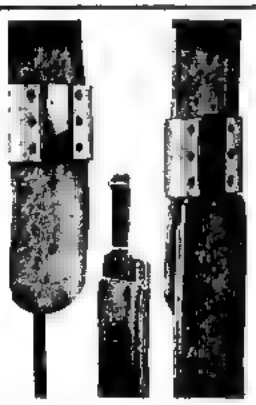
The diary is really a business journal but it has many family names from that area and time including Bukey, Hedges, McColloch, Seeds, Flemming, and a brother, Josiah Wheeler Morgan, who went from Ohio to San Bernardino County, California in about 1852. He had a son and daughter; the names Emma and Mary are mentioned in the diary. We would like to hear from these Morgans as we could give them some family history.

Many names are in the diary, especially people of Virginia, Ohio and Kansas: Bronough, Mabson, Lane, Inlow, Dawson, Tinker, Wilson, Ash, Hendrix, Guy (another relative) and so many more. People that he did business with in Olathe and people he wrote letters to in many parts of the country. The diary refers to the grasshopper plague; it is a good historical record of the early pioneer life in Ohio, Kansas and later in Iowa. Did my grandfather leave a record of your family in the diary? We would check it for you; just enclose a stamped envelope.—Guy M. Morgan, 2629 E. 29 Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50317

Cassidy and Longbaugh

Concerning Charlie Rile's story in the February 1969 TRUE WEST, Cassidy and Longbaugh (one wouldn't leave the other) *both* got away! In 1938 I met an old man and his wife near the Black Hills. People in his neighborhood knew who he was. He was the badman and

(Continued on page 80)



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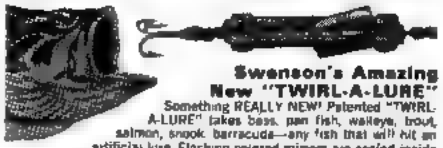

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 77)

the outlaw. He showed me his gold-plated revolver. He must have been Longbaugh. He looked like him. They lived along the highway south of Sundance—left side. I don't remember where.—William M. Carson, Orondo, Washington 98843

Dear Sirs:

The article by Charlie Rile in the February 1969 TRUE WEST, "The Trap Didn't Spring on Butch Cassidy?" was very interesting to both me and my father. Perhaps the following few comments may also be of interest to the readers of your "Truly Western" column in regard to Mr. Rile's conclusions.

In the early 1930s my dad and two of his Park City, Utah mining partners had set up a placer operation in Northwash near Hanksville, Utah. Incidentally, they were doing fairly well until a flash flood destroyed their sluice boxes. While camped that close to Hanksville, he and his buddies became quite friendly with Charley Gibbons and visited his ranch on several occasions. Gibbons wasn't above mentioning some of his dealings with the Wild Bunch. This friendship led my father to become interested in Cassidy's life and to develop a deep interest in Western history.

During the winter of 1953 my father and I were working with several other men in developing a number of uranium claims in the region of Lee Ferry, Arizona. One of the principal owners of the property had lived in the general area of northern Arizona nearly all of his life and was well acquainted with many of the "old-timers" in that part of the state.

One evening while we were eating supper at our base camp at Lee Ferry the discussion turned to the exploits of Butch Cassidy and the Hole in the Wall gang. After talking for a short time about Cassidy and how it was assumed he was killed by soldiers in South America in 1909, the mine owner (who had been rather quiet) interrupted by stating he knew for a fact that Parker had not been killed and that Parker had spent at least one winter, prior to 1952, in Fredonia, Arizona. He further stated Parker was at that time approximately seventy years old. This individual also described Cassidy's escape from federal troops in a similar manner to which Mr. Rile indicated. I noticed that he consistently referred to Cassidy by his legal name while talking about him. All of us felt, that evening, that the mine owner was sincere and had a good idea of what he was talking about. After that initial discussion we heard nothing more from him about the life of Butch Cassidy.

Currently I am involved in a Ph.D. program with a Western history major and have a great interest in historical events related to the Rocky Mountain states. I, like my father, find TRUE WEST interesting, informative and feel that it carries a very good selection of photographs depicting Western American scenes.—Jerry Springer, 555 East Center, Pleasant Grove, Utah 84062

Cedar Mountain

Enjoyed your February 1969 TRUE WEST, especially the story of "Cedar Mountain, A Forgotten Town." I am well acquainted with it and the surrounding area. In 1954 I first came across it. I had bought a plot of land just off Shadow Lake Road, known as Maple Valley Heights. It was heavily wooded and required a great deal of work to clear before constructing a house. I cleared the land of trees and brush and hired a 'dozer to clear out the stumps and level the plot.

It was while we were doing this that we uncovered a hole thought to be an old well. The 'dozer operator had a chalk line in his tool box so we proceeded to see how deep the well was. His line was about 100 feet long and we tried tying a small rock to it and lowering it down into the hole. Using all the string we had, we never did touch bottom. So we just filled it up with dirt and boulders which took the dozer about two hours. Later a near neighbor of mine (Graham) discovered a hole on his property while clearing it. In appearance it was the same as the hole on my property, three feet square. We tried to determine the depths of his well too, but didn't have enough string. He filled his up also.

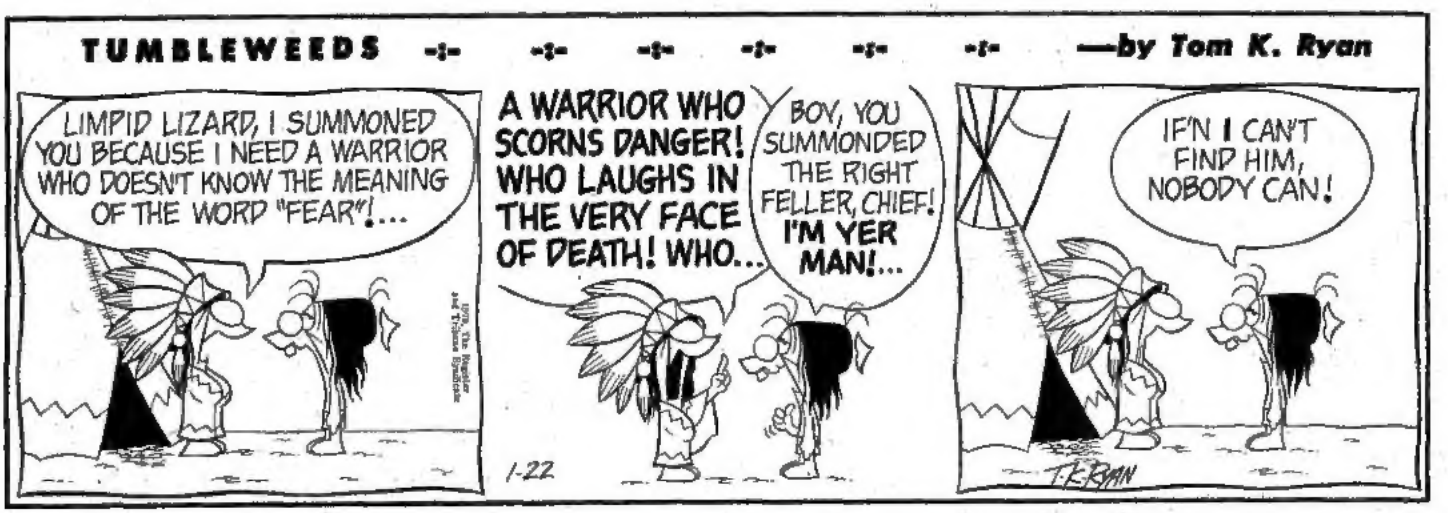
Later on that summer a contractor cutting roads in the area nearly lost a small 'dozer when he uncovered another hole. After hearing of this third one, I did some investigating on my own. I talked to several old-timers in and near Renton, Washington and they told me those were air shafts for a coal mine under the hill. Mining operations had long ago ceased but the shafts were never closed or covered up. Mother Nature was trying to hide the scars by a natural growth of trees and ferns, and the shafts were hidden from human eyes. Fortunately, I never heard of anyone falling into one of them.

A few miles farther on down the road at Black Diamond, Washington is another old abandoned coal mine that has been burning for many years. It has left a depression covering many acres where it has settled as much as fifteen feet. I was told it started burning in 1914 and has been burning since. Smoke can be seen coming through the cracks in the earth on the mountainside.

We left there in 1960 and haven't been back since.—Fritz Langrock, 4786 Kerwood Way, Sacramento, California 96823

To TRUE WEST Collectors

Please make the following change in your October 1970 issue: Page 18, this picture is of Lieutenant James Calhoun, Seventh Cavalry, not James Calhoun, Indian superintendent as stated.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T.K.RYAN

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6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
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10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
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20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
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37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
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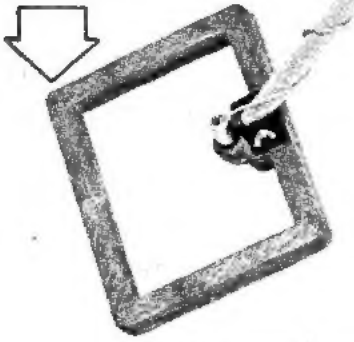

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